

...retty Young Steps Out With Ed SULLIVAN—

Silver Screen

October

10¢



Fay Wray

WRITE FOR A BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPH See Page 18

ALABAMA GIRL WITH PERFECT TEETH SAYS:

**"Only Listerine Tooth Paste for me...
it keeps teeth so white and lustrous"**



You're looking at Miss Josephine Kidd of Birmingham, Ala., who came to New York on a flying visit but stayed to pursue a successful career as a photographer's and artist's model. Her fine, white teeth—perfect, if you please—won her first job for her.

"Our family has used Listerine Tooth Paste for years," says Miss Kidd. "I think it is the most effective and safest dentifrice I ever used. I give it most of the credit for the healthy condition of my teeth and gums. And it's *so* economical!"

If you've not tried Listerine Tooth Paste, do so

now. You will be delighted to find out how quickly and how thoroughly it cleans teeth without harming precious enamel. You'll like the sparkle and lustre its modern polishing agents impart to tooth surfaces. And you will welcome that marvelous feeling of mouth freshness that follows its use. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri.*

TO USERS OF TOOTH POWDER

Your druggist has a new, quick-cleansing, gentle-acting, entirely soapless tooth powder worthy of the Listerine name.
Listerine TOOTH POWDER 2½ oz. 25¢

REGULAR LARGE SIZE **25¢** DOUBLE SIZE **40¢**

THE YEAR'S OUTSTANDING ROMANTIC COMEDY!

It happened in Mexico when two fugitive young lovers went over the border and then found out that they couldn't get back! You'll roar with laughter at the fast-moving series of amusing difficulties that almost wrecked their motor trailer and their constantly interrupted romance!



HARRY M. GOETZ presents
an Edward Small production
**BARBARA
STANWYCK**
in
RED SALUTE
with
ROBERT YOUNG
HARDIE ALBRIGHT • RUTH DONNELLY
CLIFF EDWARDS • GORDON JONES
PAUL STANTON

A Reliance Picture

Directed by
SIDNEY LANFIELD

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS

Greta **GARBO**
Fredric **MARCH**



"ALL THAT I KNOW... I KNOW BY LOVE ALONE"

The heart of a man called to the heart of a woman. "We love", it said, "and love is all." Heart answered heart. With eyes open to what she was leaving forever behind her, she went where love called...to dark, despair or unimaginable bliss. It is a drama of deep, human emotions, of man and woman gripped by circumstance, moved by forces bigger than they—a great drama, portrayed by players of genius and produced with the



fidelity, insight and skill which made "David Copperfield" an unforgettable experience.

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW

(You remember him as "David Copperfield")
with MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
MAY ROBSON • BASIL RATHBONE
CLARENCE BROWN'S

Production

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture . . . Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK

AUG 28 1935

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REFLECTING the MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

OCTOBER 1935

VOLUME FIVE
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Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN

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CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES

THE SILVER SCREEN GOLD MEDAL CONTEST.....	PAGE 6
<i>Vote for the Most Popular Star</i>	
CONTEST FOR SIGNED AND FRAMED PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE STARS.....	18
<i>Prize Letter Contest</i>	
STEPPING OUT WITH LORETTA YOUNG.....	20
<i>Loretta Takes in the Sights of New York</i>	
SNOOPING IN HOLLYWOOD.....	22
<i>Gossiping Is an Old Idea</i>	
ADJECTIVES COLOR THEIR LIVES.....	24
<i>Hollywood Sums Up the Talents of the Stars</i>	
WHAT'S THE BIGGEST THING IN PICTURES?.....	26
<i>Every Studio Is Striving to Outdo All the Others</i>	
ANOTHER DICKENS CLASSIC COMES TO THE SCREEN.....	28
<i>Making a Picture of "A Tale of Two Cities"</i>	
THE HARVEST OF HEROES.....	30
<i>The New Leading Men Who May Become Stars</i>	
FAY WRAYDIANT.....	32
<i>Fay Wray Is the Flower of Experience</i>	
STUDIO NEWS.....	33
<i>The Movie Year Begins</i>	
AN ARTIST IN ARMOR.....	51
<i>Henry Wilcoxon Is A Painter As Well As An Actor</i>	
THE STORY OF BOOTH TARKINGTON'S HEROINE.....	52
<i>"Alice Adams"—Part Two</i>	
HOLLYWOOD—THE WRITERS' HEAVEN.....	53
<i>Hollywood Is the Place Where All Good Writers Go</i>	

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

THE OPENING CHGRUS.....	5
THE EUROPEAN TOUCH.....	10
<i>Mrs. Lukas Has the Magyar's Love for a Well Served Dinner</i>	
"YOU'RE TELLING ME?".....	12
BEAUTIFUL EYES.....	14
<i>The Latest Make-Up Tricks Give Your Eyes More Beauty</i>	
REVIEWS! TIPS ON PICTURES.....	16
TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS.....	19
REVIEWS OF PICTURES SEEN.....	54
A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE.....	82
THE FINAL FLING.....	82

ART SECTION

IN PURSUIT OF SHIRLEY TEMPLE.....	35
<i>Competition Among the Babies</i>	
"YOU'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY".....	36-37
<i>The War of the Sexes</i>	
ARE THE NEW BEAUTIES PRETTIER?.....	38-39
<i>Can the Stars Hold Their Own Against the Newcomers?</i>	
ART IN SCREEN PRODUCTIONS.....	40-41
<i>The Artistic Results in the New Pictures</i>	
PERSONALITIES PUT OVER GREAT PICTURES.....	42-43
<i>It is Emotional Sincerity That Makes Pictures Live</i>	
FUNNY PEOPLE.....	44-45
<i>Comedians Are Happy When They Are Laughed At</i>	
THE HOLLYWOOD TOUCH.....	46-47
<i>In Hollywood, Originality Is the Pearl Beyond Price</i>	
FALL. SO WHAT!.....	48
<i>The New Styles</i>	
DRESSES MUST GLISTEN AND GLITTER.....	49
<i>The Latest Mode in Evening Gowns</i>	
SWEET SURRENDER!.....	50
<i>The Hero Makes the Love Scene</i>	

COVER PORTRAIT OF FAY WRAY BY MARLAND STONE

The Opening Chorus



Katharine Hepburn

A LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR EDITOR,

It is sad I am to relate, and after all these years too, that I have gone completely Hepburn-mad, so completely that it will probably be Christmas before I can stop drooling about her. I have just come from the preview of "Alice Adams," and I have never in all my life seen anything as exquisite as the Hepburn performance. If those poops don't give the Academy Award to Katie this year for her "Alice" I shall get to hell out of this benighted country, but methinks I needn't start worrying about a passport as yet for already I hear the Academicians chip chip chipping away on a little gold statuette for our Miss Hepburn.

Now I have never liked Katie. I warmed to her a little in "Morning Glory," and I tolerated her in "Little Women," and the rest of the time I was Old Frozen Face herself. Besides I had a whole pile of resentments. I particularly resented the fact that she was too darned high hat to sign autographs—one day I had two autograph albums returned to me with the note, "Miss Hepburn does not sign autographs." Several days later, when I read in the newspaper that a cop had chased La Hepburn right to the studio gates, and presented her with a ticket which she had to autograph, I was so pleased I said nuts to calories and drank a chocolate malted milk. I resented the fact that she ducked and dodged the photographers instead of smiling sweetly for the boys who, after all, are only trying to make an honest living, and my favorite story for many a month, and I told it with a dash of the fiend, was about the time Hepburn saw the camera boys at the Hollywood Bowl and started running for dear life, hurdling benches and bushes, until she found herself in a cul de sac. (No, Ella, you don't wear a cul de sac.) "We don't want your picture, Miss Hepburn," one of the photographers said in pseudo gallantry, "You ran and we thought you wanted us to chase you." And of course I got a hearty laugh out of the time (it was after the preview of "Little Women") that she ducked into an alley to dodge her fans and got locked out into the worst downpour that California has had since Noah's Flood. Did I laugh!

But it's all over now. Hepburn is no longer my pet pain-in-the-neck. After "Alice Adams" she can do anything and I'd only gurggle, "Isn't she wonderful." But, strange to say, "Alice" seems to have had a softening effect on Hepburn too. She came to the preview with George Cukor. She didn't run for the nearest alley exit as soon as it was over. Giggling like an embarrassed school-girl, just like "Alice" herself, she left the theatre, beaming on everyone who extended congratulations. And migosh, she signed autographs by the hundreds! And Gee Whiz (as Alice said) she posed for photographers! I couldn't have been more surprised.

Liza

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WHICH ONE Will Come Out ON TOP?



Which popular player will receive the most votes and win the Silver Screen Medal? You can vote for any player on the screen, whether the photograph is on this page or not.

This Contest For The 1935 Silver Screen Gold Medal Will Decide Which Player Is The Most Popular One On The Screen.

BELOW is the ballot which will enable you to vote for your favorite in this interesting contest. Fill out the ballot with the name of the player who should, in your opinion, receive this medal.

On the screen during this past year, Shirley Temple has held her own against all comers. Will this Medal contest prove that, in the hearts of the fans, little Shirley reigns supreme? Or will Claudette Colbert, the Academy Award Winner, win this Medal for popularity?

This impartial contest is decided solely by the votes of the readers and it establishes definitely which player stands pre-eminent—The Most Popular Player on the Screen.

The previous awards of the SILVER SCREEN Gold Medal Contest were won by Joan Crawford (1933) and Clark Gable (1934). Who will win the medal this year?

It is your privilege to help in this award, and if you take the trouble to mail the ballot in, you will, in a small

measure, have paid in part for the hours of happiness you have received. There will be an additional ballot in the November SILVER SCREEN. You can vote as many times as you wish. Each copy of SILVER SCREEN for September, October and November carries one ballot. Polls close November 7, 1935 and no ballots received after that day will be counted.

In the event of a tie, medals of equal value will be awarded to each tying contestant.

Remember the medal is for the **MOST POPULAR PLAYER**. Cast your vote for the player whom you like the best. A player in Hollywood enjoys his or her popularity for only a few years. Vote for your favorite so that in days to come he or she will have this enduring memento.

This contest is not limited. You can vote for either a man or woman. The medal will be awarded to the one who receives the most votes.

*Fill Out This Ballot, The Player Receiving
The Most Votes Will Be Awarded The Medal.*

*Help To Award The
Silver Screen Gold
Medal. Who Is The
Most Popular Player
On The Screen?*

SILVER SCREEN GOLD MEDAL CONTEST, 1935

I vote for
Voter
Address
City State

Send to Silver Screen Gold Medal Editor,
45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

"PAGE MISS GLORY"

...and you'll find magical
Marion Davies in her first
picture for Warner Bros.
—her finest for anybody!



Look who's Marion's new screen sweetheart... Yessir, it's Dick Powell! And when he sings to Marion he does things to her—and you!

SHE'S back, boys and girls! Back with that glamorous gleam in her eye... that laughing lilt in her voice... that merry, magical something that makes her the favorite of millions.

Of course you read the headlines a few months ago about Marion Davies' new producing alliance with Warner Bros., famous makers of "G-Men," and other great hits. Well, 'Page Miss Glory' is the first result of that union—and it's everything you'd expect from such a thrilling combination of screen talent!

It's from the stage hit that made Broadway's White Way gay—a delirious story of Hollywood's 'Composite Beauty' who rose from a chambermaid to a national institution overnight...

It has a 12-star cast that makes you chuckle with anticipation just to read the names...

It has hit-maker Mervyn LeRoy's direction, and Warren & Dubin's famous song, 'Page Miss Glory'...

It has 'Picture-of-the-Month' written all over it!



Don't think you're dreaming! All these celebrated stars really are in the cast of Marion's first Cosmopolitan production for Warners:—Pat O'Brien, Dick Powell, Frank McHugh, Mary Astor, Allen Jenkins, Lyle Talbot, Patsy Kelly, and a dozen others.



THE PICTURE
OF THE MONTH

HAS THE SCREEN

*"The Big Broadcast of 1936"
Is The Last Word In Enter-
tainment. It Has Everything—
Stars, Laughs, Songs, A
Dancing Chorus And Romance.*

ONCE in a while a picture comes along that sets a new standard and makes you feel that at last perfection has been reached—that nothing can ever surpass its all around excellence.

Such a picture is Paramount's "Big Broadcast of 1936." The reason of course is that the players are so completely competent that they can make the most of the excellent songs and comedy dialogue. Jack Oakie, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Lyda Roberti, Wendy Barrie, Henry Wadsworth, Bing Crosby, Amos 'n' Andy, Ethel Merman, Mary Boland, Charles Ruggles and the many other talented stars in this picture carry screen entertainment to a new high.



"Isn't love the sweetest thing, Georgie-Porgie?" Gracie Allen and George Burns in Paramount's masterpiece.

"The Big Broadcast of 1936" is really elephantine.



Henry Wadsworth and Wendy Barrie in the thrilling episode of love, in "The Big Broadcast of 1936."

Ethel Merman in the Hit of New York Success, "Anything Goes," "It's the Answer in Me."

REACHED ITS PEAK?



The worm turns. Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland in a skit from "The Big Broadcast of 1936."



Bing Crosby sings the hit song of the season, "I Wished On the Moon."

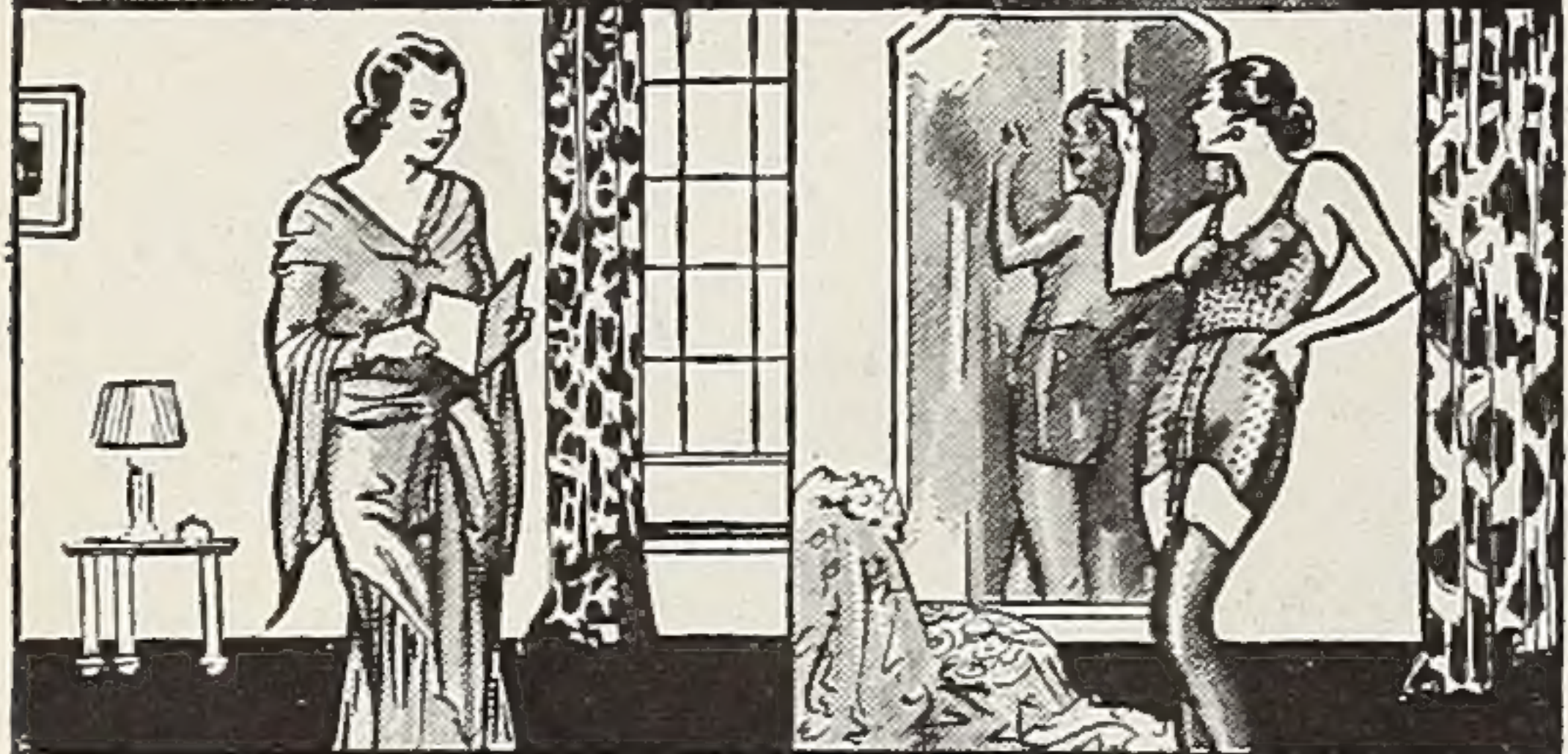
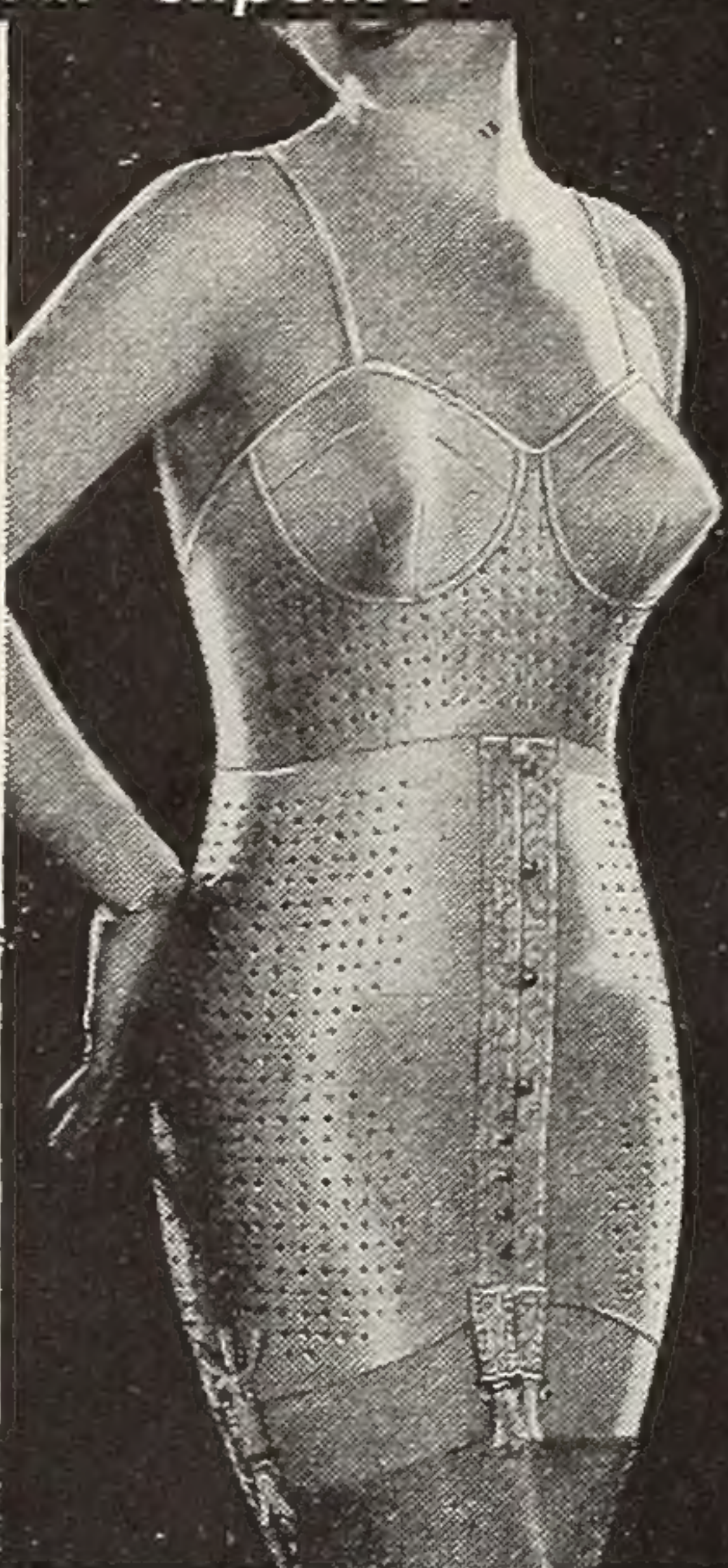


Lyda Roberti and Jack Oakie take the first false step and the next they know they are in their dance for "The Big Broadcast of 1936."

Paramount Pictures May Take A Bow For Bringing To The Screen A Group Of Comedians That Cannot Be Surpassed In This World Today.

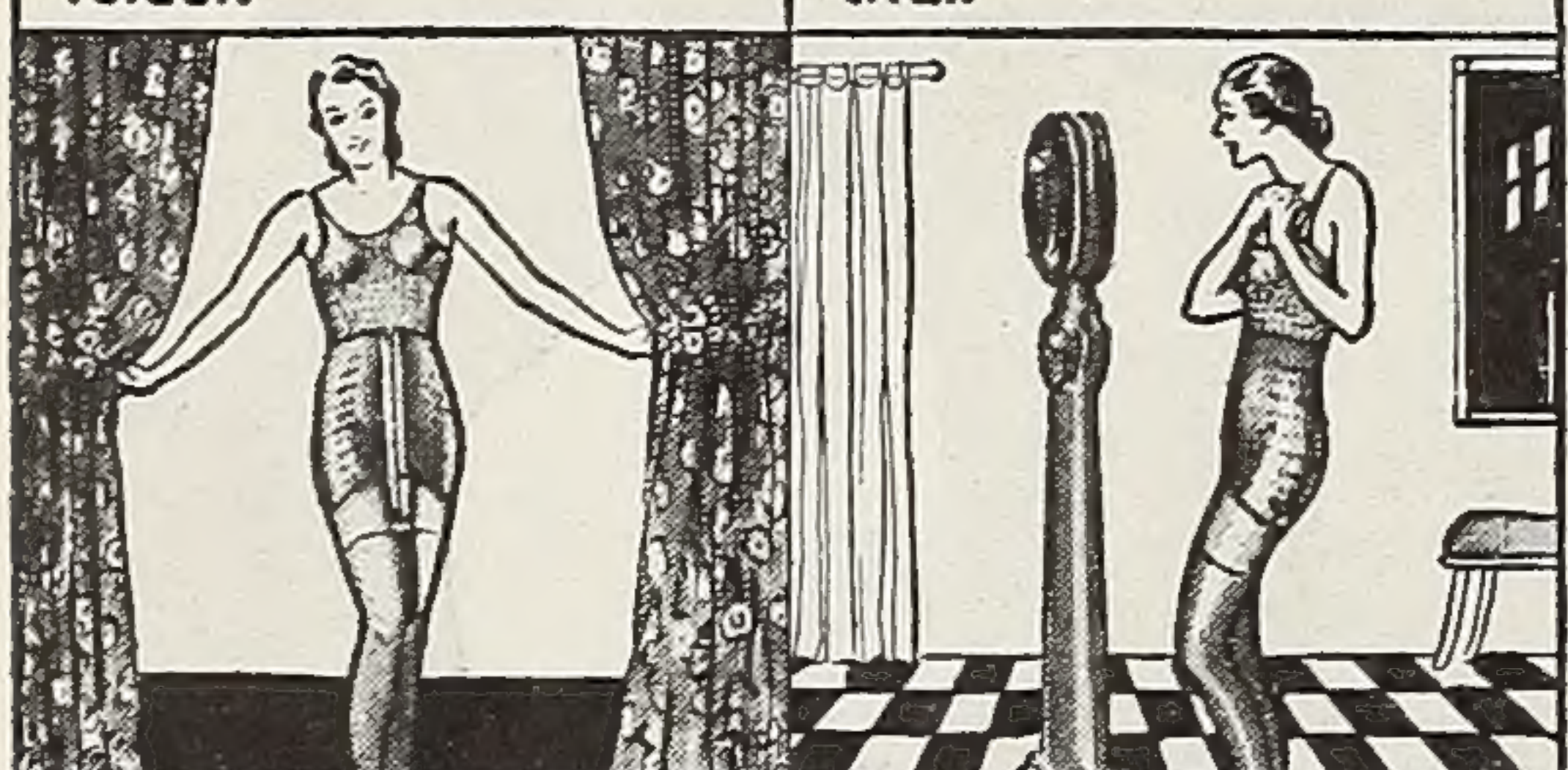
TEST...the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
...at our expense!

"I have
REDUCED
MY HIPS
9 INCHES"
.. writes Miss Healy.



"I read an 'ad' of the
Perfolastic Company
...and sent for FREE
folder."

"They allowed me to
wear their Perforated
Girdle for 10 days on
trial."



"The massage-like
action did it...the fat
seemed to have melted
away."

"In a very short time
I had reduced my hips
9 INCHES and my
weight 20 pounds."

**REDUCE YOUR WAIST
AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
OR
...it costs you nothing!**

WE WANT you to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises and dieting. Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the Perfolastic gently massages away the surplus fat with every movement, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today!

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not these very efficient reducing garments will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try them for 10 days at our expense.

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 7310 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name _____

Address _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

The European Touch

Mrs. Paul Lukas Has The True Magyar's Love
For A Well Cooked, Well Served Dinner.

By Ruth Corbin

NO YOUNG wife ever began her married life under more difficulties and facing more problems than did Daisy Lukas, when she married Paul. Reared in luxury, with no thoughts more serious than what concert or social entertainment she would attend next, or what she was going to wear, she found herself suddenly facing the same problems that every young wife does, when she is untutored in household management. More of them, in fact, for she was in a strange country, without friends or relatives to help and guide her. She was unable to understand the simplest conversation, as she knew not one word of English, having been educated in her native Hungary.

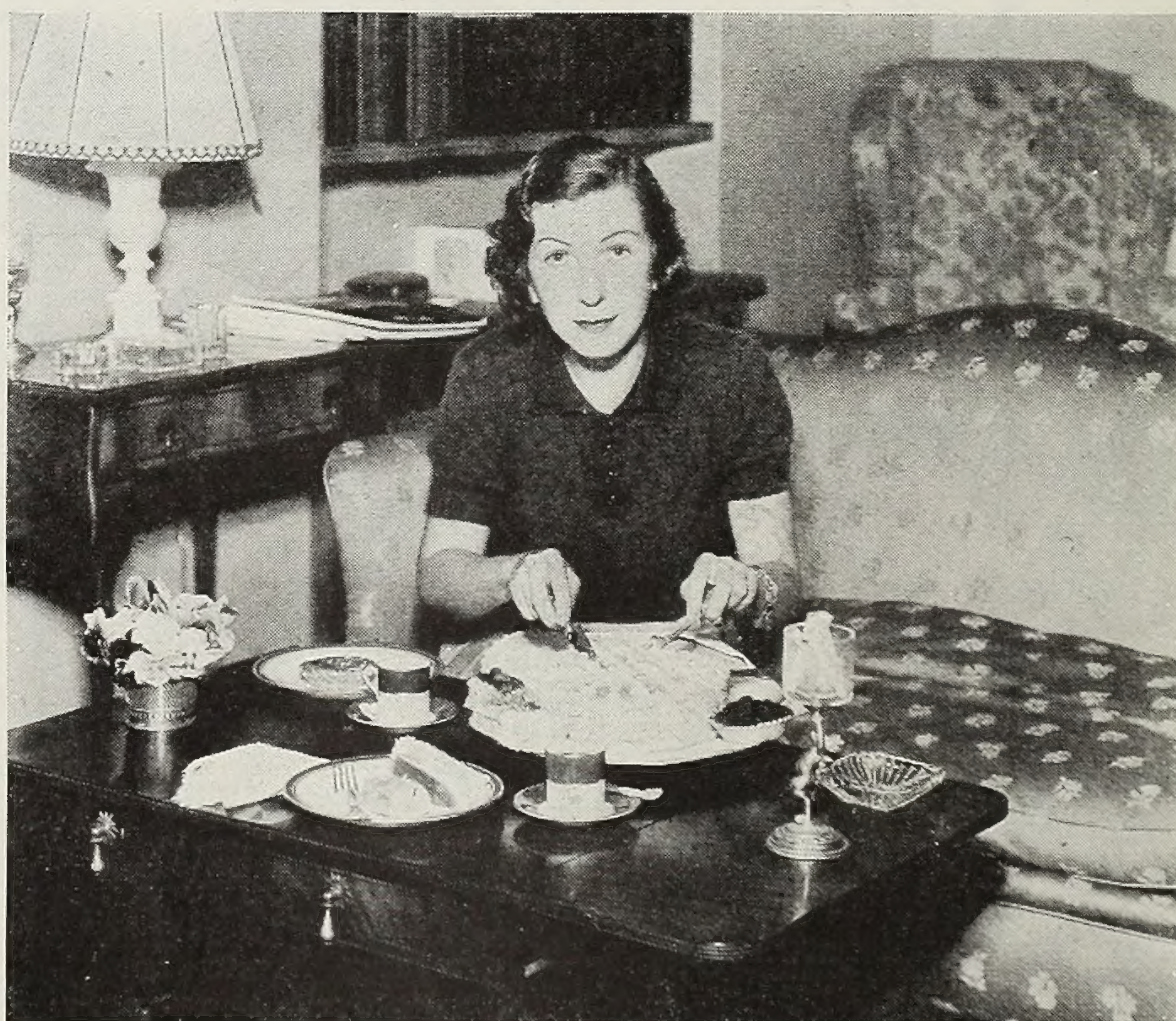
She can laugh about those first years now, but she acknowledges it was no laughing matter when she was living through them.

Her romance with Paul was one of those hard-to-believe, fiction-sounding sort. Paul was playing a limited engagement at the theatre in her home town. She attended an evening performance with a party of friends and he looked up into her box and recognized her instantly as the One Woman. She was thrilled likewise at first sight of him. The next afternoon, she received three long, red roses without so much as a card, but her intuition told her who the sender was. She attended every performance in which Paul appeared after that, and each afternoon she received three red roses. However, beyond a fleeting glance of recognition, they remained unknown. Daisy's father was a man of importance in

the little town and her mother was of aristocratic lineage, so although Paul longed to meet her and she thrilled to his performances in the theatre, there was no mutual friend to introduce them to each other. Finally, the play ended its run, and Paul returned to Budapest.

***** Those little stars mean that a year went by without further incident. Then, Daisy went to Budapest for the winter social season. There was the usual round of parties, theatres and balls. It was inevitable that she should see Paul again, for he was playing at the Gaiety Theatre and was recognized as the best actor in Budapest. Again, across the footlights, their eyes met and clung, and the three red roses appeared again. However, this time, Paul succeeded in finding a mutual acquaintance to introduce them and they had tea together the following afternoon. That was the beginning of a swift and enchanting courtship.

Soon they decided to marry and come to America. Paul had a good agent in New York who succeeded in getting a contract with Paramount for him. But when he landed in America, he knew no more of the English language and customs than Daisy did. They went through a horrible month in the big town, before they were finally summoned to Hollywood. When they went out to dine, they could only get food by pointing for it on the bill of fare and usually this resulted in their getting impossible items. Sometimes they got two different kinds of soup, or tea, coffee



At the home of Paul Lukas the after dinner coffee is not served in the dining room. Mrs. Lukas cuts the cake.

and milk at one serving. Finally, they wandered by chance into a cafeteria. While they were standing to one side wondering how they might get some service, a young Hungarian counter-man overheard their conversation and explained the procedure to them. They never went near a restaurant or cafe again but ate all of their meals in a cafeteria where they could see what they were getting.

From the first, they enjoyed American foods. Paul, especially, went native on the question of eating. Today, he enjoys and has only American dishes served in his home, unless he is entertaining friends from Hungary. At which time, they are served native Hungarian foods. Daisy told me however, that Hungarian dishes are not at all as Americans think they are. For instance, Hungarian goulash is not the dish we serve under this name but is merely an excellent soup.

When they first came to America, Paul was signed at a modest salary to appear in Paramount Productions. They came west a few weeks after they landed in New York, and took an apartment in Hollywood not far from the studio. It was a comfortable but unpretentious one and Daisy attempted to do light housekeeping in order to make ends meet. They felt that success was just around the corner, but they wanted to purchase a new car and they did not want to run into debt. Their first economy measure was their decision to do without a maid. Daisy learned how to scramble eggs successfully. It was the beginning of her many cooking adventures.

During their first month of marriage, they lived almost entirely upon melba toast and scrambled eggs. Finally, they both reached the point where they could not look another egg in the face, but happily, Paul's first picture found favor with his studio bosses and so the newlyweds decided to hire a cook.

Although she cannot cook very successfully herself, Daisy has the happy faculty of knowing how it should be done, and she is therefore able to keep her kitchen and household running smoothly. She has one of the most beautiful sets of crystal glassware in all Hollywood. Her father owned a crystal factory and the Lukas home is filled with real museum pieces of crystal, and her table appointments beggar description.

Paul likes nothing better than sword fish, halibut and salmon steaks. In fact, he frequently flies to San Francisco in order to have lunch at the Fisherman's Wharf Cafe, which specializes in sea foods. Paul says it is the only place that serves abalone steak and swordfish exactly as he prefers it. He flies up in time for lunch and returns home the same afternoon. Which makes some kind of a record or other. I can't think of any other man who flies eight hundred miles merely to please his palate.

Paul is a real aviation enthusiast but Daisy isn't. She prefers a good motor car to a plane. However, this difference in hobbies doesn't interfere with their fondness for each other or any of their vacation plans.

He is a licensed pilot and he owns his own plane. He was an aviator during the World War, having enlisted in an Hungarian aviation corps at the beginning of the conflict. He insists that his war activities were very ordinary. That he did only what was required of him and never went on any lone bombing excursions or accomplished any spectacular deeds of heroism. Which, as he naively points out, may be the reason why he is alive to talk about it now.

For breakfast, Paul has grapefruit, or orange juice, toast, cereal and coffee. He likes Greek honey with muffins occasionally

[Continued on page 13]

Does your hair add *ALLURE* to a "CLOSE-UP"?



Don't risk OILY, straggly locks, or DRY, dull hair.
Use the individual shampoo for YOUR TYPE of
hair to bring out its beauty

For OILY HAIR

Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo is simply grand because it's a *treatment* as well as a shampoo. Gets your hair clean as silk . . . rinses easily . . . and besides, it is gently *astringent*. Tends to tighten up those flabby oil glands that flood your hair with oil! Helps each shampoo actually to *improve the quality* of your hair!

Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo is *made especially for oily hair* by the makers of Packer's famous Tar Soap.

For DRY HAIR

Never, *never* shampoo the dry type of hair with a *drying* soap or liquid! Use Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo—an emollient treatment *made especially* for dry hair. In addition to rich olive oil, it contains glycerine to soften your hair and make it shine.

Shampoo as frequently as you like with Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo. It is safe . . . made by specialists in the care of the hair and scalp for more than 60 years.

PACKER'S

SHAMPOOS

**PINE
TAR**

for OILY hair



**OLIVE
OIL**

for DRY hair

SKIN BLEMISHES

Ashamed of Your Looks?
Sallow Skin? Pimples?



End Skin Troubles with Dry Yeast—It Supplies More of Element that Tones up Digestive Tract and Ends Cause of Many Complexion Faults—Easy to Eat

TO CORRECT ugly eruptions, blotches, sallowness—all the common skin troubles caused by a sluggish system—doctors have long advised yeast.

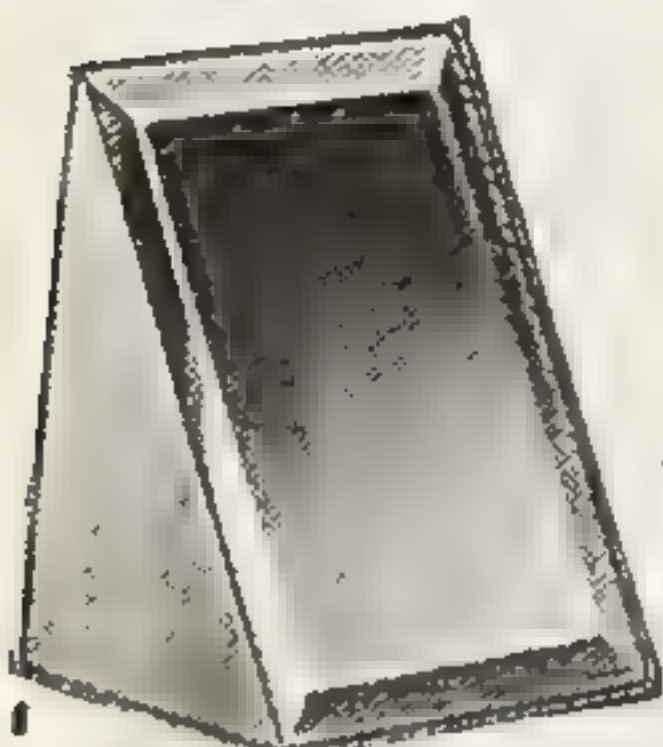
Now science finds that this corrective food is far more effective if eaten *dry*!

Tests reveal that from *dry* yeast the system receives almost *twice* as much of the precious element that stimulates intestinal action and helps to free the body of poisons. The digestive juices can more easily break down *dry* yeast cells and extract their rich stores of vitamin B—the tonic substance which makes yeast so valuable for correcting the cause of many skin ills.

No wonder Yeast Foam Tablets have brought relief to so many men and women. These pleasant tablets bring you yeast in the form science now knows is most effective. This improved yeast quickly tones up the intestinal nerves and muscles, strengthens digestion, promotes more regular elimination.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, your skin should soon clear up!

FREE! This beautiful tilted mirror. Gives perfect close-up. Leaves both hands free to put on make-up. Amazingly convenient. Sent free for an empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Use the coupon.



NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Please send me the handy tilted make-up mirror.

SC. 10-35

Name

Address

City State



"Did you hear about the two fleas who were saving up to buy a dog?" asked Wendy Barrie. "No, I'll bite," cracked Melvyn Douglass. Michael Bartlett said that he would jump at the chance and Louis Hayward said, "Tell us, Wendy, but start from scratch."

I HAVE WONDERED for a long time why Pat O'Brien's innate possibilities received so little recognition. 'Oil for the Lamps of China' should open new and abundant fields for this fine dramatic actor," writes Edna B. Connell of Prospect Rd., Des Moines, Ia. "What woman can ever forget this real Pat, bringing the Chow puppy to Josephine Hutchinson in an effort to divert her from her grief over the loss of her child? Producers, exhibitors, fans, I give you Pat O'Brien, the great American Husband-Ideal."

That's the oil.

"LET CLAUDETTE COLBERT continue her 'naturalness' in the pictures, for it is a real treat. To go to the movies these days and find a star acting so natural, rather than dramatizing every movement in the entire picture is a treat indeed. And, such a treat is always in store for one when the star is Claudette Colbert. No wonder Claudette is continually being recognized as outstanding, for she deserves all the praise coming her way. An attractive, beautiful girl, with all the appeal one could ask for combined with her 'natural way,' make her 100%," writes Helen McGovern of Clove Ave., Haverstraw, N. Y.

The way to win medals.

"I HAVE SEEN the wonderful musical 'Naughty Marietta' three times and would thoroughly enjoy seeing it again," writes Virginia German of Fowler, Ill. "I make a special plea to M-G-M to produce another picture starring Nelson Eddy, with his wonderful voice and his striking good looks, and his leading lady, Jeanette MacDonald. These two are the best stars in a musical representation. They both have splendid voices and I know everyone would love to see them again. Please do not fail the public in their request, for they will be patiently waiting for another musical representation by these co-stars."

Eddy leads in letters this month.

JACK KILROY of Glenwood Ave., Port Huron, Mich., sends "Orchids to Una Merkel. For years I've read this department in the SILVER SCREEN and I wish to

"You're Telling Me?"

say that I, too, have a favorite. I think Una Merkel is one of the finest artists on the screen."

Now you're talking.

"MAY I SAY a few words in praise of that wonderful actor, Fredric March? He has been my favorite ever since I can remember, and now I have come to the point where my admiration is so great, that I couldn't resist this opportunity to express it," writes Catherine Wall of Powelton Ave., West Philadelphia, Pa. "He has the most charming personality of any actor on the screen today and when it comes to acting, he has them all stopped. That irresistible, that charming voice and those impulsive ways would appeal to any girl's heart. (They do to mine, anyway.) He is simply G-R-A-N-D."

Never realized that impulsiveness got 'em.

"JEAN HARLOW FITS like a glove into comedy rôles, and her dancing is superb. She wasn't even pretty a few years back, but presto! almost over night she became the most beautiful and glamorous star of them all," writes Velma Rypkema of Industrial City, Mo. "She is graceful, dresses stunningly and has a glorious smile."

It must be that Jean is in love.

"I'VE JUST SEEN 'Broadway Gondolier.' It was so wonderful that I'm still under its spell," writes Liza Losco. "Dick Powell is so romantic! And has such a grand voice! When he sang 'Rose in Her Hair,' he took my breath away completely. Dick Powell, you're marvelous."

Sounds like a song.

FRANCES NUGERMAN of Detroit, Mich., writes: "I am sending a compliment to our own lovable Shirley Temple. I think we should

call her America's little sweetheart because everyone loves her so much. Like Mary Pickford, she is adorable and shows wonderful talent. People in Detroit have gone wild over this lovely little personality and we want more of her. Also we want Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. It seems so long since we have had the pleasure of having them together. What has become of George Bancroft? He was always my favorite. And Paul Kelly? We want more of him, too. He is the real kind and the only kind."

George will be pleased, Frances.

See Letter
Contest on
Page 18

SILVER SCREEN

The European Touch

[Continued from page 11]

for breakfast. He says it is the finest honey in the world and he buys it from a small shop in Hollywood that imports a small amount of it yearly.

He eats little or nothing for lunch. Sometimes, he goes without his noonday meal entirely, or else has only a green salad of lettuce, watercress and chicory, with French salad dressing.

For dinner, he likes either cream of asparagus or mushroom soup. His favorite entree is steak, rare, with English mustard. He also likes broiled lamb chops with spinach. The latter is his favorite vegetable. His only real dislike in foods is green peas. He does not care much for American breads either, but prefers melba toast and pumpernickle.

Daisy often cooks for him a dish that he likes and for which she has no name. It is simply a combination of equal parts of fresh tomatoes, green peppers and Bermuda onions, chopped fine and mixed together with sausages, which have likewise been chopped up, and the entire mixture is fried in deep, hot fat, with salt, pepper and paprika to taste.

There is another dish she prepares for him, which is made of chicken cut up and boiled with carrots. In a separate container, she boils rice until done and adds it to the boiled chicken and carrots letting it all simmer for five or ten minutes longer.

He likes stewed fruits for dessert and fresh fruits for salads. While Daisy leaves the preparation of the dinner largely to the cook, she takes over the responsibility of making Paul's favorite pastries. After dinner they have dessert and demi tasse in the living-room before a cheerful log fire, for California fall evenings are usually chilly. As Daisy pointed out, Hungarians are fond of food and they are leisurely about enjoying it. Dinner is an event and not just nourishment to keep them going. Conversation and laughter can make a good dinner seem even better.

Daisy is quite modest about claiming any laurels where cooking is concerned but I stayed to tea and she served some cake which she had baked for Paul. It is his favorite pastry and she calls it Hollywood cake, because it is a mixture of several recipes and she learned to bake it during her hectic month of housekeeping when she first came west. It is good, too, and the frosting looked as if it had been sculptured. She told me that she bought a little frosting gadget with which she decorates her cakes, at a nearby notion store, but even when it is not used, the cake is quite attractive.

Here is her recipe:

HOLLYWOOD CAKE

Yolks of 8 eggs	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter
$1\frac{1}{4}$ cups granulated sugar	3 level teaspoons baking powder
$\frac{2}{3}$ cup water	1 tablespoon vanilla
$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups pastry flour	

Sift flour once, then measure, add baking powder and sift three times. Sift sugar, then measure. Cream butter, add sugar gradually and cream thoroughly. Beat yolks until thick and lemon color, then add them to butter and sugar and stir thoroughly. Add water and flour alternately, then flavor and stir very hard. Put in slow oven until raised to top of pan then increase heat and brown. Bake 40 to 50 minutes.

For this cake which is a nice gold color and of fine texture Daisy uses a mocha icing which she prepares as follows:

1 cup powdered sugar	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla
2 tablespoons butter	2 tablespoons cold coffee
1 teaspoon cocoa	

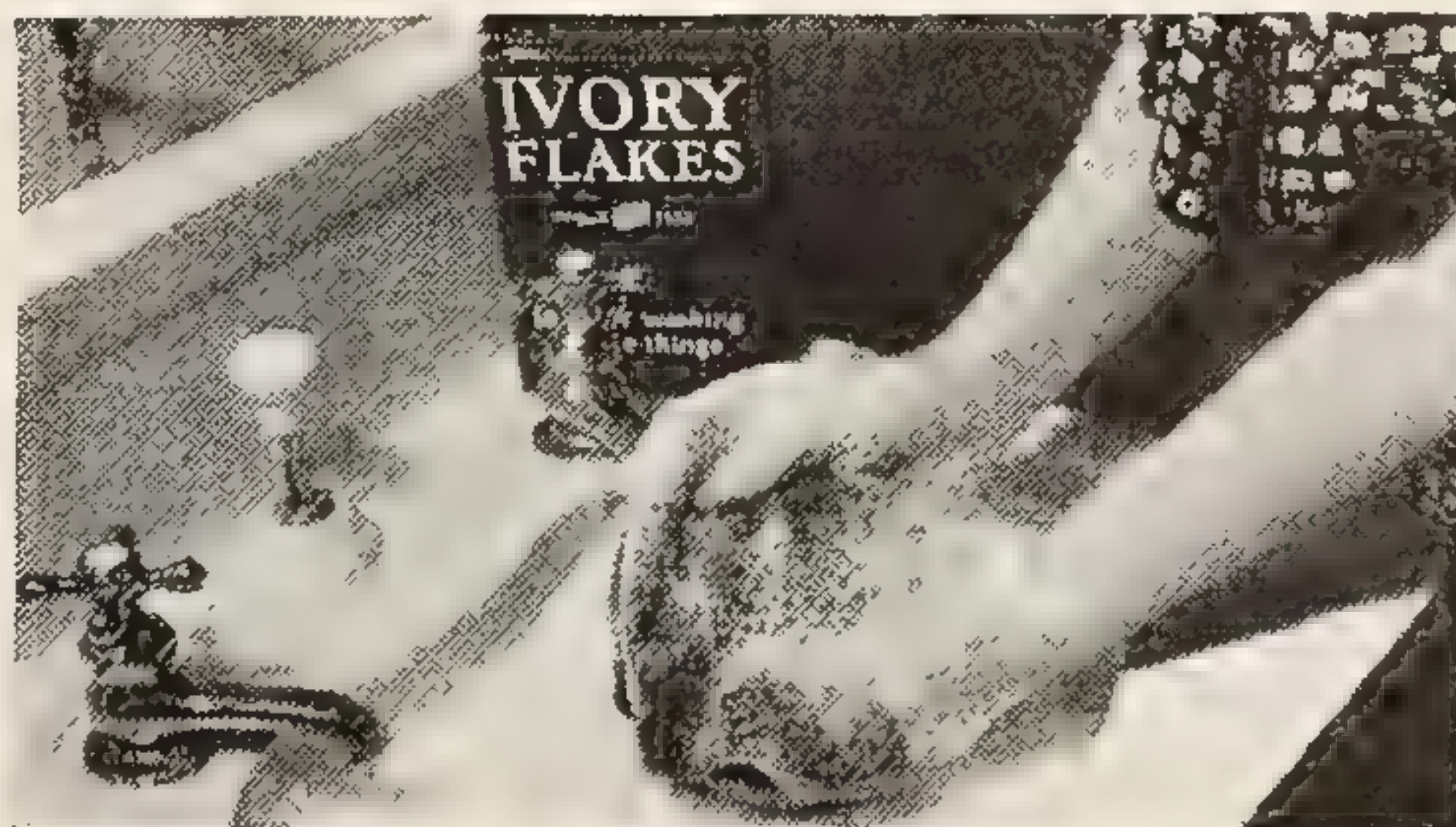
Cream butter, add both sugar and cocoa gradually. Add vanilla, then coffee gradually until the mixture is smooth, creamy and thick enough to spread evenly.

"Wash hand-knits with IVORY FLAKES."

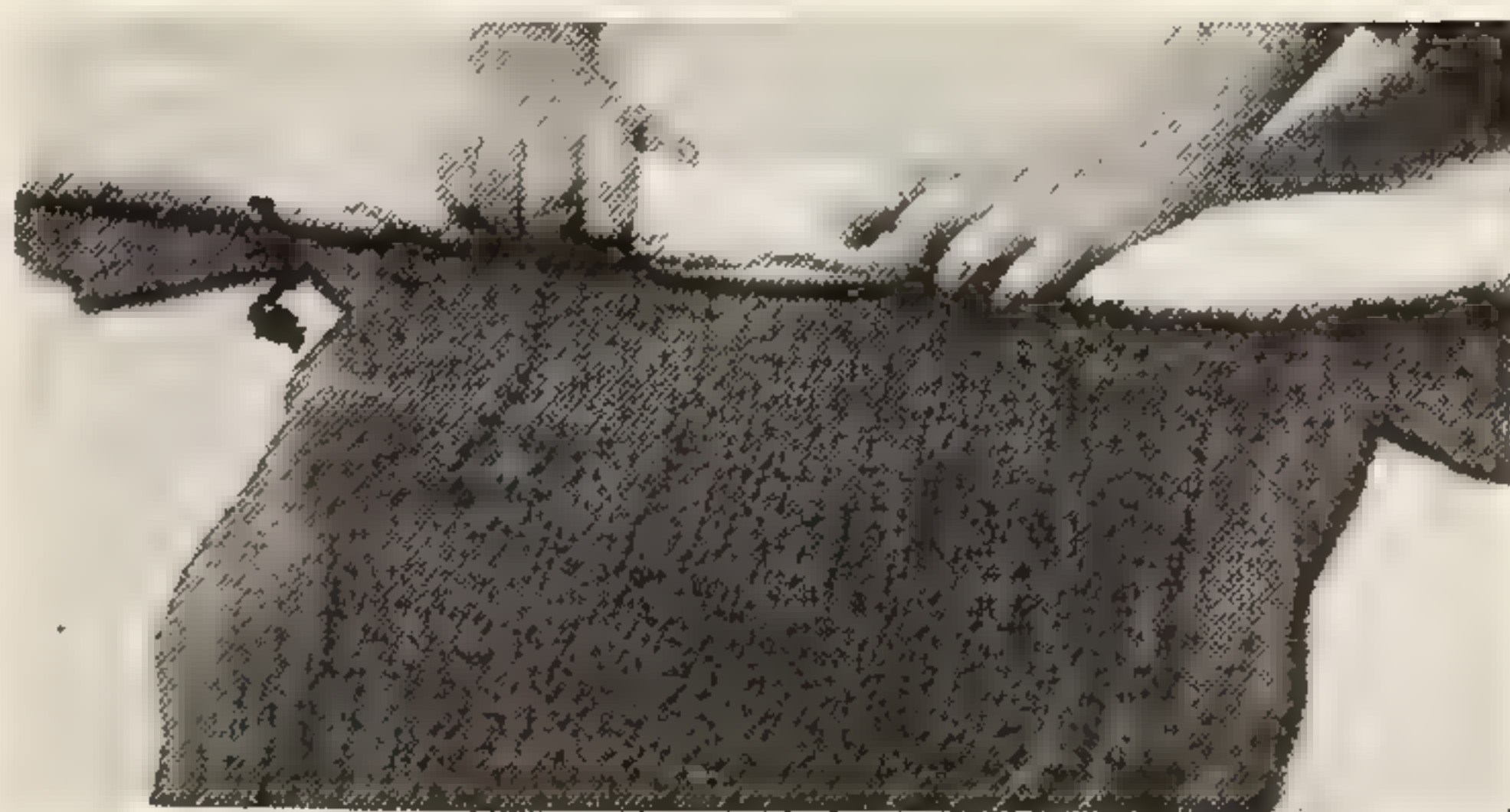
URGE THE MAKERS OF MINERVA YARNS



1. TAKE MEASUREMENTS or trace outline of sweater on heavy paper.



2. SQUEEZE LUKEWARM SUDS of pure Ivory Flakes through garment. Do not rub, twist or let stretch.



3. RINSE 3 TIMES in lukewarm water of same temperature. Knead out excess moisture in bath towel.



4. DRY FLAT, easing back (or stretching) to original outline.

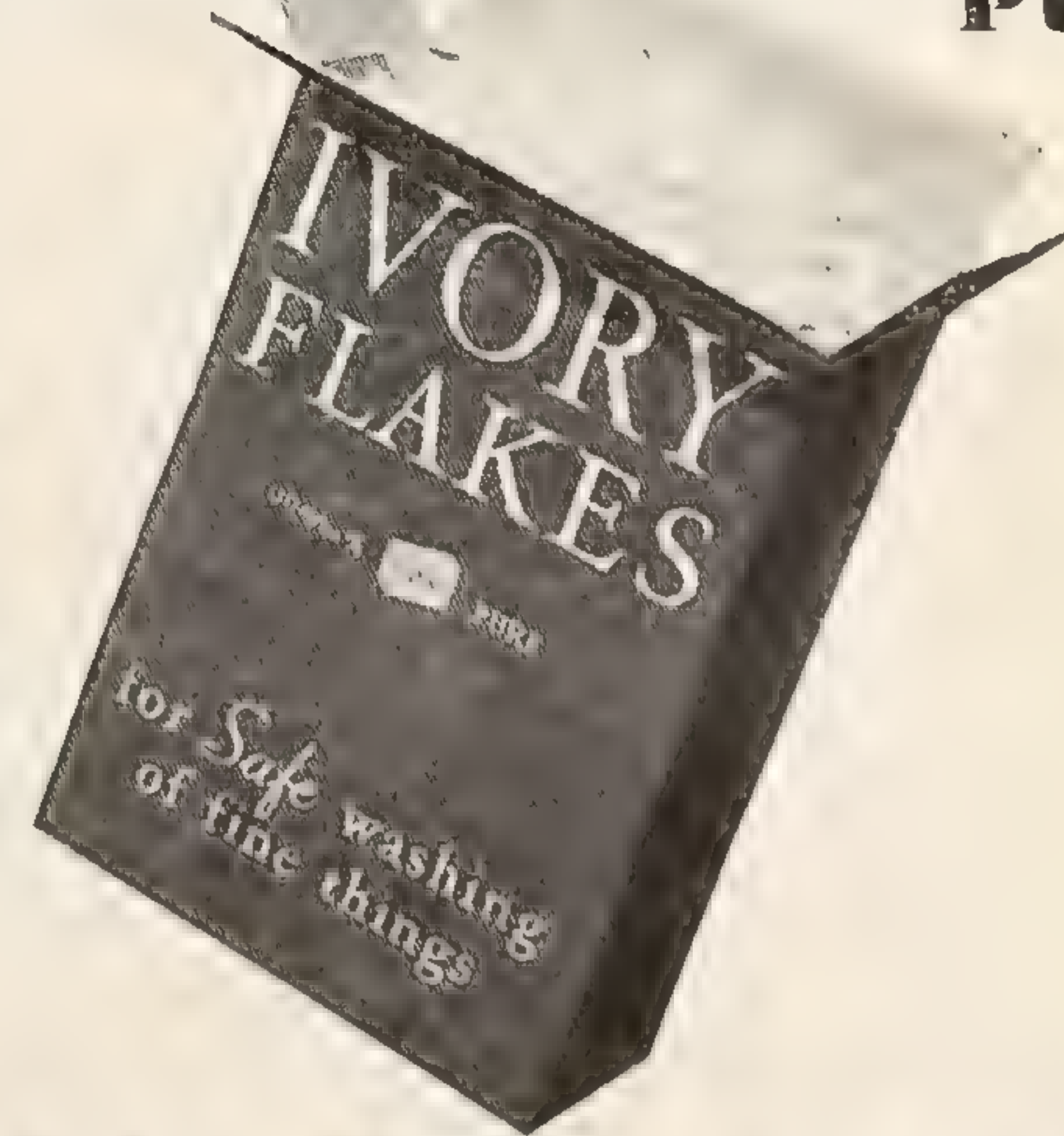
WHEN DRY, appearance is improved by light pressing under damp cloth.

Knit one, purl one—when you put a lot of time into knitting a sweater you don't want it to become little-sister's-size after its first washing! Wool is sensitive—it shrinks at the mere mention of rubbing, hot water or an *impure soap*!

So wash your woolens with respectful care. And be especially sure to use cool suds of Ivory Flakes. Why Ivory Flakes? Well, listen to what the makers of Minerva yarns say: "We feel that Ivory Flakes are safest for fine woolens because Ivory is really *pure*—protects the natural oils that keep wool soft and springy."

Read the washing directions on this page, follow them carefully—and your hand-knits will always stay lovely as new!

99 44/100 %
PURE



IVORY FLAKES

EYE IDEAS



by
Jane
Heath

EYES BEHIND GLASSES!

LOTS of women we know hesitate to wear glasses because they believe them unflattering. Not a bit, if you beautify your eyes! Glasses make them look smaller—so enlarge them . . . with KURLASH, the little implement that curls back your lashes lastingly between soft rubber bows. Your lashes appear longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter, deeper! Opticians recommend KURLASH because it keeps your lashes from touching your glasses. \$1, at good stores.



Hold
the Line

Don't neglect your eyebrows, either! TWEETZETTE, which "tweezes" out an offending hair at the touch of a button, is the easiest way known to shape your brows, painlessly, at home. Make them conform to the upper curve of your glasses, and the latter will be less noticeable! \$1, also, at your drug store.



First Aid Kit

Behind your glasses, you can use eye make-up liberally and defy detection! Try SHADETTE, at \$1, to give your eyes size and allure. And the little marvel LASHPAC to travel in your handbag everywhere. It holds a stick of mascara for accenting brows and a little brush to groom them later. Also \$1. Write me if you aren't sure what shades to use!

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly send you personal advice on eye beauty if you drop her a note care of Department D-10, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.



Luise Rainer has
"the most wonderful eyes in Europe."

BEAUTIFUL EYES

The Latest Make-Up Tricks
Give Your Eyes More Beauty.

By Mary Lee

IN THE Old World, when there were princes and kings and brave knights to win—ladies learned the power behind a pair of sparkling eyes. And they must have passed the secrets down to their children and their children's children. When you look at Luise Rainer, newcomer from Vienna, and almost too lovely as she plays in "Escapade," your heart goes somersaulting at the sheer beauty shining through her eyes. You fairly marvel at the way the lustre and depth of her big, dark eyes come to you from an ordinary black-and-white screen!

We're willing to wager that some of the stars from Europe are responsible for the "feature your eyes" craze that's come over make-up. All of which, in our opinion, is as it should be.

There are many things that will make your eyes shine. Love comes first, but you can't turn that on and off like an electric light. Restful sleep and freedom from worry are important. There's a very special knack in selecting clothes and costume jewelry that bring out the color and lights in your eyes. Harmless eye drops to create sparkle take the place of the dangerous Belladonna. Eye packs and lotions refresh tired eyes and take out the redness that's death to lustre. And above all, there's make-up!

There's practically nothing make-up can't be made to do for your eyes. We're really deluged with new eye shadows, colored mascaras and tricks of applying rouge to spotlight your eyes. As for eyelashes and brows—that all depends on you! You can make them what you want them.

Smart make-up must feature the eyes. Go light on rouge. However, it can be used in trick ways to center attention on your eyes. Lips must have color, but not compelling enough to steal the show from your eyes. As for make-up of your eyes themselves—that, as the Duchess said, is art!

The new eye shadows are almost every color under the sun except red. You must not allow one bit of red near your eyelids. Rouge will help to make your eyes look bright, though, if you shade it very delicately up toward your temples. And you can disguise dark circles or a tired look under your eyes by bringing the rouge right up to the lower lids.

Blue is one of the most popular colors for eyes shadow, and if you use a dark enough shade, you can put it on your eyelashes and a bit on your eyebrows, too. You blue-eyed gals don't have to stick to blue, though. Green will do things for most of you, especially if you're wearing clothes that give your eyes a greenish cast. A touch of purple can be lovely, but you've got to apply it very lightly. A lot of mauve is being used, and it's flattering to almost everyone because it has a way of blending with the natural shadows around the eyes.

Green and purple eye shadows are good when you're wearing white, and, strange to say, purple is good with blue. There's a shade of amethyst with matching mascara that is ravishing with purple and practically every shade of blue. A deep emerald gives your eyes allure when you're being demure in black or white. Sapphire shadow lights the diamonds in China-blue eyes. It's good with any of the lighter or brighter shades, but not to be worn with the deep, rich colors. Although black eye shadow is doing something of a fade-out, brown is still the favorite color for brunettes in the day-time. Some of the eye shadows are iridescent and with others you can add a final touch of gold, silver, or stardust to make the lids glitter.

Like rouge, eye shadow is most popular in a cream form. When you apply cream eye shadow, you should use a foundation cream first, just as you do for cream rouge. The shadow should start from the center of your eyelid, right down next to your lashes,

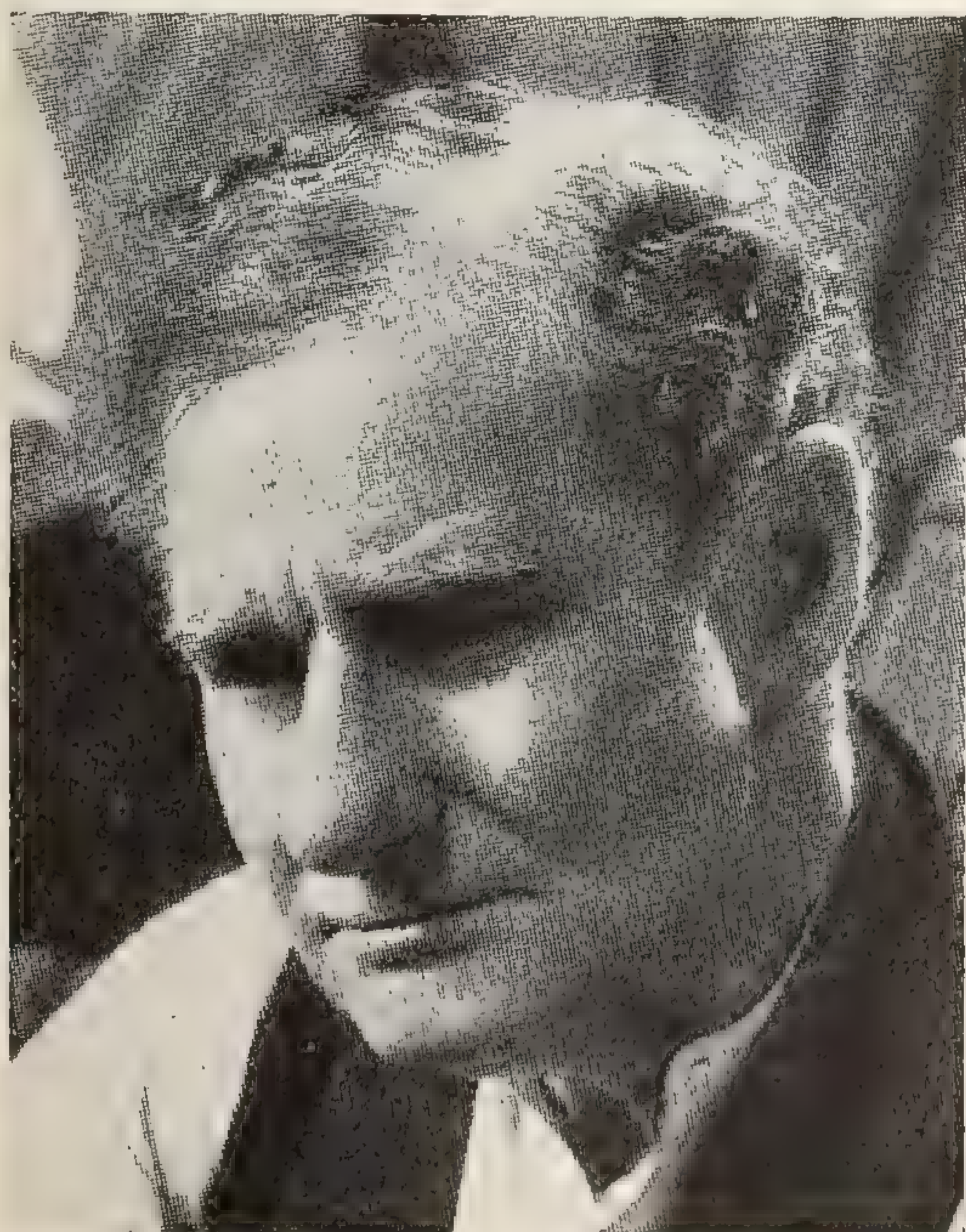
and be shaded up to the eyebrows and out toward the temples. You don't put any under your eyes at all.

Eyelashes should be dark. Unless you use a deep shade of eye shadow, don't try to match it in mascara. Stick to brown or black. The same goes for eyebrows.

Of course, you want long lashes to work on—and you can have them! The good eyelash tonic creams work very quickly. If you don't go in for mascara or a cream darkener, use a little eyelash cream to finish off your make-up. Rub it in where the lids and lashes join, then brush some into your lashes. Brush the lashes up—that helps train the upward curve. Winx, whose mascara is such a favorite, has a little tube of eyelash tonic cream colored black or brown, so you can darken your lashes at the same time you groom them and stimulate their growth. They have a colorless cream for night use, too.

One of the trickiest gadgets we've seen for eye make-up is a little eyelash comb. You simply run it through your lashes after you've made them up to give them a smooth, silky finish and remove any excess cosmetic. Speaking of gadgets to help you make your eyes beautiful, Kurlash takes first prize! There's a new and improved "turner-upper" to give you curling lashes instantly. Twizzors is the latest. It's like tweezers grafted on a dainty pair of manicure scissors. Besides being pretty, with handles in the latest dressing table shades, it's shaped so it lets you see what you are doing when you go after that elusive hair. Then there's Tweezette, an automatic tweezer. You push a little knob that opens the jaws, place the jaws over the hair, push another knob, and Tweezette pulls out the hair. It all happens so quickly, the pain's almost taken out of tweezing.

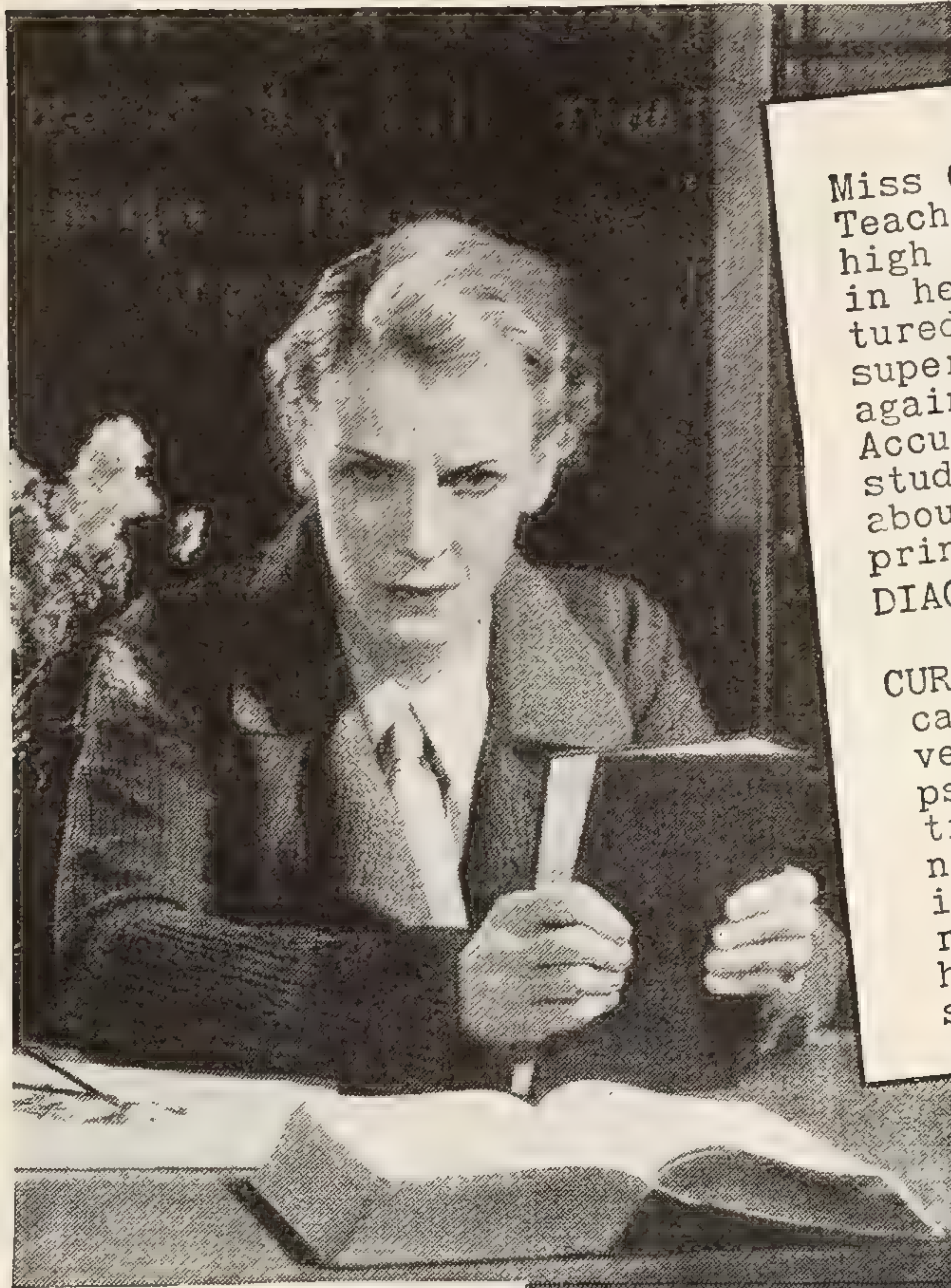
Unless you're devoted to your eyebrow pencil, you can do a good job of darkening your brows with mascara (either cream or cake). First, brush your brows the wrong way until they're all fury. Then put a little mascara evenly over the brush, and touch up the hairs on the under side. When you've finished darkening the hairs, brush them down flat and shape the brows, giving them a few extra strokes to bring out the gloss. Try to keep the color on the hairs themselves and not get it on the skin underneath.



Fred Stone appeared on the screen for the first time in "Alice Adams" and was so successful that he is now booked for two more pictures. Who said the screen required a technique that stage people didn't know?

Why do minds misbehave?

THE PSYCHIATRIST OFFERS TWO ANSWERS...



Case No. 296
Miss O.H.F. Age 29.
Teacher of English in high school. Successful in her work — but tortured by belief that her superiors discriminated against her maliciously. Accused her favorite student of telling lies about her to the school principal.
DIAGNOSIS: Paranoid suspicions.

CURE: Complete — when cause of fear was revealed in the course of psychiatric consultations. Her mental illness had its beginning in childhood, when quarrelling parents made her feel insecure, unsure of affection.

Case No. 432
Mrs. T.O.V. Age 31.
Frequently embarrassed husband by telephoning guests and withdrawing invitations. Offended her husband's employer by her inattention and preoccupation with secret worries during a dinner given in her honor.

DIAGNOSIS: "Accident panic" — the fear that the sanitary napkin she wore did not afford complete safety and protection.

CURE: Complete — when the cause of her fear was discovered and the fear ended by introducing to her a sanitary napkin ("Certain-Safe" Modess) that was designed in a way to make "accidents" impossible.



N-O-V-O...the new douche powder. Cleansing—deodorizing... for the fastidious woman.

Even if "accident panic" has never haunted you... protect yourself against the possibility of an accident ever happening. Get a box of the new Modess today. Its name—"Certain-Safe"—tells the story... and you can look at the napkin and see why it's accident-proof:

1. Extra-long tabs provide firmer pinning bases... Modess can't pull loose from the pins.
2. Specially-treated material covers back and sides of pad... Modess can't strike through.

The day you buy Modess is the day you end "accident panic" forever!

MODESS STAYS SOFT... STAYS SAFE



THANKS TO
DR. SCHOLL'S ZINO-PADS
I WALK MILES EVERY DAY
WITH PERFECT EASE!

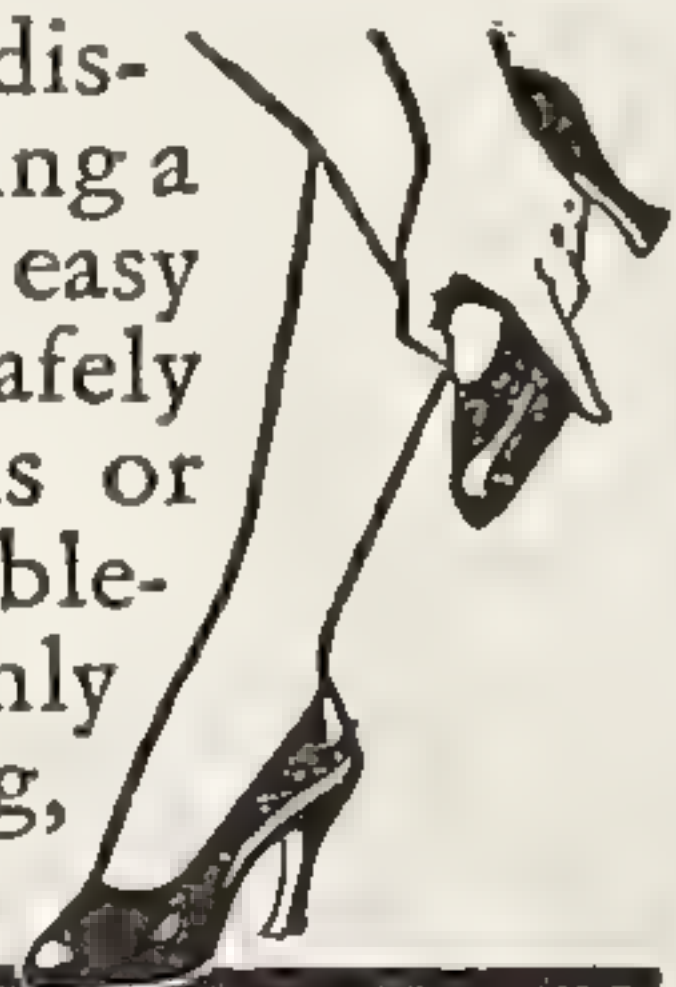
CORNS

CALLUSES, BUNIONS, SORE TOES

"What a relief!", you'll exclaim the instant you use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for these foot troubles. Not only the pain, but the *cause* as well, is immediately ended by these thin, soothing, healing, cushioning pads.

STOP NAGGING SHOE PRESSURE

If you suffer from annoying rubbing, pressing or pinching of your shoes, Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will stop all that discomfort at once and make walking a pleasure. *Separate Medication*, easy to use, included for quickly, safely loosening and removing corns or calluses. This complete double-acting treatment now costs only **25¢ and 35¢** a box at all drug, shoe and department stores.



**Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads**
Put one on-the pain is gone!

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to play by note, Piano, Violin, Ukulele, Tenor Banjo, Hawaiian Guitar, Piano Accordion, Saxophone, Clarinet or any other instrument. Wonderful new method teaches in half the time. Simple as ABC. No "numbers" or trick music. Cost averages only a few cents a day. Over 700,000 students.

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REVIEWS!



Rosalind Russell is helping with a little back seat driving while Bill (Bachelor) Powell tries to thread a needle.

AFTER THE DANCE—Fair. George Murphy, Nancy Carroll and Thelma Todd in a night-club romance that comes in for a goodly share of melodrama.

ALIBI IKE—Fine. Adapted from Ring Lardner's famous baseball story of the same title, this Joe E. Brown feature ought to bring joy to the hearts of all dyed-in-the-wool lovers of this famous American sport.

ACCENT ON YOUTH—Delightful. You'll enjoy this story of the middle-aged playwright who gets a brilliant idea for a new play when his young secretary makes love to him. (Herbert Marshall-Sylvia Sidney.)

ANNA KARENINA—Splendid. The glamorous Garbo as Tolstoy's famous heroine. Russia—during the 19th century—is the setting, and the cast includes Basil Rathbone, Fredric March, Freddie Bartholomew.

BECKY SHARP—Fine. Photographed in technicolor, this film adapted from Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" and featuring Miriam Hopkins, Alan Mowbray and Frances Dee has attracted nationwide interest. A "must see."

BLACK ROOM, THE—Fair. A castle in Bavaria is the setting for this chilling mystery which boasts that super-horror star, Boris Karloff, in the cast. (Marian Marsh and Thurston Hall.)

BORN TO GAMBLE—Fair. The story of a well-to-do American family with an inherited gambling instinct, and the effect of this gambling on the various generations. (H. B. Warner, Eric Linden, Lois Wilson, Wm. Janney.)

BROADWAY GONDOLIER—Amusing. Dick Powell as an ambitious ex-taxi driver who transforms himself into an Italian gondolier for the edification of American radio fans. (Joan Blondell-Adolphe Menjou.)

CALM YOURSELF—Fair. A warm-weather farce concerning a bright young man who organizes a firm destined for the sole purpose of calming the ruffled spirits of his clients. (Robt. Young, Madge Evans, Ralph Morgan.)

CHAMPAGNE FOR BREAKFAST—Just so so. The title seems to have little bearing on the plot which concerns a piece of California land willed to two sisters, Lila Lee and Joan Marsh. (Hardie Albright.)

CURLY TOP—Fine. Shirley Temple is still captivating her audiences in this new version of the popular Daddy Long Legs theme. John Boles is the Daddy who adopts two orphans this time—Shirley and Rochelle Hudson. There's a romance, of course, and some swell songs and dances.

DANTE'S INFERNO—Bizarre. Don't visit the theater with the idea of seeing a true adaptation of this classic. You'll be disappointed, for this is a modern melodramatic hodge-podge, with a throwback now and then to the kind of hell Dante so aptly describes. (Spencer Tracy-Claire Trevor.)

TIPS ON PICTURES

DIAMOND JIM—Excellent. Edward Arnold characterizes one of New York's most amazing men-about-town during a past generation. (Binnie Barnes, Jean Arthur, Cesar Romero.)

ESCAPADE—Bright and sparkling. There's a pre-war glitter to this audacious society comedy. The locale is Vienna and the cast includes Bill Powell, Luise Rainer, Virginia Bruce, Frank Morgan, Reginald Owen.

FARMER TAKES A WIFE—Excellent. The Erie Canal and its rough life makes an odd setting for Janet Gaynor, yet you will agree that this is one of the best of her recent pictures. (Henry Fonda-Charles Bickford.)

FRONT PAGE WOMAN—Good. A breezy, fast-moving newspaper yarn—with Bette Davis and George Brent playing romantic, rival reporters.

GIRL FRIEND, THE—Good. Jack Haley, Ann Sothorn, Roger Pryor and a lively cast in an up-to-the-minute musical comedy farce, the background of which is laid in a rustic summer theatre.

HARD ROCK HARRIGAN—Good. We read a lot about tremendous projects such as the Boulder Dam, but it takes a film like this to impress us with the effort which goes into the building of a like enterprise. Plenty of thrills and romance here, too. (Geo. O'Brien-Irene Hervey.)

HOP-ALONG CASSIDY—Fine. Westerns are coming into their own again—what with some of our best actors going for the sagebrush and cactus. This boasts the presence of Wm. Boyd, Kenneth Thomson, Paula Stone.

HOT TIP—Amusing. Jimmy Gleason and ZaSu Pitts as a husband and wife team, with ZaSu giving us a magnificent portrayal of a nagging wife.

IRISH IN US, THE—Swell. Chockful of uproarious situations, this rather sentimental Jimmy Cagney comedy has plenty of what it takes for an evening's entertainment. (Frank McHugh, Pat O'Brien, Al. Jenkins.)

LOVE ME FOREVER—Splendid. A colorful combination of romance, melodrama and opera, with Grace Moore singing divinely and Leo Carrillo chalking up a hit for himself in the rôle of the gambler.

MAD LOVE—Weird. The hands of a celebrated knife thrower are grafted onto the arms of a concert pianist who has met with an accident—with rather odd results. (Peter Lorre, Colin Clive, Frances Drake.)

MEN WITHOUT NAMES—Good. The "G" men are on the trail again! With the quarry being sought at a small-town boarding house. (Madge Evans, Fred MacMurray, Lynne Overman.)

MIMI—Charming. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Gertrude Lawrence are the leads in this British film which tells the story (with incidental music) of the opera *La Boheme*.

MURDER MAN—Interesting. A strong plot—that of a man railroading his bitterest enemy to the chair for a crime he himself committed. Spencer Tracy plays the lead—with Harvey Stephens and Virginia Bruce.

OLD HOMESTEAD, THE—Amusing. A group of hometown folks go to the big city to broadcast and make a fortune on the air. Some good routine song numbers here. (Mary Carlisle, Dorothy Lee, Lawrence Gray, etc.)

OLD MAN RHYTHM—Fair. A musical with a university campus for the background and minus all signs of the Great American Sport—football. There's some excellent comedy, however, and some good songs. (George Barbier, Buddy Rogers, Barbara Kent.)

PAGE MISS GLORY—Amusing. From rags to riches you might dub this tale of a chambermaid transformed into an alluring beauty contest winner. (Marion Davies, Patsy Kelly, Dick Powell, Pat O'Brien.)

PURSUIT—Good. This has all the action the title implies, with Sally Eilers and Chester Morris chasing madly down to Mexico in order to help a devoted mother retrieve her child from in-law interference.

SHANGHAI—Fine. With a superb actor like Chas. Boyer assuming the lead, you needn't worry too much about the plot, which carries out Kipling's idea that East is East and West is West. . . . (Loretta Young.)

SHE—Rather unusual. A young scientist and his fiancée travel into the unknown stretches of the Arctic in search of the flame of eternal life. From the novel by H. Rider Haggard. (Randolph Scott, Helen Gahagan, Helen Mack.)

SILK HAT KID—Fair. A sob story centering around a night club owned by Paul Kelly, with Lew Ayres acting as his bodyguard and Mae Clarke taking charge of his motherless baby. All ends in sweetness and light!

SMART GIRL—Just so-so. A melodrama dealing with fraudulent stock brokers, and featuring Kent Taylor, Sidney Blackmer, Pinky Tomlin, Gail Patrick and Ida Lupino. Ida is the gal who is so smart.

39 STEPS—Excellent. This murder mystery is a combination of intriguing melodrama and subtle comedy. Made in England, it has Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll in the leading rôles.

THUNDER IN THE NIGHT—Good. A diplomatic intrigue, laid in Budapest, with Karen Morley, Paul Cavanagh and Cornelius Keefe etched against the background of the Ship of State.

WESTWARD HO—Exciting. A western that both young and old will enjoy, dealing as it does with the romantic Vigilantes (the "G" men of a bye-gone day). (John Wayne, Sheila Mannors, Yakima Canutt.)

WITHOUT REGRET—Good. Remember "Interference"—one of the first of the better all-talkie dramas? Well, here it is again with a cast that includes Elissa Landi, Frances Drake, Kent Taylor and Paul Cavanagh.

WOMAN WANTED—Fine. An absorbing, fast-paced melodrama in which Joel McCrea, as an attorney, fights for the life of Maureen O'Sullivan, accused of murder. (Lewis Stone, Louis Calhern.)

EXCUSE IT, PLEASE!

WRONG TITLES—

Here Are The New Ones:

"I Live My Life" (Joan Crawford)
formerly "Glamour"

"The Payoff" (James Dunn)
formerly "The Real McCoy"

"Bright Lights" (Joe E. Brown)
formerly "Broadway Joe"

"I Live for Love" (Dolores Del Rio)
formerly "Romance in a
Glass House"

"Modern Times" (Charles Chaplin)
formerly "The Great Factory"

MILLIONS NOW USE FAMOUS NOXZEMA *for Skin Troubles*

*Which
troubles you?*

LARGE PORES
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(from external causes)



**Greaseless Medicated Cream brings instant relief
promotes rapid healing — refines skin texture**

JUST THINK! Over 12,000,000 jars of Noxzema are now used yearly! Noxzema was first prescribed by doctors for relief of skin irritations like eczema and burns. Nurses first discovered how wonderful it was for their red, chapped hands, and for helping to improve their complexions. Today Noxzema is used by millions—bringing soothing comfort and aiding in healing ugly skin flaws.

Women enthusiastic

If you are troubled with large pores, blackheads or pimples caused by external conditions, apply Noxzema after removing makeup—and during the day as a foundation for

powder. Notice how it refines large pores—helps nature heal ugly pimples—helps make your face smoother, clearer, more attractive.

If your hands are red, irritated, use Noxzema for quick relief—to help make them soft, white and lovely. Use Noxzema for burns, itching, baby rash and similar skin irritations.

For shaving irritation

Men! The news is flying around—if you are troubled with shaving irritation, use Noxzema—it's marvelous. Apply Noxzema before lathering. No matter how raw and irritated your face and neck may be, note what a quick, cool, comfortable shave you get shaving this new way.



SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Noxzema is sold at almost all drug and department stores. If your dealer can't supply you, send only 15¢ for a generous 25¢ trial jar—enough to bring real comfort and a big improvement in your skin. Send name and address to Noxzema Chemical Company, Dept. 810, Baltimore, Md.

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This inscribed and framed photograph of Gary Cooper is reduced. The prize pictures measure 8½" x 10½".

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Editor,

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Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Herewith is my entry in your contest. If I win I should like to receive an inscribed and framed photograph of

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This coupon invalid after Oct. 7, 1935

Silver Screen
Offers You This
Unusual Oppor-
tunity.

WOULD you treasure a photograph of your favorite star framed in the best of taste, under glass, and—and this is the very special feature—incribed with your name and signed by the star? These are original photographs. They are not reproductions. The frames are of simple design and sturdy construction.

If you wish such a photograph of your favorite star, write a letter to SILVER SCREEN. The theme of your letter must be the star whose photograph you desire. You can write a poem of praise, a letter of constructive criticism or a personal, intimate note. There are no restrictions and the fifty best letters, in the opinion of the editor, received this month will be selected as winners.

CONDITIONS

1. In addition to the letter each contestant must fill out and send in the coupon which appears on this page.
2. Please limit your letters to just as few witty, clever, brief thoughts as possible. No letters over a hundred words considered.
3. You can enter as many letters as you wish providing that each is accompanied with a coupon.
4. You may write about any star in the movies and your letters will be judged solely on their intelligence, originality and neatness.
5. The star's name appearing on the coupon must be the star mentioned in the letter.
6. This contest closes at midnight, October 7, 1935. Entries received after that time will not receive consideration.
7. In the event of ties prizes of equal value will be awarded to each tying contestant.
8. Address your letters to Star Photograph Editor, Silver Screen, 45 West 45th St., New York N. Y.

SILVER SCREEN

TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS



Anchors Aweigh! Janet Gaynor and Margaret Lindsay are off to Honolulu. Gene Raymond came down to give the girls a send off.

I WOULDN'T be a-knowing how true it is but I hear tell that Janet Gaynor was a bit miffed because Henry Fonda didn't fall for her while they were working together in "The Farmer Takes a Wife." Nearly all of Janet's leading men do, you know. But Henry didn't give her a tumble—except when he bumped heads with her in "Way Down East," with the result that Janet felt a slight concussion and thought it best on doctor's orders to leave the picture. As a matter of fact Henry hasn't given any of the Hollywood girls much encouragement. Maybe it's the result of being married once to Margaret Sullivan.

FRED MACMURRAY, who seems to be picking himself a fine crop of leading ladies these days—first Claudette Colbert, then Katharine Hepburn, and now Carole Lombard—worked in a cannery all of one summer in order to buy himself a saxophone. He learned to play it, joined an orchestra, and there he was "discovered" by film scouts.

ONE of the most marvelous lines I've heard in years was pulled by a guy named James K. McGuinness at the Trocadero the other night. He was sitting next to Mrs. Clark Gable, and had been chatting with her for sometime when suddenly he remarked, apropos of himself, "It must be wonderful for you, finding a man who has no sex appeal!"

RUTH CHATTERTON and the new find, Louis Hayward, seem to be muchly interested in each other. Maybe that was the reason, or at least one of the reasons, Ruth decided not to star in "A Feather in Her Hat." Louis played her son.

CAROLE LOMBARD certainly started a "back-to-the-amusement-parks" movement with her recent House of Fun party down at Venice, for every night now you can find a bunch of movie stars playing the different concessions and riding on the chutes and roller coasters. Only last week Marlene Dietrich took a party of friends

down there, so did Joan Bennett and Gene Markey, and so did Claudette Colbert. Claudette, by the way, is a swell shot—I've never seen a better, except perhaps, Glenda Farrell. I was standing near Claudette when she was showing off her prowess at the shooting gallery and heard a mug right back of me mutter, "Gee, look at that dame shoot. She ought to be a gangster instead of a movie star." Now that's praise.

Tom Brown often takes a gang of the younger set down. Dick Powell and Mary Brian and Joan Blondell and their pals are also concession enthusiasts, and Dick throws a mean baseball—socks the target every time. Una Merkel took a party down to the Casino Garden (a ten cents a dance hall) one night and we simply went mad watching the young high school set do the bumps, and the slides and the glides. Mercy, the Trocadero was never like that.

THE entire dining room of Marlene Dietrich's new Beverly Hills home has walls of Mirrors. In order not to give the effect of a glass house, Marlene has selected mirrors giving a soft grey effect instead of the usual glaring glass look.

HERE'S the latest Mae West crack—if you can bear another one. One of Hollywood's famous bores had been talking to Mae for hours and she was just about at the end of her endurance. A friend, to avoid open hostilities, piped up with, "Don't pay any attention to him, Mae. He's working from a script."

"Huh," topped Mae, "if you ask me—

they dub this guy in."

IT SEEMED to be "bet" day over on the Metro lot when I dropped in for a schooner of orange juice the other hot afternoon. Jackie Cooper bet Joan Crawford that she couldn't do a handspring and Joan took him up on it right away and did as neat a handspring as I have ever seen. Somebody over on "The Tale of Two Cities" set bet Edna May Oliver that she couldn't play hopscotch, but Edna May showed 'em—

without even touching a line. A writer bet Peter Lorre that he couldn't scare him, so Peter just looked at him a few seconds and then gradually made his eyes disappear. The writer took one look at those white eyeballs popping out and is running yet. When we saw Blance Yurka standing on her head—it was too much, we left.

JEAN HARLOW has given up her bobbed hair and gone in for a braid. Demure, but not too demure.

WILLIAM POWELL has started a "dull book" library. We know a few we'd like to contribute.

MARGARET SULLAVAN is the angler woman of the film colony it seems, as she never misses a chance to go fishing. That's why she's getting such a kick out of going on location with the "So Red the Rose" company. The location is near Malibu Lake, which is full of snapping bass. Margaret even threads her own worms. Paramount certainly had the surprise of a lifetime when they borrowed la Sullivan for this picture, for the little gal from Virginia had gathered up quite a reputation for being temperamental and hard to handle in the last three pictures she did at Universal, and Paramount was expecting the worse. How, oh how, could they tell the eccentric Miss Sullivan that most of the picture would be on location, and a very rural location with not a modern convenience for miles! They worried and worried but finally broke it to her. "Swell," exclaimed Maggie, "I camp out

[Continued on page 58]

Stepping Out With LORETTA YOUNG

*On Vacation In New York, Loretta
Takes In The Sights And Blocks Traffic.*

By Ed Sullivan

USING a consomme spoon as a niblick, I was cutting deep divots out of a cup of jellied Madrilene, the first time I ever saw Loretta Young in the flesh. She was to be my dinner partner at Countess Dorothy di Frasso's dinner party at New York's swanky Colony Restaurant, and later we were to proceed to the Max Baer-James J. Braddock fight, but Loretta and Olive McClure arrived late, so we had proceeded to the soup.

She looked very stunning as she came down the aisle to our table. The orchids pinned to her shoulder enriched the delicate coloring of her skin, and the white evening gown emphasized her slender youthfulness. A buzz of whispers leaped from table to table as she passed. Dinner-jacketed men looked up at her cool loveliness with frank admiration, the women devoted themselves to a lightning appraisal of gown and coiffure. A few of them, noting the slenderness of her waist, instinctively pushed aside the pastry which they'd ordered. "Loretta, this is Ed Sullivan," said the Countess di Frasso. We both murmured the conventional nothings that one phrases automatically at introductions, a waiter rushed off to the kitchen for additional consomme, and the dinner proceeded.

So started an adventure in friendship that was to carry along to unusual places, a Baedeker guide friendship in all truth. Before Loretta left New York, we were to ringside at the Braddock-Baer fight, attend the premiere of "Becky Sharp" at the Music Hall, the Jock Whitney party at the River Club, visit the New York Stock Exchange, Chinatown, the ringside of the Carnera-Joe Louis fight and a final spree at the New York Aquarium. That, in this curious Cook's Tour of the city, we failed to get to the Statue of Liberty must be blamed on the weather. She wanted to go and we actually travelled down to the dock to take off, but the wind-swept deck of the little boat that puffs laboriously between the Battery and Bedloe's Island called for oilskins and we had none.

The conclusion to be drawn from our travels is that Loretta Young not only is the loveliest youngster in Hollywood—she's the loveliest girl in pretty nearly the whole U. S. A.

The breeding and refinement which were so plainly marked in "Clive of India," the warm sympathy which, in turn, excited audience sympathy in "The White Parade," the breathless feminine allure which hopped men's pulses to staccato tempo in "Shanghai" and "Call of the Wild"—these are not the products of Loretta Young's make-up box. Her breeding, her dignity, sympathy and her feminine appeal are inbred. Small wonder that men, sitting in darkened theatre audiences, decide hastily that their wives don't understand 'em. She is the Princess of the story books—come to life in the twentieth century.

In "Clive of India," quite unwittingly she may have expressed her real feelings toward love. In real life, I believe she'd sacrifice everything for love just as she did on the celluloid print of that picture. She is the type of girl who would fall head over heels, and not even a major calamity would have power enough to affect the intensity of her devotion. The time she was married, it was a breathless, whirlwind affair, but it was only the infatuation of a 16-year old girl. Through schoolgirl eyes, which are notorious for defective vision, she saw Grant Withers as the handsomest creature she'd ever looked at. But that infatuation shrivelled up in its own heat and is completely forgotten.

But now she is 22 years old, and you can detect a certain

wistfulness in her, as though she were seeking love just as it is seeking her, somewhere in this bewildering universe. She really was made for affection. The softness of her voice, the wide, gray-blue eyes, the fullness of her lips, which make her such a believable, romantic heroine on the screen, indicate that her real future is not so far removed from the flicker plots which always lead to love.

So far, the script writers have had a greater degree of success in fashioning happy endings for her than she has experienced. I think that is because she has a great amount of pride in her, and because she is afraid to be hurt. The men who have offered their hearts, hands and fortunes haven't completely qualified. The one who storms off with this proud young princess of Hollywood will have to be able to inspire pride, to match her own.



She is Berengaria, loving wife of Richard, The Lion-Hearted, in "The Crusades."



Loretta has been chosen for the title role in "Ramona," the famous story of the tragic love of an Indian girl.



"Loretta Young is the loveliest youngster in Hollywood."

This, of course, is only my guess, constructed rather from the things she didn't say. I trust that when she reads this she won't feel my interest was clinical and that, unknown to her, I'd clamped her on a microscopic slide to satisfy my curiosity.

She is an odd contradiction of youth and maturity, and somewhere in between these two extremes is her tremendous appeal. Probably the fact that she has had more than her share of sickness has colored her perspective and warmed it to an amazing understanding of life, for one so young. She hasn't been well for the past three years. A person reacts to physical distress in one of two ways—a pouting, fretting peeve at life, or a broad tolerance. Despite her youth, Loretta Young arrived at the second reaction—tolerance and a broad sympathy.

At the Baer-Braddock fight, she rooted for Max Baer, or rather she rooted against the crowd that booed Baer. "That makes me furious," she stormed. "The crowd sets somebody up and then tears him down." At the Carnera-Louis fight, she rooted first for Joe Louis because he looked so small. But when the huge Carnera went crashing to the canvas, a bloody mass of flesh, she rooted for Primo. She is the natural ally of the underdog.

It is with some misgivings that I set down this analysis of the young lady, for I don't want to convey the thought that she is a Pollyanna, going about the world with a sickly smile on her face and waving her hands with the bewildered helplessness of a ZaSu Pitts. Those kind of people drive me crazy, for Pollyannishness generally is just another name for fraud. I like Loretta much too much to put her in that classification. She has a temper, she is decisive, she can freeze to cold disapproval, she has positive dislikes—I mean to say that the complete portrait is that of a completely human being. Her kid sister, reading this, will probably thumb her shapely nose in my general direction. The kid sister's name is Polly Ann. I'd really like to meet her for she must have a good sense of humor. When Loretta went on the radio in New York, it was Polly Ann who wired her: "Youth of America listening in Stop Keep it clean."

It was on a cold, wet day that Dorothy di Frasso, Tom Tyler, Loretta and myself visited the New York Aquarium. Dorothy, born in New York, had never seen the Aquarium close-up, for her only view of the circular, squat building at the tip of Manhattan Island had been from the deck of the Rex or Ile de France steaming down the bay. Tyler, the western star, had never seen it, and neither had Loretta, so I acted as chauffeur and guide.

The rain was pelting down when I parked the car at Battery Park. Occasionally the driving patches of fog that blotted out the ruffled waters of the harbor lifted long enough to permit a blurred view of the Statue of Liberty. "The Aquarium," I said in my best man-about-town voice, "originally was Castle Garden, an immigration depot, and it was at Castle Garden that Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale, sang at her American premiere in September, 1850 and it—." Miss Young broke in: "Listen Edwin, we came here to see the fishes." The Countess di Frasso said: "My God, do you remember that far back." Tyler grinned sympathetically. I chilled the Young girl and the Countess with a look of complete scorn: "Furthermore, Loretta," I said, "the name is not Edwin—it is Edward." She smiled brightly: "I like Edwin better."

Waiting for the rain to wear itself out, we timed the dash to the Aquarium so as not to get wetter than the fish we were about to examine. The momentum of our charge knifed a path through the little group of disconsolate visitors who huddled at the entrance: "That's Loretta Young," gasped one youngster. "Nuts," said his companion: "What would SHE be doing down here on a day like this." As he said it, there came a clap of thunder and a fresh deluge of water. The boy's logic was correct. It was hardly a day for [Continued on page 62]

SNOOPING

IN Hollywood

By Elizabeth Wilson

WHEN I arrived at my office late (need I mention that) one morning and found a black beaded reticule of the John Quincy Adams vintage reposing sourly in a tray where I am wont to find odd, oh, very odd, bits of studio publicity I couldn't have been more horrified had it been the head of John the Baptist. I knew that what I had long dreaded had happened at last. Aunt Ella had arrived in Hollywood. Now my horror might not have seemed very niecely, but you don't know Aunt Ella. Her curiosity is colossal, and second only to her nerve. Why she'd think nothing of coming three thousand miles just to ask Jean Harlow why she didn't marry William Powell.

Back in Potters Corners, New England, the townsfolk sort of humor Aunt Ella because she's old and eccentric. Now I am very fond of Aunt Ella in a sort of way, and her little pranks are very funny to relate because she is just about as inhibited as Toby Wing. But mercy, how could I introduce her to the stars in Hollywood, where Tact is written with a capital and one's mouth never speaks what one's mind thinks. Why Aunt Ella would think nothing of going up to Mae West and saying, "How old are you, Mae?" And if anyone evades her question she gives a snort of contempt that makes Edna May Oliver's sniff seem like so many rose petals. With her curiosity, nothing would be sacred—give her a week and she'd know more about the toupés and false eye lashes of the cinema great than Wally Westmore.

Well, I went through the social amenities as best I could, and while I called up the studio I was the least fond of to wish Aunt Ella off on them, the old girl grabbed hold of a *Reporter*, automatically turned to the gossip column, and practically went into a frenzy. "What male star who is supposed to belong to a celebrated blonde has been paying ze beeg attention to a pretty stand-in working in his current picture?" Aunt Ella read aloud, her eyes bulging. "Who is it? I demand to know who it is? Wait until I write Lucy Winters about this. Come, come, now, who is it?" Well, that was all she needed to excite her beyond control. The Beasley girls back home, seeing that quivering nostril, would have run to cover like frightened rabbits. But so help me, there was no cover for me.

"I don't know," I said simply and truthfully. "A lot of those things you read in gossip columns aren't about anybody. Just put in there to excite people. Come on now, I'll take you out to the studio and you can meet George Arliss."

"I don't want to meet George Arliss," snapped Aunt Ella. "He's an old fluff. I want to meet William Powell. I think he's the one they mean in that column. Playing around with a stand-in, tsch, tsch! What about Jean? I'll give him a piece of my mind, the handsome scamp. He can't do that to Jean. Besides, Lucy



Any writer in Hollywood would willingly climb a telephone pole to see Joan Crawford in the arms of Franchot Tone. It is simpler, however, to see them on the screen. This picture is a reproduction of one of their famous screen moments.



Winters bet me twelve jars of gooseberry preserves that they'd never marry."

"Now, Aunt Ella," I said with the sweetness of a cobra, Hollywood isn't Potters Corners, you know. You can't go around prying into the private lives of the movies stars. They are real people, and they love and hate like real people, and it isn't anybody's business but their own."

"Fiddlesticks," commented Aunt Ella. "Why doesn't that good looking Claudette Colbert fall in love with that doctor she goes around with?"

"I don't know," I said icily, "Besides that happens to be Claudette's affair."

"Oh, fish and chips," Aunt Ella continued to prattle. "Are Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford married? Who is Janet Gaynor going to marry next? Is she in love with Gene Raymond? Is Clark Gable true to Mrs. Gable or does he play around a bit? Lucy Winters bet me an angel food cake that he does. When is Connie Bennett going to divorce the Marquis? Is Madge Evans married to Tom Gallery? Is Jeanette MacDonald married to Bob Ritchie? Why don't people say they're married when they're married? Is Kay Francis engaged to Chevalier? Is Carole Lombard engaged to Bob Riskin? Why doesn't Gloria Swanson marry Herbert Marshall? And why doesn't somebody marry Myrna Loy, she's the prettiest bit of baggage on the screen today, and don't let those Beasley girls say she isn't. Why—?"

"Aunt Ella," I shrieked. "I don't know. I don't know."

Are The Gossip Writers Of Hollywood And The Highly Paid Correspondents And Columnists Simply A Modern Version Of The Small Town Back Fence Gossips And Tattle-Tales?



"Hmmm," and Aunt Ella favored me with one of her best snorts, "you mean to tell me that you have been in Hollywood for four years and you don't know what goes on right under your nose! You don't even know whether or not Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone are married?"

"I don't know," I admitted.

"Tut, tut, niece. No wonder you aren't a better writer. You don't look into things. See here now, you lend me your car and I bet you a jar of my best piccalilli that in four days I can find out more about Hollywood than you have in four years."

"Remember they shoot Peeping Toms in this town," I admonished, and left for the mountains for the week-end. I would have no part of Aunt Ella's prying and snooping, the old frump.

Came Monday morning and came Aunt Ella back to the office again. There was a glint in her hawklike eyes, but it wasn't quite as glinty a glint as usual. Now if Aunt Ella really picked up any dirt far be it from me not to know about it. "Give," I said. And Aunt Ella gave.

"Friday night I went to the Clover Club," she announced importantly. "The fool boy there didn't seem to want to let me in. So I said, 'Young man, don't be



The writers can hardly sleep at night—Is Madge Evans married to Tom Gallery? It's tough being a gossip.

a donkey,' and then he began to bow and scrape and said, 'Come in, Miss Oliver, I've never seen

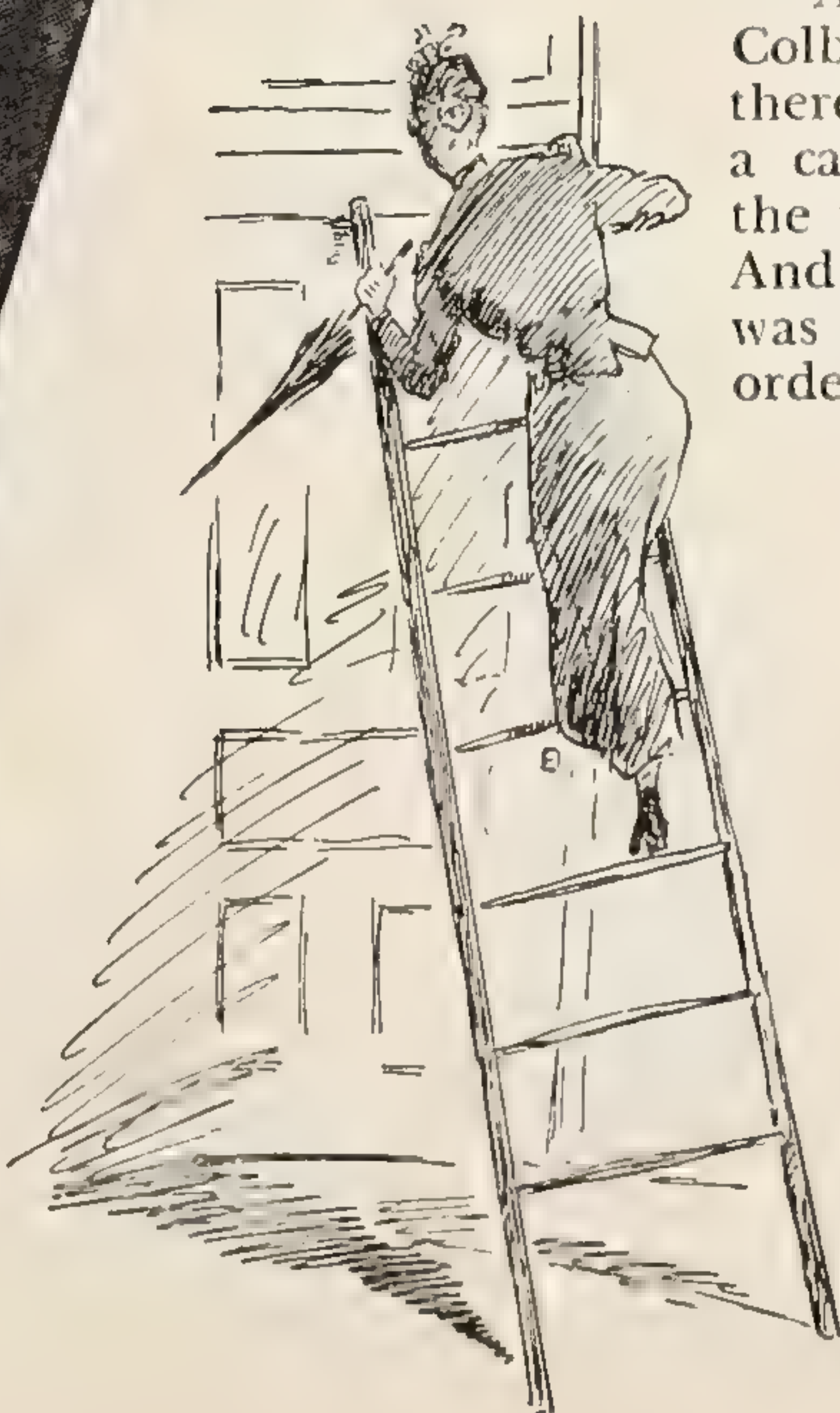
you here before.' And there standing at the bar, and a very cute bar it is too, were Jean Harlow and William Powell, so I nudged in beside Jean and told her that she was the most popular star in Potters Corners and that the Wednesday Afternoon Garden Club named a flower after her, and Mr. Powell asked me to have a drink and I said I don't care if I do and I think I had six. (Mercy, suppose Aunt Ella should turn out to be a dipso-maniac.) I found out things," Aunt Ella gave me one of her most knowing winks. "Those gossip columns are a lot of hooey. That's what Jean says, hooey, and she's right. Bill took Miss Rosalind Russell's stand-in home from the studio one day because the girl didn't have a car, and that's what all the gossip's about. Those nasty columnists trying to make something out of that. Bill's a gentleman, naturally he's nice to the girl on the set. Dear me, if I ever saw love I saw it that night. Jean is just crazy about Bill, never takes her eyes off of him, and she told me that for the first time in her life she is really insanely in love. That's sort of pretty, isn't it?

"And who else do you think I saw there? Claudette Colbert and Dr. Joel Pressman. She calls him Jack. If there was a doctor like him in Potters Corners I'd welcome a case of lumbago. In fact, I'd insist upon it. He has the nicest manners and the kindest way of talking to you. And he just worships Claudette, and when I told her she was the most popular movie star in Potters Corners he ordered me a glass of lemonade. He doesn't drink, and that's what I've been looking for for years, a doctor who doesn't drink. He's a graduate of the Harvard medical school and swims like an Olympic champion, and he's no slug either when it comes to golf and tennis—beats the daylights out of Claudette in both games. Claudette dropped in one day to have her sinus treated and sinus led to love. My, what a happy couple they make. I'm going to have my sinus examined in the morning.

"Well, Saturday I just sort of wandered around (I bet she did a bit of window peeping. I wouldn't put it above her.) And I found out who the great heart-throb is in Kay Francis' life. It isn't Chevalier. It isn't any of those snooty sounding Italians that hang around the Countess di Frasso. It's a writer. On the Warners' lot too. He and Kay got acquainted when he was writing the dialogue for her last picture "Stranded," and [Continued on page 70]



Isabel Jewell has plunged into a new romance and the current is sweeping her on and on with the gossips running along the bank.



Kay Francis is on the verge of matrimony. How exciting for the gossips!

ADJECTIVES

HOLLYWOOD is a town in which adjectives are important. You've no idea how important an adjective can be unless you have lived for a while in this curious place! Why there are days when I practically have adjectives for breakfast, when they creep into my bath, when I find them straying around among the vitamins in my salad. I don't mean the sort of worn out superlatives like "colossal" and "great" and "magnificent." Those are a bit *passe*. I mean the sort of adjectives which apply to *people* and which can make or break actors . . . believe me, they can! No wonder the poor dears squabble over these little words, fight for them, struggle to deserve them. It's the adjectives that count at the box office!

Take, for instance, the word "exotic." Now, maybe a girl works very hard at her acting, studies voice and diction, takes dancing and fencing lessons, diets to the point of starvation . . . all those things. And one day someone describes her in the public prints as "exotic." Well, SHE can just sit down and relax. She is going to be in the big money class for a long, long time.

Despite the fact that I have probably used this adjective a thousand times, I have just realized that I don't know exactly what it means. The dictionary on my desk says that it means, "Belonging, as a flower, to another part of the world; foreign." Well, dear me! That might explain Garbo and Dietrich, although for all practical purposes, they seem to belong to the Messrs Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Paramount, respectively. But where does it leave Myrna Loy, who came from Montana?

Myrna has sort of graduated, of late, from that adjective. She was "exotic," you remember, until it nearly drove her crazy. "Exotic," aside from being "foreign," seems also to connote slant eyes . . . and remember when Myrna was being nothing else but slant-eyed for *years*? She slunk across the screen in chiffon pants, portraying the Oriental siren who lured men to various fates (mostly unpleasant) and she worked at it for *such* a long time. Then, much to everyone's surprise, including Myrna's, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer took her under its capacious wing, gave her some regular clothes to wear and she became, for goodness' sake, sophisticated! And before we could say "Bill Robinson" or even "Shirley Temple," she blossomed out in "The Thin Man" and, bless us, she was called "wifely!"

Now, "wifely" has always been a dread adjective. Lovely ladies of the screen have screamed and hidden under things when that one was mentioned. It always makes a girl think that pretty soon they will ask her to play "mother roles." But . . . and this simply goes to show you how you can't trust these strange little words . . . the moment Myrna was called "wifely," she became one of the most sought-after young women in pictures. It's all very puzzling.

You wouldn't imagine, would you, that Samuel Goldwyn had Myrna's experience in mind when he took Merle Oberon under his wing? Miss Oberon, glimpsed briefly in "Henry the Eighth," was immediately tagged as "exotic." She kept *on* being "exotic" after Sam had snatched her to Hollywood at a good, fat salary. But Sam and his loyal press agents have been assuring all of us for weeks and weeks that Merle isn't "exotic" at all. On the contrary, they aver, she is "wholesome" . . . she is "sweet" . . . she is "the domestic type" . . . she is, to get right down to facts, "wifely"! They are, I believe, working busily at depriving her strange eyes of their fascinating slant. It wouldn't surprise me to learn that they had asked the lady to plump up just a bit.

It's the adjectives that count . . . and a girl has to earn them! Remember "sex-y?" In the early days that one was applied to Barbara La Marr and Theda Bara and it meant roses between teeth and slinky velvet gowns. Then it was applied to Clara Bow and Alice White and we usually added "flaming" somewhere. Those gals used to bounce to prove how sex-y *they* were. But with the Garbo vogue . . . and, a little later, Dietrich . . . "sex-y" began to mean that a lady was languid, could scarcely speak



Fay Wray cannot escape the adjective "Intellectual" much longer.

Myrna Loy is remarkable. She won her first adjective, threw it away and won another.



Beautiful and articulate Elissa Landi can be what she likes.



Will Rogers was a humorist who was liked by everyone. He made wit sound so simple.

COLOR THEIR LIVES

Hollywood Sums Up The Talents
Of The Stars And Couples Each
Name With A Qualifying Adjective.

By Helen Louise Walker

above a whisper and that moving across a room was practically too much for her.

Just when we were beginning to wonder whether Dietrich's eye-work would win over Garbo's slink, up popped Mae West and she startled us no end with a whole new brand of "sex-y-ness." Red-blooded and honest, this, with a robust flavor and a feeling for plain speaking. Mae caused what was really a revolution in "sexy-ness." It is still a race. But the anemia has sort of gone out of it.

Then there is the adjective, "wholesome." With this goes "salty" and sometimes, "sweet." Will Rogers is "wholesome" and so is Janet Gaynor. Janet is "sweet" and Will is "salty." May Robson is "wholesome," too, and so was dear old Marie

Dressler for a long, long while. It paid them very well, too! My goodness! I can remember when Bill Powell was nothing else but "slimy." He played heavies and he played 'em fourteen times a year.

I talked with him one day and was *that* surprised to find him a good looking chap with pink cheeks and nice, clear blue eyes. He was planning, he told me, to retire. He thought that he had been "slimy" in pictures long enough. But, at just about that point, talking pictures made their appearance and Bill found that he was not only "sophisticated" but he was "suave." He didn't *want* to be "suave," after he had tried it out for a time . . . and he complained to me quite bitterly about it.

But, "suave" he was until he left Paramount and became, dear me!, "high-powered" for Warners' at an increase in salary. Now that Metro has him under contract, he is, I guess, just an actor. And a *real* actor may deserve any adjective that the part calls for. I said, a *real* actor!

Perhaps George Raft should study Bill's record. George was a good-looking-extra-who-could-dance (at fifteen dollars a day) until Lewis Milestone discovered him and put him into "Scarface," and it was noticed that he was

"sinister." The moment that that news got 'round, George was in great demand at a large salary. I'll be sinister . . . and dead pan . . . as long as they will pay me for it!" he used to say.

It recalled to my mind Buddy Rogers' remark . . . a long time ago. "They tell me that as long as I am youthful and ingenuous, I shall be worth money to them. Well, I'm going to be ingenuous as long as my face holds out!" And now Buddy is coming back to us . . . probably to be ingenuous all over again!

Which brings us, for no reason that I can think of, to the consideration of the term, "sophisticated." That word brings to mind at once, of course, Ann Harding and Kay Francis. Oh, yes, I forgot! It brings to mind Ruth Chatterton, too! Just exactly what does it mean? In their cases it seems to mean the ability to suffer and suffer for the want of Higher Things while wearing lovely clothes and moving around among the most elegant furnishings . . . with blue seas and yachts and things in the background. If I could only learn to suffer and yearn as those gals do against that sort of background and wearing that sort of clothes . . . I'd think my fortune was surely made!

I don't think I'd care to be called "vivacious." Ruby Keeler and Dixie Lee and Ginger Rogers are called "vivacious." It seems so *strenuous*! They must burst into [Continued on page 65]



Jean Harlow has proved herself one of our best actresses, but that isn't her label.



Merle Oberon, a thrilling beauty and our best "exotic."

WHAT'S the

By Liza



There is great interest in Claudette Colbert's new picture at Columbia, "She Married Her Boss."

is on a rampage, it's raising its divinely beautiful head in nearly all the pictures in production now, and I was always one for toujours l'amour toujours and belle sentiment. Ah me, the sight of an old love letter and a pressed rose will send me into addle-pated idiocies for days. After "Peter Ibbetson" I know I'll never be the same.

But now, Bella, before I tell you all about the big productions coming up, I'm going to put you through your picture catechism, and if you flunk out on it it's perfectly all right with me because I don't know the answers either. Now what makes a movie star important? That's right, a successful picture. Isn't it funny (queer to the erudite) but we aren't the least bit interested in the goings-on of a movie star until she has had an important, talked-about picture. We don't give a damn about So-and-So's divorce, or

Scene showing Melvyn Douglass, the boss, and Claudette Colbert, who married him. Will this picture equal "It Happened One Night?"



I HAVE received a letter (oh, there I go boasting again) which might be a bit interesting to you. Anyway, it is as hot as blazes today and I don't want any trouble out of you, so you'd better say it is. Bella, back in Twin Bluffs, writes: "Dear Liza: Will you please tell me what the big pictures of the Fall will be? I didn't think much of the summer lot (Neither did I, Bella, a crumby crop I calls 'em) and I certainly hope there'll be some good ones this Fall. What are my favorites up to—Norma Shearer, Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, Claudette Colbert, Marlene Dietrich, Mae West, Myrna Loy and Ginger Rogers? Does Claudette think that just because she won an Academy Award she can rest on her laurels and not do any more pictures? I think Henry Fonda and Luise Rainer are the two big discoveries of the summer, don't you? What are they going to do

next? You must know a lot about pictures (Bella, you flatter me) living right there in Hollywood and I wish you'd let me know what Joe, he's the boy friend, (Howdy, Joe) and I can expect those ever-welcome Saturday nights in October and November. . . ."

Now I usually don't answer letters. My friends say it's because I can't spell. But I say it's because I'm a meglomaniac—I have no idea what the word means but somebody called me that once and I think it's kind of cute, don't you? But I'm going to answer Bella because I am a pushover for flattery, and I like to go to the movies on Saturday night too. Just a minute now until I pull myself together. Goodness gracious, the birds have been nesting in my typewriter again.

Well, Bella, it looks like you and I are in for a lot of goodies this Fall. Romance



"Peter Ibbetson" is a remarkable love story and Ann Harding and Gary Cooper in this picture may top all others.

BIGGEST THING IN Pictures?

Every Studio Is Striving To Outdo All The Others. Here Are Some Of The Leaders.

So-and-So's romance, or So-and-So's new house or new headdress or new husband UNTIL So-and-So has given a remarkable performance in a successful picture. Then the least little thing about her is of international interest.

Check back now and you'll see that a movie star cannot be of any social importance, cannot get talked about in headlines, until he or she has first made good on the screen. There are dozens of romances, divorces and scandals concerning unimportant people (the small fry) but the newspapers and the fan magazines of the country have no interest in them. It is only when we are all familiar with a player because of a successful screen role that we get a kick out of knowing his or her private life.

Luise Rainer had been sitting around Hollywood for months (just as George Raft, Janet Gaynor, Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, and numerous others did once) and no one was the least bit interested in what she thought or what she did, whether she was married, whether she had children,

whether she liked parties or preferred to walk by the sea—in short, no one cared about Luise Rainer. Then she made a hit in "Escapade" and now the poor gal is besieged by reporters and writers, and, just the fact that she likes to drive around the country in an open car with no make-up on becomes of world-wide interest.

Another shining example is Charles Boyer. Boyer came to Hollywood several years ago, played a bit in a Claudette Colbert picture and several others, and no one gave him a tumble (Boyer, I might say in passing, had just as much sex appeal then as he has now, and furthermore was unmarried then) but since "Private Worlds" women have been swooning with ecstatic delight every time his name is mentioned, and I am willing to eat at high noon in Macy's basement



It was genius that decided Mae West should do "Klondike Lou." Rough men, primitive emotions and Mae to make it all flamboyant.

The cycle that is bringing Grand Opera stars to the screen introduces Gladys Swarthout, of the Metropolitan Opera, in "Rose of the Rancho." Will it be the biggest?

(of course you'll be expected to pay my fare there) if there's any fan magazine you can find this month without a story or a picture of Mr. Boyer. No party list is complete now without Mr. Boyer.

Irene Dunne in "The Magnificent Obsession," which she is making at Universal. They thought enough of it to postpone "Show Boat." Maybe they know something.

As well as I recall Mr. Boyer did not get many invitations when he was in Hollywood before. Well, you see how it is—you've got to have a successful picture before you are anybody. There's nothing like a bit of old success, baby.

Now there's Claudette Colbert. Two years ago Claudette wasn't allowed to drive her car on the Paramount lot, even when she had night calls for "The Sign of the Cross." I was with her one cold and drizzly day when she drove up to the gate and requested the gateman to be big-hearted on account of the weather and let us in. But not that guy. While we argued, Mae West and Marlene Dietrich whisked through in their cars—but it seems that Miss Colbert didn't matter. Finally, Von Sternberg arrived and with the grand gesture said, "Let her pass. I will take the responsibility." Dear me, how times change.

[Continued on page 67]





LAST year . . . "David Copperfield."
And now . . . "A Tale of Two Cities."

Dickens is with us to stay!

Some six years ago, during the filming of "Bulldog Drummond," I asked Ronald Colman what part he would choose as a screen role if he were given his choice of all the characters in fiction.

Without a moment's hesitation, he replied, "Sydney Carton, in 'A Tale of Two Cities.'"

Today, Colman is portraying that character in Metro-Goldwyn's picturization of Charles Dickens' immortal classic of the French Revolution.

I recalled our previous conversation as we chatted again early in the making of the film on the Old Bailey set, preparatory to his going before the cameras and saving the life of one Charles Darnay, young nobleman from France who later was to wield so potent an influence on his life . . . and around

whose presence in revolution-torn Paris, in the latter sequences, the stirring episodes of "A Tale of Two Cities" are woven.

Colman grinned. "For ten years I've been saying that same thing, to every interviewer who asked me. Apparently, the producers tired of hearing me mention I'd like to play Carton, and, to quiet me once and for all, gave me the role in this picture."

He left, to take his place with Reginald Owen in the courtroom scene, where his whispered advice to that worthy gentleman, in the role of Stryver, the barrister, leads to the acquittal of young Darnay.

Not to "quiet him once and for all," however, did the producers of "A Tale of

Elizabeth Allan, in the beautiful costume of the French Revolution period, with Ronald Colman and Edna May Oliver in an English garden.

"Two Cities" cast Ronald for the role of Sydney Carton. A far more vital reason prompted their choice of the British star

to portray the character which every player in Christendom would give years of his life to play.

No other actor on either stage or screen so perfectly typifies the famous Dickens character! You might search the world over, and still not find anyone so completely fitted to play the gallant Englishman as Colman.

In a day when studios are turning more and more to the classics of literature for screen inspiration, it remained only a matter of time ere this great work of Dickens found pictorial translation. The success of "David Copperfield" no doubt exerted a powerful influence in determining its selection. Whether or no, however, "A Tale of Two Cities" offered even more tempting promise

By Whitney Williams

ANOTHER DICKENS CLASSIC COMES TO THE SCREEN ~

*"A Tale Of Two Cities" Is A Far, Far Better Story
For Filming Than "David Copperfield" Was.*

of popularity, what with its action unfolding in one of the most picturesque periods of history and its central figure a hero who would compel attention in any age.

Most of you know the story of "A Tale of Two Cities" . . . how, for the love of a woman, Sydney Carton, Englishman, takes the place of Charles Darnay, French aristocrat, on the guillotine.

Etched against a background of sinister aspect, Sydney Carton is a character that has appealed mightily to all classes of readers since Dickens published his work in 1859. Particularly does it strike home to the heart of all Englishmen, for Sydney Carton dies for a principle, and this catches the spirit of every true Briton.

Toward this end does the story build through its various ramifications, ever with the climax of Carton's destiny in view. Because of his love for the wife of Darnay, sentenced to

On the boat crossing the Channel, the two meet a young Frenchman, Charles Darnay (Donald Woods), on his way to England to make his home, after renouncing both his title and inheritance. It already has been revealed that this Darnay is the nephew of the Marquis d'Evremonde. His democratic ideas and theories will not permit him to remain in France and see all the suffering borne by the peasants in their oppression by the nobility.

Arrested as a spy soon after his arrival in England, Darnay is brought to trial in Old Bailey, where the afore-mentioned Stryver, assisted by Sydney Carton, a lawyer, defends him. At a climactical moment, the question of identities arises, and Darnay is acquitted when it is seen that he and Carton bear a resemblance to one another. It is this similarity that later leads to the dramatic climax of the story.

Darnay sues for Lucie's hand, a mutual admiration having blossomed into romance, and is accepted . . . after revealing his identity to the doctor whom his uncle has so grievously wronged. Carton, for his part, makes no attempt to win Lucie, although he is desperately in love with her. His vagabond mode of living and his devotion to strong drink render him, in his own mind, an unfit subject for her husband. He vows to her, however, that he will make any sacrifice—even life itself—to make her happy.

Recalled to France by an old servant five years later, Darnay is arrested by the revolutionists. Lucie and her father follow, and with them goes Carton, intent upon saving the man who is married to the woman he loves.

After having been acquitted by the Tribunal and on the verge of going free, the young Frenchman is tried again on a different charge and sentenced to die on the guillotine within twenty-four hours. The second charge is brought by the wife of Defarge, now an important figure among the revolutionists.

Learning where Darnay is held, Carton, through a turnkey whom he holds in his power, gains access to the cell wherein the Frenchman awaits his fate and, drugging him, sends him forth from the prison in his stead. Due to their similarity in appearance, the deception is not discovered. Resigned, he then counts the hours till the morrow, when he will ride through the streets of Paris to the tender mercies of the guillotine.

It is late afternoon of the day following. The sun is setting behind clouds. The street is narrow, winding, and filled with crowds of gayly-bedecked and tattered citizens who stand in the cobble-stoned road and on the top of steps. Windows are open. People sit and move about, waiting for the tumbrils to pass. In the distance may be seen the platform on which arises the towering guillotine.

Three tumbrils—rude two-wheel carts—with their victims for Madame Guillotine, lurch and plough a kind of lane through the crowd. Roars and cries sound intermittently from the throats of the eager mob. In one of the tumbrils is Carton, with his hands bound behind him, and sitting beside him a mere slip of a girl, the little seamstress who has turned to him for comfort in her last remaining hours. She watches him, adoration and awe in her gentle eyes.

A skinny horrible old woman, with a beautiful dark-haired girl next to her, screams to a tumbril guard as he passes:

"Evremonde . . . which is he?"

The guard points. The old woman spits on the ground and laughs sadistically. Her daughter remains staring fascinated by the spectacle unfolding before her eyes.

As he hears the cries of "Evremonde, Evremonde," Carton wriggles to get his hair over his face and his collar as high as possible. Even now he might be found out and all his efforts to save Darnay, the real Evremonde, to no avail.

Proceeding, the carts move onward to a position near the guillotine, where the crowd is the thickest. The Place de la Revolution! What butchery took place in

[Continued on page 66]

die under the knife by virtue of having committed the unwitting crime of being a French aristocrat, Carton exchanges places with Darnay in his cell, dons his clothing and rides in a tumbril to keep the other's appointment with Madame Guillotine.

Truly is this story a tale of two cities. Opening in France, at the court of Louis XV, its action carries the spectator from Gaul to London and back to Paris again in the earlier sequences . . . with the plot unfolding first in London and then in Paris under Louis XVI.

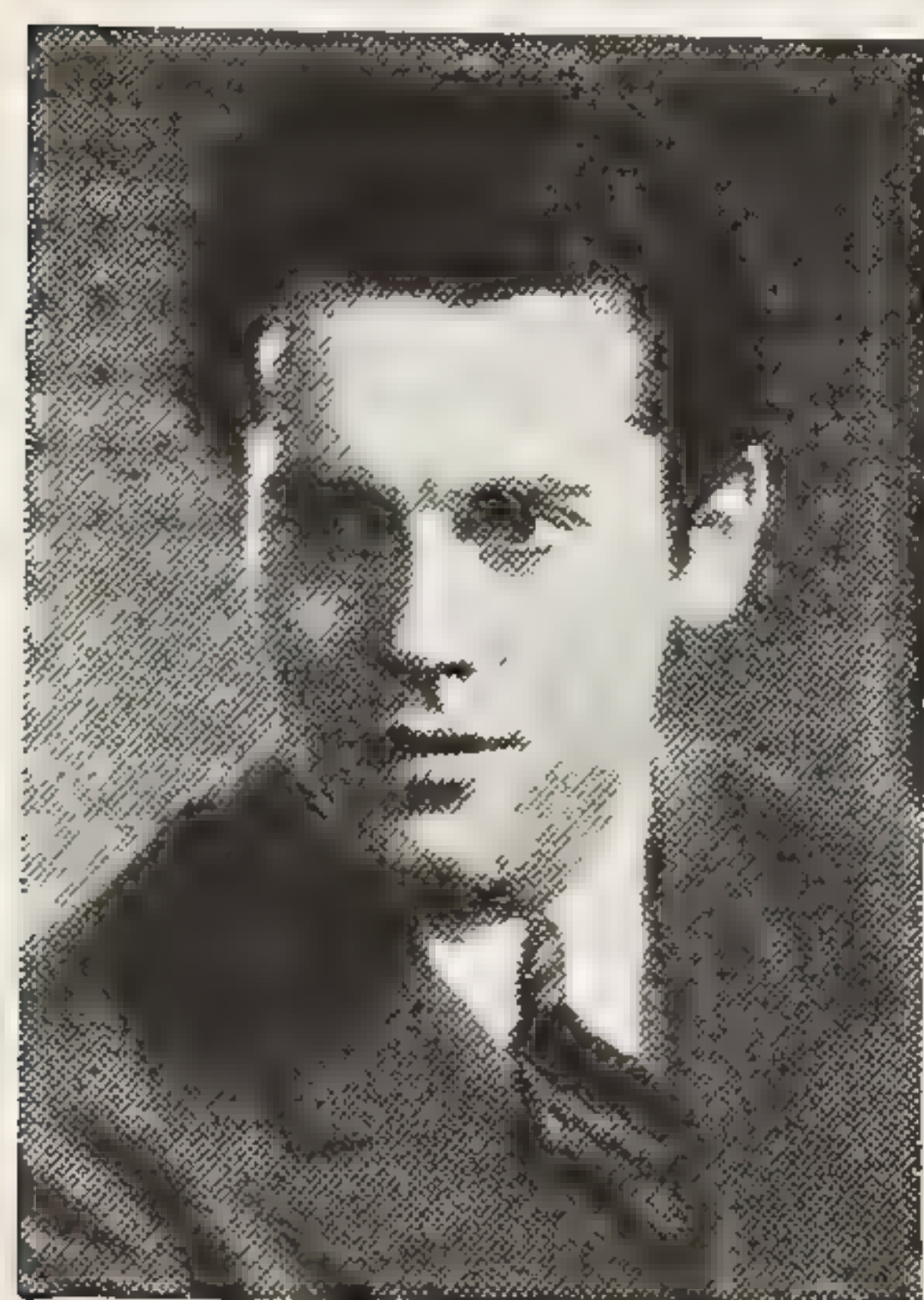
Nineteen years before the story actually gets under way, a young French doctor named Manette (Henry B. Walthall) is unjustly imprisoned in the Bastille by the Marquis d'Evremonde, a powerful noble, because he is about to report a murder committed by the marquis, and held in this prison during all that period. With his escape, through the offices of an old retainer, Defarge, Manette goes to London with his daughter, Lucie (Elizabeth Allen.)



The roistering Sydney Carton, played by Ronald Colman.

The HARVEST OF HEROES

MANNA from heaven, in the guise of a whole flock of personable young leading men, has suddenly descended upon Hollywood. Many feminine stars have never had stage training, but the male contenders for stellar honors all seem to have had a pretty thorough training in the theatre. The stage has been their proving ground. Lacking the egotistic urge which makes a woman think her charm and beauty will be an open sesame to film fame, they have more or less had to first convince themselves they could act before they were willing to risk international failure.



Henry Fonda in "The Farmer Takes A Wife."

madly in a vain attempt to find them. The past two years have seen the Broadway stage return to something like its former glory . . . new authors with bright, shining new ideas have come forward with some excellent plays—without which no actor ever found his place in the sun. This has afforded an opportunity for many young men who have been wandering around the provinces in little theatres and impoverished stock companies. Some of them have come forward with splendid performances and are now headed for enduring fame. It is the harvest time of heroes and the crop is well worth looking over.

These actors fall easily into three general classifications: musical, foreign importations, and dramatic. On the musical side we have two sensational additions to pictures whose training and experience in concert, opera, and the dramatic stage, combined with their personal appearance, are entitled to the best that pictures can give them. They are Nelson Eddy and Michael Bartlett. The screen has had its Grace Moore, Jeanette MacDonald and Irene Dunne but, excepting Tullio Carminati and John Boles, there wasn't a masculine voice of power and beauty and command in pictures. Carminati brought a name and personality to them which had already found its place in the musical and dramatic world. As for John Boles . . . with the same qualifications his splendid voice has for some reason been made subservient to his acting ability. Powell and Crosby are definitely in the crooner class.

Nelson Eddy has had a varied and colorful career which brings a verve, a romantic masculine dash to the parts he plays and

For some years there has been a vital need of new blood in the film industry—young men who could act, not just to know how to wear a tuxedo or a turtle neck sweater—and theatre producers have been dashing about

sings. He has been everything from a telephone operator in the Mott Iron Works to an ad writer for N. W. Ayres & Son in New York. He has sung all over these United States and has made three trips to Europe, where he studied in Dresden and Paris. In March, 1933, he went to Los Angeles as an unknown substitute artist and he took the town by storm. They are still talking about his fourteen encores. The result was a screen test and an M-G-M contract. Eddy was a natural. He not only has a glorious voice but the looks of an Adonis . . . tall, blond, blue-eyed, he is the answer to every maiden's prayer.

On the other hand Michael Bartlett (his real



Fred MacMurray in "Alice Adams."

name is Edwin Alonzo, but he was nicknamed Mike on his first day at Hotchkiss Preparatory School in Connecticut and later adopted it as his stage name) has done little besides sing and study singing. His interests have always been musical. At Princeton he belonged for four years to the exclusive Triangle Club. During his sophomore year he had taught two hundred and fifty youngsters to sing hymns, thereby earning eighty dollars a month. When he graduated he talked his father out of the idea of his going into the textile mills at North Oxford, Massachusetts, where Michael was born and the family still lives. These mills were organized by his grandfather, and according to the family tradition this only son should have some day directed their destiny. Instead, he went to Italy where he remained for several years studying. It is a strange coincident that his concert debut was made at a formal reception given by the Countess di Frasso in Rome.

Men Who Promise To Become Brilliant Stars In Their Own Right.

By Julia Gwin

The Countess, who was the American Dorothy Taylor, is today one of the better Hollywood hostesses, a close friend of most of the film royalty.

Bartlett's first film venture was in a musical short, "The Shiek," which landed him a Fox contract. Arrived in Hollywood he found that in the shuffle he had been forgotten. For a year he remained there at a huge salary, scarcely seeing the inside of the studio. A year in Hollywood without anything to do even when you're paid for it isn't a happy experience, so Michael got a release from his contract, returned to New York and the musical version of "Smilin' Thru."

After four years, in which he played everything from operettas to straight dramatic roles, as well as singing on the radio, Michael sang the part of Achilles in Gluck's "Iphigenia in Aulis" in February, 1935, for the Philadelphia Orchestra Association.

This was a signal honor, for it was not only the first American production of the opera but the first time it had been performed anywhere in nearly a hundred years. The very day after his triumphant appearance in Philadelphia he was aboard a train Hollywood bound for a part in "Love Me Forever" with Grace Moore. Director Victor Schertz-



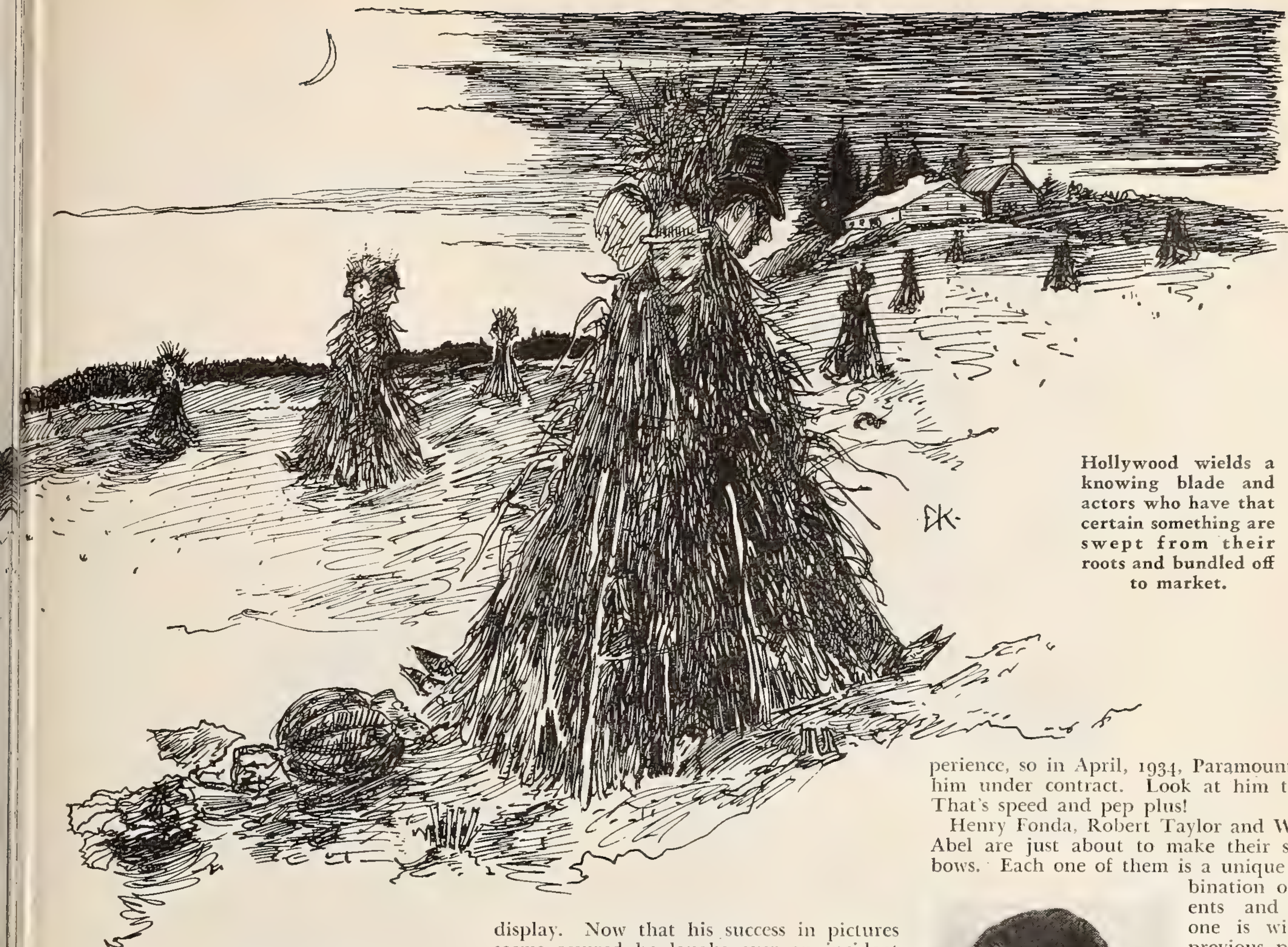
Charles Boyer, a hit since "Private Worlds."



Michael Bartlett in "She Married Her Boss."

inger hadn't forgotten the tall, lithe, good looking lad he had heard sing once (four years before) while Michael was still under contract to Fox.

John Beal and Fred MacMurray are coming along nicely. They are going to be very much present in the productions of



Hollywood wields a knowing blade and actors who have that certain something are swept from their roots and bundled off to market.

their respective companies and they promise to give good accountings of themselves.

Jasper Deeter's Hedgerow Theatre in Rose Valley, Pennsylvania, has produced some fine artists including Ann Harding, who claims it as her theatrical Alma Mater.

It was to this famous little theatre that John Bliedung, fresh from successes in the Mask and Wig Club of the University of Pennsylvania, took himself back in 1930. He stayed there one summer and moved on to New York . . . to a job as assistant stage manager, then stage manager . . . to small parts, lots of them. Finally he secured a real part, the juvenile in "Another Language." This won him the opportunity to make his screen debut in the same role; then he came back to Broadway and a smash hit on the New York stage in "She Loves Me Not." Of course, he had long since changed his name.

You know him as John Beal and more recently as "The Little Minister," in which he supported Katherine Hepburn. But you don't know that he is also a fine sketch

artist and a pretty fair pianist. When he was playing in "Another Language" he made such splendid character sketches of the cast that the manager used them for lobby

Nelson Eddy, a success in "Naughty Marietta." Next in "Rose Marie."

display. Now that his success in pictures seems assured he laughs over an incident which occurred during rehearsals for "She Loves Me Not." When the newsreel sequences were made a boys' school about twenty miles from New York was used for background. The students stood around watching the "shooting" with interest. One of them knew Beal's family. "I saw Johnny Beal making a movie," he wrote home, "and was he terrible."

Fred MacMurray used a dance orchestra as a stepping stone to fame on the New York stage. First it helped him pay his way through college and later he adopted it as a vocation. He once played in this

capacity in Hollywood, where he had the chance to do a number of extra roles in pictures. Directors liked his work and several of them offered him larger parts, only to withdraw the offers when they learned he was absolutely without experience. So he joined the California Collegians, a comedy band, and went



Robert Taylor in "The Magnificent Obsession."

out in search of such experience. Eventually this led him into the "Three's A Crowd" revue on Broadway and on the road, where he played almost every part on the program. Next he did some vaudeville, played a few night clubs, then a major part in "Roberta." He had at last gotten his ex-

perience, so in April, 1934, Paramount put him under contract. Look at him today! That's speed and pep plus!

Henry Fonda, Robert Taylor and Walter Abel are just about to make their screen bows. Each one of them is a unique combination of talents and only one is without previous professional stage training.

Robert Taylor, who was started on a Hollywood screen career via a college production of "Journey's End," which was seen by a studio executive. The play was put on by a dramatic club at Pomona, California, where Taylor was a student,



Robert Donat, great since "Monte Cristo." Now in "39 Steps."

and before the curtain went down his performance had landed him a contract with M-G-M. His real name is Brough and his father is a physician in Nebraska, where Robert was born. He is a star tennis player and an accomplished pianist. At Doane College in Nebraska, which he attended for two years before going to Pomona, he once accompanied his own songs with a cello for a series of broadcasts from the college. Tall, brown haired, blue-eyed, and of course, good looking he is proving that the male can be as deadly as the female of the species.

Fonda got his first real chance at Broadway in "The Farmer Takes a Wife," which is also his vehicle of introduction on the screen. Prior to that he had understudied in "Forsaking All Others" and "All Good Americans." He had a very small part in "I Loved You Wednesday" and last season got himself talked about for an impersonation of Max Gordon in "New Faces." Ap-

[Continued on page 69]



Away she goes again on the "Europa," back to England for another picture.

"**H**OW you've changed, my dear." The words reverberate back and forth through Hollywood these days, in and out of the smart shops and salons, always from the lips of those people upon whose words and observations depend the very life of What's-News-in Hollywood?

And Fay Wray is it. Fay Wray, who has lived in the very heart of Hollywood since a youngster and worked in pictures since a kid in curls! Lovely, beautiful, shy Fay Wray is suddenly news.

I saw it with my own eager eyes. Where she used to enter the Vendome at lunch time to be shown to her booth unnoticed, Fay Wray today stops conversation. Eyes pop open and follow her. Her gown, her hat, her gloves. It's important to know what she's wearing. What she's saying. Where she's been, and what she's been doing.

Men gasp when they look at her. One particular leading man who used to call her "little Fay," now refers to her with the pride of one who *knows* someone—a sharp intake of the breath, a sigh—and then—"Fay Wray."

There's a strange new something about her eyes. It's something she does unconsciously. Half closing and opening them—a spectrum of mystery and beauty.

She used to be an appealing conversationalist—ending her sentences on a lifted, questioning tone. She wasn't SURE of herself, or anything she said. Today her conversation sparkles. Witty. Intelligent . . . above all, certain.

Even her wardrobe reflects a startling reaction to this metamorphosis. Always before exquisitely fashioned, but ultra conservative—never approaching the spectacular except occasionally on the screen. But you should see the collection of gowns she brought back from her recent trip to Paris. The last word in originality and daring. And she is even being brave enough to start a fad or two—something never before attributed to her.

Crazy Hollywood. Sane little Fay. No one really ever knew her. Oh, one saw her here, there and the other place, always charming, infinitely gracious. An appealing, silent young woman whose loveliness was beyond dispute.

A Canadian, with all the protective reserve of her British ancestry, she never talked about herself.

Interviewers liked her, called her "intelligent" and had a dickens of a time writing about her. Directors asked for

[Continued on page 64]



FAY WRAY By Helen Smith DIANT

Fay Wray Is The Flower Of Experience. Whether She's Doing A Picture Or A Party, She Puts It Over With The Greatest Of Ease.



She used to make every kind of picture from "King Kong" to "Ann Carver's Profession." This year she is making fewer, but each in a different part of the world, to make it harder.

It Is The Beginning Of The Movie Year And The Studios Are Off To A Flying Start.

On the R-K-O Lot

BY LONG odds the most impressive set of the month is the one R-K-O have erected for "The Last Days of Pompeii." The massive stone pillars, the huge blocks of granite, the enormous wrought iron gates of Marcus' (Preston Foster's) mansion are so realistically reproduced one could easily imagine oneself back in the Pompeii of the Roman Empire.

They are shooting the famous "destruction scene." Suddenly the pillars tremble and topple over. Fire and smoke actually fall all over the set. Powder from the crumbling granite and marble fills the air. The place is a bedlam. Preston appears carrying a child in each arm. He is on the way to his private wharf to load them, along with other people, on a boat so they can escape. The rumbling of Mt. Vesuvius is heard in the distance.

Take after take after take is made, with the smoke and fire faithfully falling each time.

"Boy," says Preston coming up after a take to shake hands. He wipes the sweat off his face and for once it is real, honest-to-God perspiration and not mineral oil which has been sprayed on with an atomizer.

"Some fun, eh?" I grin.

"Fun Hell!" he begins and then he grins, too. "Oh, well. This part and the one in 'The Informer' are the only decent parts I've had since I've been in pictures. Isn't this a swell set?"

I've often urged stars to let me know when their big scenes in pictures are being shot so I can give you the best, but, of all I've asked, Preston is the only one who has ever called up to tip me off.

"Wasn't I right about this?" Pres goes on, gloating. "Isn't this a swell set?"

I whistle my appreciation.

"And this is only one of them," he continues. "You ought to see the arena stuff."

"Well, I will when the picture is finished," I promise.

I've always contended Preston is one of the few really good actors on the screen and it's sure great to see him getting the breaks.

Jack Oakie, in sweat shirt, white flannels and patent leather evening pumps, wanders on to the set for a few minutes to watch a take or two. "Hi, Brother Mook," he offers.

"Same to you, Brother Oakie," I respond. "How's to go over to Madam Lucey's and tip up a couple?"

"Nix," says the pious Mr. O. "That stuff don't get you nowhere. I've lost about twenty or thirty pounds since I quit fooling with it. I'm in such good shape now I'll be able to play football for dear old Midwest again this fall when Paramount make their annual football classic."

Those of you who sigh for "the good old days" can take heart from this announcement. Oakie has been playing for Midwest ever since Paramount founded the



By S. R. Mook

Warner Brothers

FIRST crack out of the box I land on the set of "Shipmates Forever."

Dick Powell is a radio crooner (and good, too! He's knocking down something like \$24,000 a year!) but all his forbears were navy people. Dick's own pa is commandant of Annapolis (the way scenarios provide stars with family background almost inspires me to write a script for myself providing me with Oliver Cromwell for an ancestor.)

"Git along, little doaggie, git along," I seem to hear the editor crooning. So-o-o, if from here on out this history of movies in the making is labeled out in a cut and dried fashion, don't blame me. If they'd only give me enough space you'd have more whimsy with your movies than James M. Barrie and A. A. Milne ever dreamed of.

To make a long story short ("As short as possible," the editor insists) Dick's pa (Lewis Stone) wants him to give up his \$24,000 a year crooning to enter Annapolis and, eventually, become an ensign at approximately \$1800 a year. Naturally, it doesn't make sense to Dick and he refuses until he meets Ruby Keeler (I'm afraid

[Continued on page 74]

college and he, at least, doesn't change.

From the ruins of Pompeii I saunter over to the next stage where James Barton is addressing a political gathering in "Old Man Murphy." William Harrigan (that swell actor) is with him on the platform, and a number of less important people.

"Ye'll all go to the polls tomorrow," Barton informs them, "and vote for whoever ye please. But niver let it be said one Murphy ever turned against another Murphy."

Loud cheers from the audience as they rush towards the platform to shake hands.

"Cut!" yells the director.

Trembling with excitement from this thrilling scene I rush out to—



Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea in a scene from "Barbary Coast," a love story, with a background of the Gold Rush days in California.

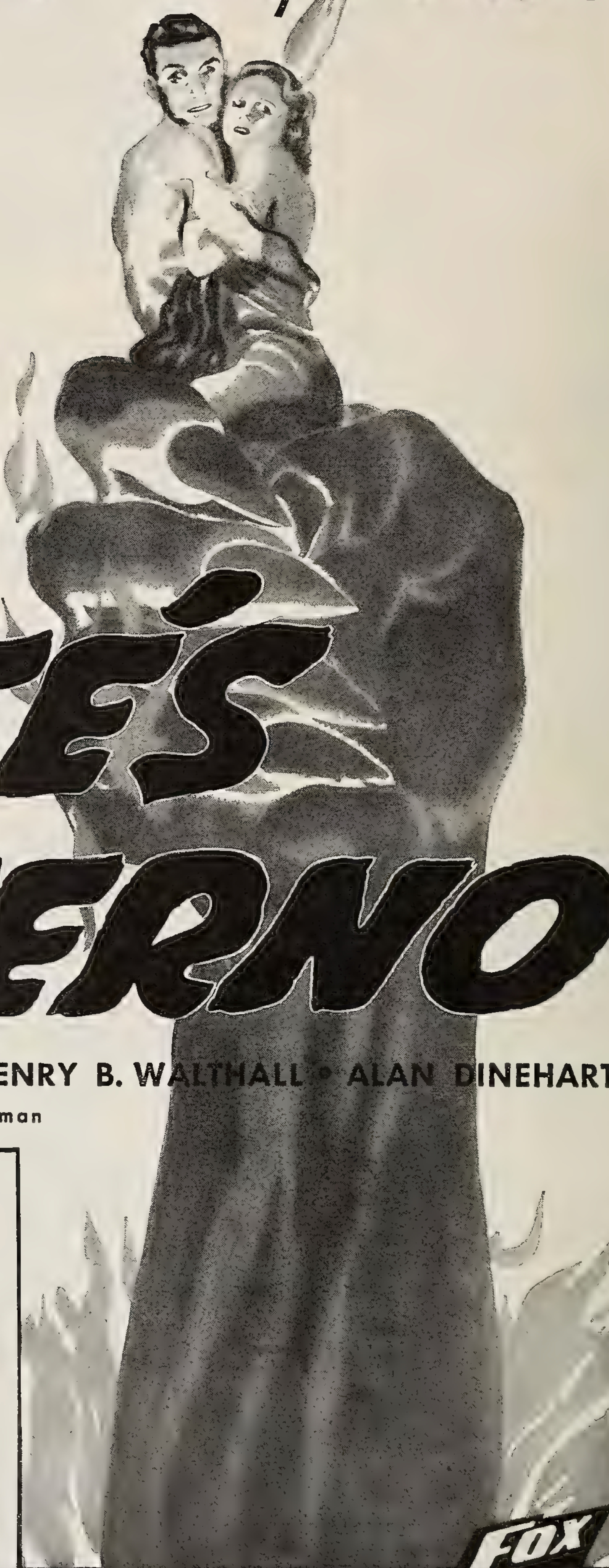
TRAPPED IN THE HELL OF MODERN LIFE
they fight.. AS YOU DO.. for the right to love!

ENTHRALLED—*you'll watch this*
BLAZING SPECTACLE OF TODAY TORTURE
THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE DAMNED!

See this man and woman living *your*
dreams, *your* despairs. Fascinated . . .
behold the raging spectacle of hell *here*
and hereafter . . . of Inferno created by
Man and Inferno conceived by Dante!
This drama blazes with such titanic
power that IT WILL BURN ITSELF INTO
YOUR MEMORY FOREVER!

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FOX

IN PURSUIT OF SHIRLEY TEMPLE



Virginia Weidler, a cute youngster, next in "Freckles."



Shirley Temple, the leader of the little ones.



Jane Withers, nine years old and already featured in "Ginger"

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is still out there in front, but there are some who believe that Jane Withers, after her successful picture, "Ginger," rates at least second to the little star of "Curly Top." As a matter of fact, there is always more than one of anything in the picture line. One "G Men" led to several similar pictures, and one baby in the big money inspires the other studios to enter the lists.



Baby Jane (Juanita Quigley), a three pictures' veteran.

She was such a hit in "Queen Christina" that they call Cora Sue Collins "Baby Garbo."



Sybil Jason dances in "Little Big Shot."





Carole Lombard's next picture is "Hands Across the Table." At right, Claire Dodd in "The Real McCoy" makes life seem worth an effort.



Inscrutable and beautiful Virginia Bruce.



Bette Davis, in "Dr. Socrates," suggests that Dame Nature has told her a secret about mad men.



Anna Neagle in "Peg of Old Drury."

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the NEW BEAUTIES PRETTIER?

HOW could they be prettier? The established stars have come from all over the world and their beauty has been their passport. Of course, there is a beauty about youth that is irresistible, but the great players who are now at the top are still young and healthy. Among the girls who have arrived recently in pictures there are many singers and stage actresses, and the stage does not pick its leading ladies for beauty nor does the Metropolitan expect much beyond a voice. However,

the opera represented by Miss Swarthout may well claim the Apple of Paris, and Miss Gahagan holds up the traditions of the Broadway stage for gorgeous women.

After many unimportant parts, little Ida Lupino had a pleasant role in "Paris In Spring" and New York reviewers singled her out for their compliments.

Let them come—we still will challenge them to rival the present ruling Princesses of Pulchritude!



Garbo. She sets the standard of beauty and ability.



Joan Bennett has gone on until she is one of our best little actresses—she always was one of our prettiest.

Claudette Colbert. Fans are looking forward to "She Married Her Boss."



ART

IN SCREEN PRODUCTIONS

*Some Of The New Pictures
Have Scenes That Rival The
Canvases Of The Greatest
Artists.*

AFTER the costumes and properties for a picture have been secured and the actors have learned their lines, then the Art Director studies how to make the scenes remarkable for their taste and picturesqueness.

One of the earliest of full length films, "Cabaria," a silent film, of course, had a "shot" of a file of camels against the evening sky, as the caravans moved across the desert. This scene was so outstanding that for years anything crossing the desert was photographed against a light sky. The Art of a picture must enhance the dramatic effect. Note how this is accomplished by the smoke and steam from the boats in "Steamboat Round the Bend."

Everyone enjoys pictures that are artistically arranged. Not long ago a picture, "Zoo In Budapest," was famous for its well managed effects, and recently "Becky Sharp" was sensational for the manner in which the scenes were arranged.



The "Wanderer Of the Wasteland" is being made again, this time with Gail Patrick. Nature supplies a gorgeous background.

They take to the boats to escape the wrath of Vesuvius. A scene from "The Last Days of Pompeii." Preston Foster plays the lead.





"Steamboat Round The Bend" is based upon the old riotous days of steamboat racing on the Mississippi. A Will Rogers picture.



In "Mutiny On The Bounty," the captain and his loyal seamen are set adrift in an open boat.



PERSONALITIES PUT OVER GREAT PICTURES

*It Isn't The Plot, It Isn't The Dialogue, It Is
Emotional Sincerity That Makes Pictures Live.*

WHEN Luise Rainer came through with a bang in "Escapade" many remarked that half the pleasure was due to the fact that she was a newcomer. We were delighted with her charm and freshness. But an actress cannot stop after one picture, so, when the players are making one picture after another the problem is to make each characterization a convincing one.

There is one answer to this, and that is *personality*. If a star can put force behind his smile, his frown and his love making, every character becomes a living one, fascinating and never tiresome. That's personal, emotional sincerity.



The Three Musketeers—Onslow Stevens, Moroni Olsen, and Paul Lukas—with Walter Abel as D'Artagnan.

Gary Cooper and Ann Harding, veteran troupers both, are making "Peter Ibbetson," the Du Maurier classic.



In "Black ...
Bill Powell
and Rosali
a fascinatio





Jack Benny's personality is best known through his radio voice in "Broadway Melody of 1936."



Roland Young in "The Man Who Could Work Miracles."



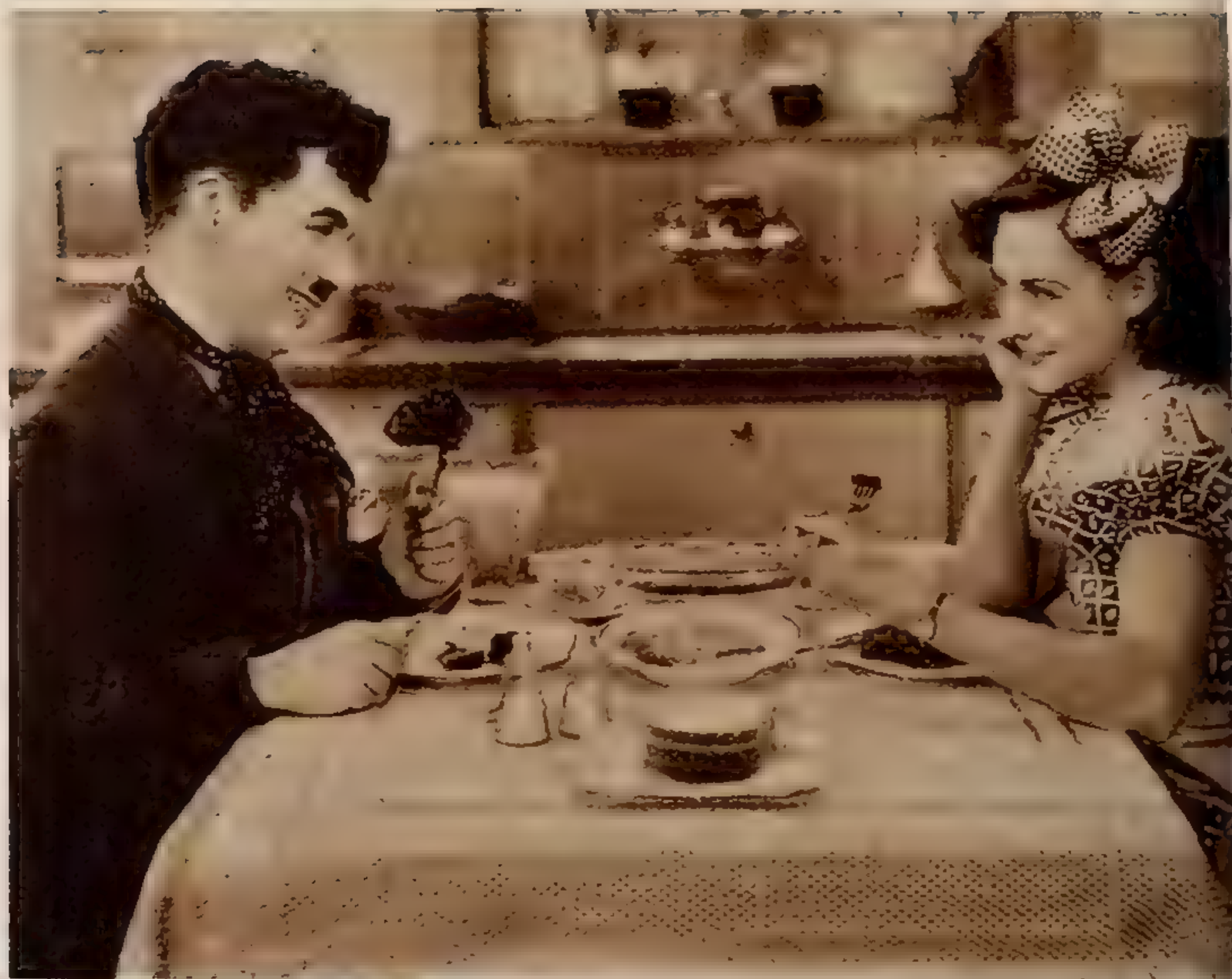
Joel McCrea and Miriam Hopkins in "Barbary Coast."



Bing Crosby in "Two For Tonight."

FUNNY PEOPLE

Comedians Are Happy When They Are Laughed At.



In Charlie Chaplin's new picture, "Modern Times," he is the same lovable tramp and Paulette Goddard is the girl.

Frank McHugh owner and manager of the funniest laugh on screen.

In "The Pay Off," James Dunn is arousing in Patricia Ellis the foul fiend of jealousy.



Harpo Marx bought a pair of pants which were too short, but he fixed that little difficulty O.K.



W. C. Fields in pursuit of humor. He never carries it too far.



Patsy Kelly. She causes laughter.



At right, Joe E. Brown. He has the funniest call for help ever recorded.

HAVE you a sense of humor? Can you detect the absurdities of every day life? Do you burst into gay laughter at ridiculous things that other people do not notice? There are many kinds of humor and some people laugh heartily *after* the joke is explained to them. They sincerely enjoy it and tell it again and again, but they do not always see the possibilities at first for themselves. Most people are like that. The people on this page, however, are among the favored few who can see humor for themselves and pass it on to the rest of us.



Charlie Chaplin modernizes the catapult in self defense.



The comedians with Charlie learn the light touch of true humor.



Edward Everett Horton in a situation calling for surprise, disgust and absurd finicky motions, all of which he can deliver.



Una Merkel
Comic



The radio fan's delight, the team of George Burns and Gracie Allen.



The long lost Harold Lloyd is making "The Milky Way." It is about a milkman who will wake you up.



Jack Oakie in armor. A comedian can't be too careful.

The Hollywood TOUCH

*New Things From
The Most Flamboy-
ant Town On Earth.*

THE most publicized city is Hollywood, and this has made it a community in which the exotic and unusual are prized as the highest characteristics that any enterprise may have. It has always been a town of fantastic interest because of the tremendous salaries that are paid and because of the publicity which emanates from it; also because of the pictures which form a part of the lives of all of us. Hollywood—a dream city to many—where the most improbable things happen, where the girls are beautiful and the money never runs out.



Lily Pons, the grand opera prima donna whose voice is worshipped on two continents, goes to Hollywood and immediately she is photographed in a bathing suit and with a swimming pool. The Hollywood touch.

Lily Pons in the patio of her new Hollywood home. This architectural effect is peculiar to Hollywood and very characteristic. Note the silk curtains above, which, when drawn, harmonize the setting with the most exotic nature.



Jane Hamilton sing to the unemotional toucan. Hollywood knows many strange methods of making girls famous.

In Hollywood, Originality Is The
Pearl Beyond Price.



In "The Last Outpost," Hollywood's love of the picturesque requires that the native girl must be Kathleen Burke, with the oriental appeal which has never failed since Little Egypt.



The South American Airways plane delivers a shipment of orchids from the Guatemalan jungle to Charlie Ray's new flower shop. Anne Shirley receives the shipment.



Charlie Ray presents Anne Shirley with a beautiful white Catalia orchid.



A typical New England homestead will be seen in "Way Down East." It is in Hollywood, the vicarious city.



Pamela Ostrer, wearing a black felt hat with a cluster of ostrich feather fronds to give height to the crown. She is a promising player at the Gaumont British Studio in England.

FALL. SO WHAT!

SHORT skirts make women look younger and so, this Fall, once more the slim beauty of silk stockinged legs will be shown. Hollywood closely follows the Parisian styles and originates her own when Paris falters. Above, Ann Dvorak wears a two-piece afternoon frock. The skirt is cut with a circular flare and is topped with a loose peplum type waist with Dolman sleeves.

The grey flannel suit with a stitched hat and trim blouse of matching shantung is the selection of Veronica Rose, English beauty, for early fall.





Verree Teasdale wears this molded gown of gold fish-net lace over a satin foundation in "The Case of the Lucky Legs."

DRESSES MUST GLISTEN AND GLITTER

Fashions For
Evening Gowns
Have Gone On A
Gold And Silver
Basis.

SEQUINS and satins, gold lace and lamé will reflect the spotlights of the night clubs and glow like adventurous fireflies where lights are subdued and music seductive. Couturiers appreciate that there is no more flattering contrast for the exquisite bloom of women than the metallic glitter of this latest fashion.

Dolores Del Rio will next be seen in "I Live For Love." There is something about a gown that reflects the light which reveals the gorgeous figure of this exotic star.



In "Bright Lights," Patricia Ellis is dazzling in satin and sequins. This attractive gown is backless and the halter neckline is set with an enormous jeweled clip.

SWEET SURRENDER!

The Hero Makes The Love Scene, The Heroine Can Only Hope.

MANY pictures have won fame for the delicacy and emotional quality of the sequences in which the lovers cling and kiss.

Hollywood knows that good love scenes depend upon the hero. The heroine, beautiful and demure, may register surrender, even swooning a bit toward abandon, but that is all. It is upon the conquering male that the responsibility falls to make the scenes intense, to show sincerity—gentle, to show the tenderness of his love; and passionate enough, to justify his masculinity.

The men of Hollywood may have menace, understanding and technique; but their fame will rest upon those scenes wherein they held a girl in their arms and spoke of love.



Elissa Landi gives way to Kent Taylor in "Without Regret."



Joan Blondell and Ross Alexander registering joy for "We're In The Money."



In "China Seas," Clark Gable and Jean Harlow carry on an old Chinese custom.



When Lupe Velez was in England she made "The Morals of Marcus," in which she surrenders to Ian Hunter.

Brian Aherne and Joan Crawford in "I Live My Life."

Pat O'Brien holds fast to Olivia de Havilland in "The Irish In Us." She's going to be a big star.



AN ARTIST IN ARMOR

Henry Wilcoxon Is A Painter
As Well As An Actor.

By Lenore Samuels

THE turnover of headliners in American films is an exciting thing to watch. From all over the civilized world they come with trumpets wildly heralding their entrance into Hollywood's charmed circle. Some of them remain but a little while and go out so quietly we hardly note their absence. A bad break, a poor picture, sometimes a mediocre performance is to blame for this ignominious exit. And others, with just one fine picture to their credit, are definitely there to stay.

Henry Wilcoxon is one of these. Cecil DeMille brought him over from England for the rôle of Marc Antony in "Cleopatra," and so readily did he click that the English film company for which he had done six or seven fair-to-middling pictures immediately started billing him as Henry (Marc Antony) Wilcoxon—or perhaps it was Henry (Cleopatra) Wilcoxon, I forget which. In any event this sturdy English actor had very neatly carved a niche for himself among the annals of the great in Hollywood—and he had done it with just one picture.

Wilcoxon, who stands six feet two in his bright plaid socks, and weighs a little more than 190 pounds, combines his rugged individuality with that innate sense of good taste and fine manners for which Britishers are noted the world over. He hails from the British West Indies, having gone to England when he was sixteen, where he indulged in commercial employment of various sorts. Not very romantic years those, but Wilcoxon goodhumoredly took what came in his stride, and spent his spare time painting pictures which showed up very creditably at an exhibition in London.

Then the idea hit him that he would like to become an actor. Just like that! He decided to go on the stage and he went on the stage. He had his ups and downs like everyone else, but when he tells you about it so lightly, glossing over the black spots with such insouciance, you realize happily that here's a man who is rugged inside as well as out. His massive frame, his leonine head, that knowing glint in his keen gray-green eyes are not *papier-mâché* framework, but a very remarkable setting for this man who has the courage to think straight, to live according to his own plan, not someone else's, and to air his theories on every subject that rears its head in a conversation without fear of contradiction. In fact, like the Roman warrior and orator he played so well in



As Richard, the Lion Hearted, Wilcoxon is the central figure of DeMille's great picture, "The Crusades."

"Cleopatra," he welcomes contradiction. For there's nothing he likes so well as an enthusiastic discussion, the more complex the better!

Lunching with him at the Hotel Pierre, where he was putting up for a short visit prior to the opening of "The Crusades" in New York, he launched his enthusiasm in the direction of Cecil DeMille. Wilcoxon, you of course know, plays "Richard, the Lion Hearted" in this tremendous DeMille spectacle.

"A hundred years from now, when every one of his contemporaries are completely forgotten, Cecil DeMille will still be talked about. He will go down in history as one of the truly great men of the films.

"When he cast me for Richard, the Lion Hearted, we had about three months ahead of us before any 'shooting' would take place. Every day we got together and talked, talked, talked—about the character itself, about Richard's relation to the other members of the story, about his probable or improbable reactions to certain situations and events. I never had a better time in my life.

"Most people think that research work is all that is necessary for the production of a spectacle such as "The Crusades." But they're wrong. The

research work is just a coat hanger (now I'm talking in similes. DeMille always does and I've caught the habit). But research work takes care of dates on which certain battles and other prominent events took place. It also takes care of such details as costuming, architecture, manners and things like that.

"But it does not take care of—how shall I put it? DeMille would have a simile for it, I'm sure. Oh, yes, the coat hanger! It is up to me to get the *spirit* or *soul* of Richard, the Lion Hearted to wrap around that coat hanger. Otherwise it would be just a piece of wood after I finished, just as it was before."

Wilcoxon laughed. "Am I boring you?" he asked contritely. "You see when I get on to these similes . . ."

I assured him between sips of sherry that I was anything but bored and thus fortified he went on, striding about the room every few minutes or so to give me a visual description of what he was saying. Even if his theories did bore me, which they emphatically did not, the man's vitality and his refreshing zest for procuring the most amazing similes would have carried me right out of myself. It is impossible to be in the presence of so much spontaneous enthusiasm without being infected more than a little bit oneself!

[Continued on page 73]

PART TWO—The Story of BOOTH TARKINGTON'S HEROINE:—"Alice Adams"

SYNOPSIS OF PART ONE

IN THE R-K-O picture, "Alice Adams," Katharine Hepburn (as Alice) is an attractive small-town girl of twenty-two. Mr. Adams (Fred Stone) her father, is a clerk in the Lamb Drug Store Co. His family of four are forced to live within the mediocrity provided by his slender salary. Walter Adams (Frank Albertson), Alice's brother, also works at the Lamb Drug Company, as a bookkeeper.

Alice is ambitious for herself. She longs for nice clothes and other luxuries. More than anything else, however, she wants to be attractive to men—the kind of men who go with such girls as Mildred Palmer, whose father is wealthy. She is invited to a party at Mildred's house eventually. It is a large affair, not an intimate social group. That's why Alice is included. But she lacks an escort. Walter, pressed into service at the last moment, takes her, loudly proclaiming his distaste and bemoaning the date he must miss.

To Alice, the party is a medley of triumph and disaster. She is seen arriving in a battered old car which Walter supplies, and is coldly treated by her hostess and the more elite guests. She has to dance with fat Frank Dowling whom she detests, but who is better than no one at all, or Walter. Walter is caught shooting craps with the colored servants, and were it not for the fact that Alice meets Arthur Russell (Fred MacMurray), the evening would have been a tragic affair.

Arthur is a stranger in town and is attracted to the pretty, vivacious girl. The balance of the evening, up until the crap shooting episode, is a sort of seventh heaven for Alice. And this seventh heaven does not end with the party. To the consternation of the other girls, Alice receives most of handsome young Mr. Russell's attentions, and for the first time in her life she finds herself within arm's reach of an eligible man who comes up to her standards.

In the meantime Mrs. Adams, with her continual heckling, has persuaded her husband to give up his job with Mr. Lamb and open up a glue factory.

AT LAST Adams promised to open the glue factory. He mortgaged his house and put everything into the venture. When the factory was nearly ready he took Mrs. Adams to see it. He had written to "J. A." Lamb and as he heard nothing Adams was worried. Although he reassured his wife that there "wasn't any way it could be made a question of law."

Russell and Alice saw each other several times and she told him her forebodings;

that "they'll say something."

One night, Walter, the son, who still worked for the J. A. Lamb Drug Company, came home hurriedly and tried to borrow three hundred and fifty dollars from his father—unsuccessfully—

Walter cleared his throat, and replied in a tone as quiet as that he had used before, though with a slight huskiness, "I got to have three hundred and fifty dollars. You better get him to give it to me if you can."

Adams found his voice. "Yes," he said, bitterly. "That's all he asks! He won't do anything I ask him to, and in return he asks me for three hundred and fifty dollars! That's all!"

"What in the world!" Mrs. Adams exclaimed. "What for, Walter?"

"I got to have it," Walter said.

"But what for?"

His quiet huskiness did not alter. "I got to have it."

"But can't you tell us—"

"I got to have it."

"That's all you can get out of him," Adams said. "He seems to think it'll bring him in three hundred and fifty dollars!"

A faint tremulousness became evident in the husky voice. "Haven't you got it?"

"No, I haven't got it!" his father answered.



"Walter had confessed that he was short in his accounts."

were. "And I've got to go to a bank for more than my pay-roll next week. Do you think I'm a mint?"

"I don't understand what you mean, Walter," Mrs. Adams interposed, perplexed and distressed. "If your father had the money, of course he'd need every cent of it, especially just now, and, anyhow, you could scarcely expect him to give it to you, unless you told us what you want with it. But he hasn't got it."

"All right," Walter said; and after standing a moment more, in silence, he added, impersonally, "I don't see as you ever did anything much for me, anyhow—either of you."

Then, as if this were his valedictory, he turned his back upon them, walked away quickly, and was at once lost to their sight in the darkness.

Mrs. Adams insisted in inviting Arthur Russell to dinner, since he seemed so interested in Alice. The couple had had several rides together and also evenings on the porch. Preparations began, and in the rush of action Alice, that morning, forgot to call Walter.

With that she recalled her mother's admonition, and went upstairs to Walter's door. She tapped upon it with her fingers.

"Time to get up, Walter. The rest of us had breakfast over half an hour ago, and it's nearly eight o'clock. You'll be late. Hurry down and I'll have some coffee and toast ready for you." There came no sound from within the room, so she rapped louder.

"Wake up, Walter!"

She called and rapped again, without getting any response, and then, finding that the door yielded to her, opened it and went in. Walter was not there.

He had been there, however; had slept upon the bed, though not inside the covers; and Alice supposed he must have come home so late that he had been too sleepy to take off his clothes.

Near the foot of the bed was a shallow closet where he kept his "other suit" and his evening clothes; and the door stood open, showing a bare wall. Nothing whatever was in the closet, and Alice was rather surprised at this for a moment. "That's queer," she murmured; and then she decided that when he woke he found the clothes he had slept in "so mussy" he had put on his "other suit," and had gone out before breakfast with the mussed clothes to have them pressed, taking his evening things with them. Satisfied with this explanation, and failing to observe that it did not account for the absence of shoes from the closed floor,

she nodded absently, "Yes, that must be it"; and, when her mother returned, told her that Walter had probably breakfasted down-town. They did not delay over this; the colored woman had arrived, and the basket's disclosures were important.

* * * * *

Her mother came closer to her. "Why what's the matter?" she asked, briskly. "You seem kind of pale, to me; and you don't look—you don't look happy."

"Well—" Alice began, uncertainly, but said no more.

"See here!" Mrs. Adams exclaimed. "This is all just for you! You ought to be en-

[Continued on page 60]

HOLLYWOOD—THE WRITERS' HEAVEN



Laurence Stallings
and Maxwell Anderson.

Hollywood Is The
Place Where All
Good Writers Go
When They Click.

By Ruth
Rankin

TIME was when they couldn't be coaxed out here, the "big name" writers. But times have changed—or maybe pictures have changed.

When writers of such mettle as Hugh Walpole, Edna Ferber and George Kaufman finally yield to the lure, it proves that the picture business has discarded the swaddling clothes and has finally merited their attention.

Funny how all their ideas change when they get here, too. Walpole, who came over for "David Copperfield," did a most enthusiastic rave about the medium, once he had arrived. George Kaufman ("Once In a Lifetime" Kaufman) was probably the most persistent hold-out against pictures among all the writers whose services were courted. His denunciations were brilliantly caustic. Recently, when certain complimentary remarks were made about pictures in The New York Times, none other than the Kaufman himself replied, "They do not understand our problems." He is the hardest worker of all the eighty writers at M-G-M.

Edna Ferber is in town for two weeks to talk about character structure in her novel "Come and Get It" which Sam Goldwyn will make. She is being paid ten thousand dollars a week, and doing no actual writing, proving that the only entree into the big money class of screen writers is to be a recognized author of best sellers.

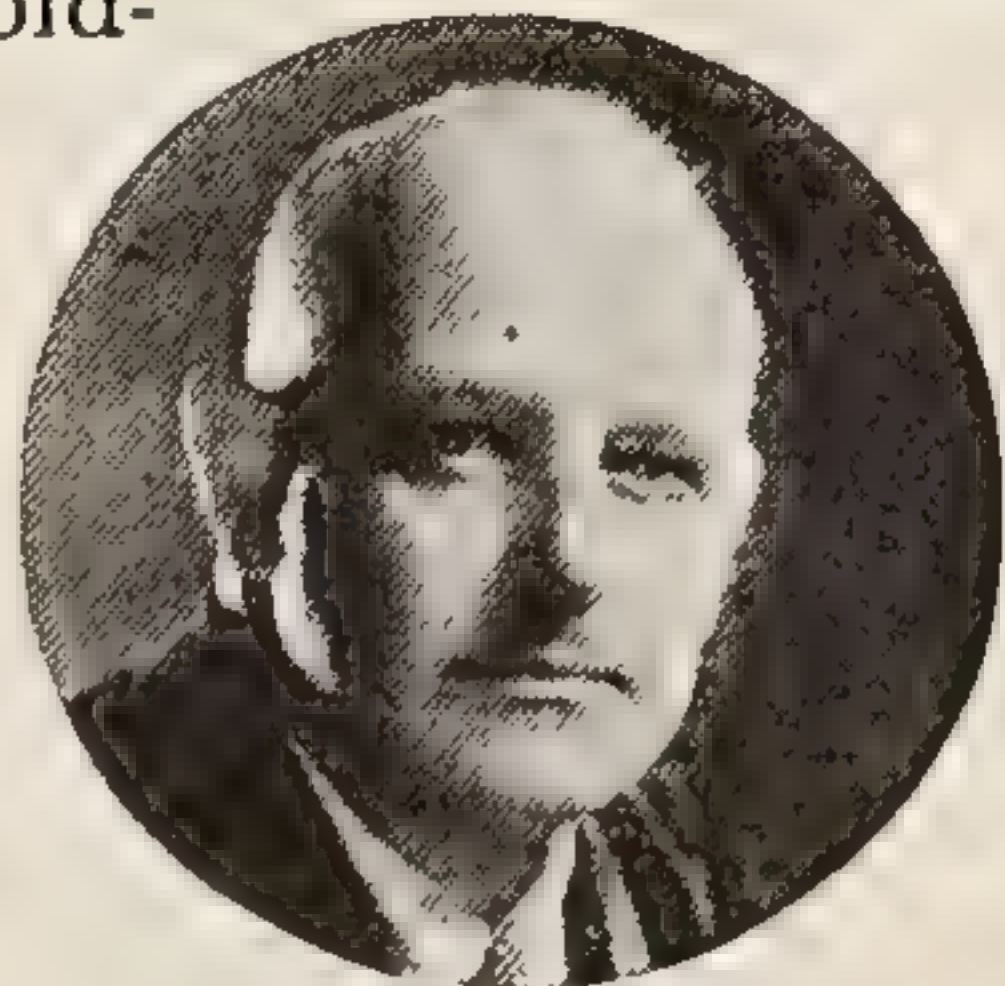
Miss Ferber began, as three quarters of all persons writing began, as a reporter. She started at \$3.00 a week on the Appleton Wisconsin paper, reporting society. From the age of 17 until 22 she was a sob sister on a city paper. Becoming ill, she wrote a novel. She works from nine A. M. until two P. M. every day on a typewriter because she created the habit of writing during those hours. She never works at night. She started writing by putting down "exactly what I had to say." She cannot dictate because the presence of any person is too disturbing, to the extent that even the opening of a door will throw her off key. She did collaborate with George Kaufman on the "Royal Family" play, but she says he "belonged."



Gene Fowler



Vicki Baum



P. G. Wodehouse



Edna Ferber



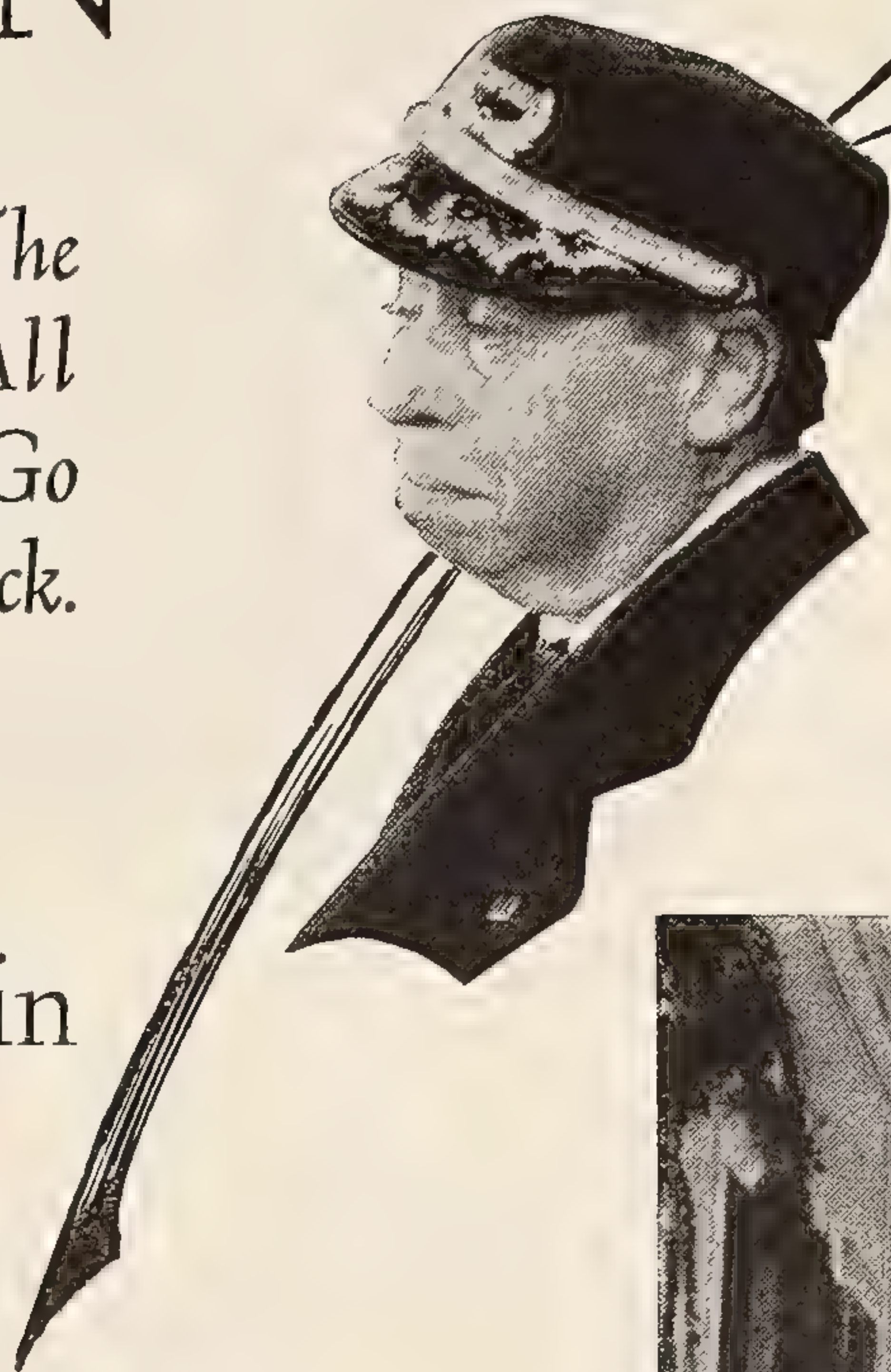
Hugh Walpole



Alice Duer Miller

She is happy to have a chance to revive "Barney," a character in "Come and Get It" whom she killed, in the book, and always regretted it. When her books "So Big" and "Show Boat" were picturized, she had little to say about the adaptation, and felt they could have been better.

Miss Ferber returns to New York to the penthouse she has just leased, which was built by Ivar Kruger, the match king. She is not at all superstitious. The place, far above the city, is the largest penthouse in New York, and has three huge apple trees that bear fruit, as well as a grape arbor, three fountains, and a putting



Irvin Cobb, writer, has turned actor and is a captain in "Steamboat Round The Bend."



Writers row at the M-G-M Studio

course. There is a wall around that cuts off all sound of the city.

Scenario chiefs are unanimous in their opinion that the best, and perhaps the only way, to crash pictures as a writer is to author a successful novel, short stories, or a play. Stories submitted directly to the studio by mail are returned, unopened. The preponderance of plagiarism suits makes this imperative.

Vicki Baum went to M-G-M after her successful Grand Hotel. Marc "Green Pastures" Connelly is working there on "The Good Earth" because the derivations of each are similar. Tess Slesinger, "The Unpossessed" and a book of short stories to her credit, is now under contract to M-G-M. Also Humphrey Cobb, after "Paths of Glory." Michael Fessier is one of the three Esquire writers signed by the studio, and Louis Paul and Robert Carson, the other two.

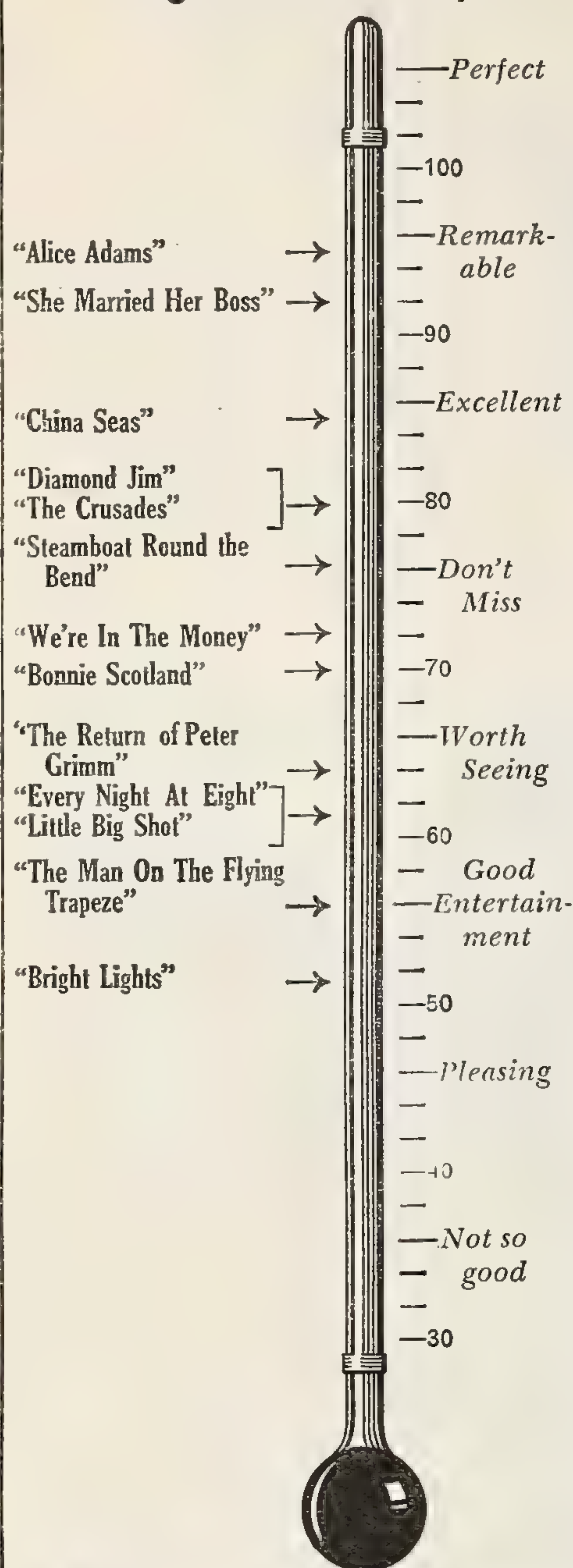
"Almost no writer can come directly to the screen any more," Marc told me during a most interesting discussion. "There is a necessary detour. I would tell all ambitious screen writers to get at least one good book published, and then think about it."

Herman J. Mankiewicz, of his staff, was dramatic editor of the New York Times about ten years. After he was well established in Hollywood, he persuaded them to bring out his brother Joe. Joe has become a crack writer. Now they are both working hard to have

[Continued on page 71]

PICTURE THERMOMETER

Degrees of Quality



ALICE ADAMS

Rating: 95°—BRING ON THE ACADEMY AWARD—RKO

HERE, at last, is the perfect performance. Katharine Hepburn's "Alice" is so hauntingly beautiful, so cruelly, but humorously, true to life that it will remain in your memory, long after you have forgotten the other pictures of 1935. It is by far Hepburn's best picture and best performance, even topping her "Morning Glory," which won the Academy Award two years ago.

Booth Tarkington's Alice was rather a dull, stupid girl, but Hepburn makes Alice a sensitive, imaginative girl, who is always striking a divinely amusing attitude, and so deeply do you feel for Alice that you die a thousands deaths with her there at the Palmers' ball. Every girl has been a wall-flower at some time or other in her life and how, oh how dreadfully, we understand Alice's humiliation when no one asks her to dance.

Praise must go immediately to George Stevens, the director, for the magnificent way in which he directed the entire picture, but especially the party sequence, which had the men in the theatre simply roaring with laughter, but the women sort of chok-

REVIEWS

OF
PICTURES
SEEN

ing back sobs—you and you and I all have very poignant memories of similar parties. And praise must also go to Fred Stone, who makes his picture debut, after having rather a discouraging time of it in Hollywood. He is perfection itself as Alice's father.

And at no time have I ever seen a better mother in films than Ann Shoemaker—she's definitely not the conventional mother that we're used to on the screen, but the realistic mother that we're used to in our homes. And there's Frank Albertson turning in a first rate performance as Alice's abrupt brother, and Fred MacMurray as Alice's "young man" whom she almost loses. In case you think I'm the enthusiastic type you should have seen that preview audience. I wouldn't be at all surprised if they were still applauding.

EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT

Rating: 61°—BY ALL MEANS DIAL IN—Wanger-Paramount

SWELL entertainment with a radio background, nothing to strain the I Q, but with plenty of laughs, so what more do you want? George Raft, playing a good boy, has a small band he is trying to put over on an amateur radio hour (Shades of Major Bowes). Patsy Kelly, Alice Faye and Frances Langford are also trying to make the try-outs, and George gets interested in the gals, manages them and puts them right over on the big time with himself.

Walter Wanger, who produced this picture, has evidently been hearing my loud complaints about Patsy Kelly, viz., that she is never given enough footage in pictures, for Massa Walter gives Patsy her first big break, and just as you and I suspected Miss Kelly steals the show. Patsy may not be the best comedienne in the world, but until a better comes along Patsy will distinctly do.

Alice Faye and Frances Langford both

put over some nifty songs and both are tasty dishes. Frances Langford, fresh from Broadway, has the smallest waist in Hollywood, and one of the best torch song voices. You'll be extremely pleased with this picture.

CHINA SEAS

Rating: 85°—MELODRAMA DE LUXE—M-G-M

HERE'S your Clark Gable, girls, so he-manish it takes your breath away just to look at him. Clark plays the tough captain of a British passenger-freighter on the China Seas and, boy, is he tough. But the louder he yells the better his crew likes him, and the better Jean Harlow, playing one of her inimitable ladies of easy virtue, loves him. She sails on his boat, and so does Wally Beery, who plays the front-man for as wicked a bunch of Malay pirates as ever you saw.

There's a cargo of gold on the boat and Wally tips off these murderous pirates, and the passengers are treated to a great deal of excitement. Also on the boat are C. Aubrey Smith, the owner of the shipping line, and Rosalind Russell, pretty young widow, and the nice girl in Clark's past. Does Jean burn! Clark of course throws her over at once and gets himself shaved and engaged to the English girl. Plenty going-on on the China Seas all right.

And just as if Miss Harlow and a bunch of cut-throats weren't enough, along comes a typhoon that will definitely end all typhoons, with the steam roller on the lower deck breaking away from its moorings, and threatening to crush the boat. Clark's fight with the steam roller will go down in cinema history.

Lewis Stone plays an excellent bit as a third mate who proves he isn't a coward when the right moment comes. Robert Benchley plays a drunk that will have you in stitches if you like the Benchley brand of humor, and you'd better say you do be-



"Steamboat Round the Bend" brings a cargo of humor and Will Rogers as a steamboat captain.



Frances Langford, Alice Faye and Patsy Kelly who appear in "Every Night at Eight," as a radio trio.

cause it's the smart thing to like right now. Of course, with all kinds of rip-snorting action going on there isn't much time for character motivation, but I'm sure you won't mind. Gable and Harlow and Beery are all three sensational—and, furthermore, it's a moving moving picture.

WE'RE IN THE MONEY

Rating 72°—FAST COMEDY—Warners

HERE'S a cure for whatever ails you, heat, blues, or a little rash. Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell play a couple of hard-boiled process servers, employed by that utterly irresponsible and absent-minded attorney-at-law, Hugh Herbert.

Of course, Joan has fallen in love with a rich young man, Ross Alexander, whom she thinks is a chauffeur, and of course she later discovers to her horror that he is the millionaire clubman she is trying to serve with a summons to appear in a million dollar heart-balm suit. But she serves the summons—and gets thrown in the ocean. She also serves summons on Phil Regan, night club singer, Man Mountain Dean, wrestler, and Lionel Stander, tough restaurant manager, and how she and Glenda accomplish all this is excellent comedy.

Hugh Herbert goes through his antics and is funnier than ever, particularly in his court-room scene. For the good old hearty laughs, see this one.

BONNIE SCOTLAND

Rating: 70°—LAUREL AND HARDY
Roach-M-G-M

THOSE two funny guys, Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, are here again in a feature length picture with some very good comedy and some very bad plot. In fact Laurel and Hardy don't need the plot at all, they are as funny as fly-paper without it.

In the first part of the picture the two boys arrive in Scotland to investigate Stanley MacLaurel's inheritance from a Scottish ancestor—which, of course, is nothing and they are stranded there. Stan burns Oliver's single pair of pants and the next thing you know the boys have become a couple of kilted Highlanders in the British army.

This leads to India, where they treat you

to a fine travesty on "Bengal Lancers" which will have you rolling in the aisles. You mustn't miss it. The plot's a little something about a poor but honest lad in love with an heiress, but it doesn't matter, and may even be cut out before you see it. What does matter is Laurel and Hardy. They've never been quite so funny before.

BRIGHT LIGHTS

Rating: 51°—WHAT-A-MOUTH BROWN'S
HERE—Warners

JOE E. BROWN comedies are always good family entertainment—unless your family harbors a sophisticate—and this picture is no exception. There are plenty of gags and a lot of good clean fun.

Joe plays a small town burlesque comic who, with his wife, Ann Dvorak, goes over big in the sticks. All is well until Patricia Ellis, a snooty society gal, gets bored and runs away from home to take a flier in vaudeville. You know how those society dames are—always muscling in.

Well, Joe, of course, falls for Patricia, the sap, and with her beauty and conniving they make Broadway. He's wasting away in the throes of l'amour when he discovers that Pat is in love with William Gargan and has been giving him the run-around just for the laughs. He makes it up with Ann, and there's a happy ending. Distinctly one of the best Joe E. Brown comedies.

STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND

Rating 76°—WAY DOWN SOUTH IN DIXIE
—Fox

BEING a daughter of the Southland with magnolias in my hair I fell for this bit of Old South folklore hook, line and sinker, and so will everybody with a drop of Southern blood. And somehow, ma'am, I think you Yankees are gonna fall for it too. It's a comedy of the nineties with the Mississippi River around Baton Rouge, Louisiana, as the locale.

Will Rogers plays the captain of one of the worst old tubs that ever sailed around the bend. He has been counting on his nephew, John McGuire, to pilot the boat for him, but John has fallen in love with a swamp girl, Anne Shirley, and, trying to defend her from a drunken brute he in-

advertently kills the man in self defense. So John is arrested by Sheriff Eugene Pallette, and in time is sentenced to be hanged.

Anne and Will are convinced that they can save John if they can find the only eye witness to the killing, who happens to be the New Moses, one of the grandest characters you've ever seen on the screen. So they scour the Mississippi river banks looking for the New Moses conducting his baptisms. How they find him, and how they become involved in the famous river races—and win, by heck—is the most fun you've seen on the screen for many a weary night.

Irvin S. Cobb, as the rival river captain who loses the race to Will, is simply superb—what a face! Berton Churchill plays the New Moses and is grand, and so is Step'n Fetchit. I've seen races in my time but never one quite so funny as this one.

THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM

Rating: 64°—A BIT OF THE SUPERNATURAL—
RKO

SOME thirty years ago (Oh, don't think I remember it, puleeze) this was a most successful stage play, produced by the wizard David Belasco, and acted by David Warfield, and it ran for years and years and people went crazy about it. Peter Grimm returns from the dead once more, and whether you'll go crazy about it is something you'll decide for yourself.

This time Lionel Barrymore plays the crabbed, tyrannical, and humorous Dutch nurseryman who refuses to believe in spiritualism. His doctor and pal, Edward Ellis, is positive that spirits return to the earth after death. So the two old men make a bet with each other that the one who dies first will return and apologize to the other. Barrymore dies, and returns to the earth to find all his affairs in a grand mess, but the humor of it all is that he cannot convey a message to the doctor. Finally through a little adopted boy, who is dying, he finds a medium of communication, and manages to straighten out his tangled affairs.

Too much praise cannot be given to the director and the cameraman, for they have managed to create just enough of the eerie and the supernatural, and Peter Grimm's return to the earth as a ghost is excellently done. Barrymore is quite the nicest



Sybil Jason, one more child wonder. She is in "Little Big Shot."



Helen Mack and Lionel Barrymore in the famous Belasco story, "The Return of Peter Grimm."

ghost you may ever hope to find. Helen Mack makes a lovely daughter, and little George Breakstone again does one of his magnificent sick-room scenes. Allen Vincent deserves a lot of praise for playing a perfect cad without being conventional. Ethel Griffies, as the town's gossipy hypocrite, rated big applause from the preview audience.

THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE

Rating: 56°—QUITE FUNNY—*Paramount*

OUR favorite comedian plays a family man and is certainly put upon by the most irritable wife you've met in many a day, played by Kathleen Howard in a strident voice. He has a charming daughter by his first wife, Mary Brian to be sure, but that's the only bit of charm in the family. His second wife's mother and brother insist upon living with him, and mooch everything there is to mooch.

There are some high moments of comedy in the picture, a parking gag that will have you in stitches, and a mother-in-law funeral rib that is quite hysterical. Unfortunately, pathos enters just when the comedy is at its best, and I always say there is no place for pathos in a W. C. Fields comedy. Bill, as the worm, finally turns, and tells off his in-laws, and there's a knock-out of an ending. If you're a pushover for Fields, and I certainly am, you won't dare miss this one.

DIAMOND JIM

Rating: 80°—EDWARD ARNOLD, HOORAY—*Universal*

A GRAND picture that's first rate entertainment. Edward Arnold (and there's a real actor for you, nothing namby pamby about him), plays big, bluff, glamorous Jim Brady, who took little Old New York by storm in the days when Lillian Russell was the belle of Broadway. In fact, the picture as you probably surmised, smarty you, is the life story of the man who made two fabulous fortunes in the railroad business, startled New York society by his penchant for diamonds and rich tasty viands, loved the wrong girl twice, and finally died a lonely man.

Edward Arnold makes Diamond Jim a thoroughly lovable guy, a man with the heart of a boy in love, a heart of steel in business, and a heart of gold to his friends.

You care just awfully when Jean Arthur turns him down. Jean is very good as the two girls in Diamond Jim's life and you can't hate her, even if she does bring sorrow to him. Cesar Romero, as her lover, is quite capable, and Eric Blore and George Sidney are excellent comedy characters.

Binnie Barnes plays Lilian Russell as she was at the beginning of her career and manages to make the role really glamorous. Maybe the kiddies won't get so excited over this as their parents, who faintly remember the eccentricities of Diamond Jim Brady.

SHE MARRIED HER BOSS

Rating: 92°—SUCH GAY GOINGS-ON—*Columbia*

THERE has been nothing as gay and nonsensical since the Walls of Jericho fell in "It Happened One Night." Claudette Colbert, the comely lass who copped the Academy Award last year, crashes through with another of those utterly delightful comedy performances, and when Claudette puts her mind on comedy you can be sure of long and merry laughter. She acts as if she hadn't had so much fun in years, and heavens knows, when you and I watch her, we're darned sure we haven't had so much fun in a century.

This time Claudette plays a very efficient executive secretary who, after six years, finally manages to marry her Boss—and, alas, his family. Which consists of the most disagreeable little brat (her Boss's child by a former marriage) you've seen on the screen since Jane Withers snarled in "Bright Eyes." Edith Fellowes plays the spoiled kid and doesn't care how nasty she is. She's grand.

Then there is the Boss's sister, played by Katharine Alexander, who is so aristocratic and frustrated that she spends most of her time swooning and lowering the drapes to keep the rugs from fading. How Claudette puts the family in efficient running order is a scream, but imagine her dismay when she discovers that her business-loving husband wants her as a secretary and not as a wife.

Melvyn Douglass, as the stuffy Boss who becomes human just in time to keep his wife, is perfect. Michael Bartlett, as the millionaire playboy, is all you can want, and when he sings, boy, he sings. Don't miss his special rendition of "The Old Gray Mare," with Claudette helping out with a slightly bucolic mezzo soprano. What fun. And what fun for you when you see it.

LITTLE BIG SHOT

Rating: 61°—MEET SYBIL JASON, FOLKS—*Warners*

HERE'S that child wonder you've heard all the talk about, little Sybil Jason, late of South Africa, but now of Hollywood, and I'm pleased to tell you that little Sybil lives up to all her advance publicity. She is a sincere little actress, has perfectly charming manners, and is a marvelous mimic—she does Mae West in the picture, and it's better than any impersonation you've seen yet.

The story is none too faintly reminiscent of "Little Miss Marker" and requires Sybil to endure many harrowing experiences and do a lot of crying, but she makes the grade in spite of the plot.

Edward Everett Horton and Robert Armstrong play two racketeers who fall heir to a child and consequently become completely regenerated, but not until they've fought it out with as tough a bunch of baddies as ever snarled into a mike. Jack La Rue, Arthur Vinton and J. Carroll Naish are the gangsters. Glenda Farrell plays a hat check girl and is grand as usual, but as usual has little or nothing to do. (Now that I've got Patsy Kelly looked after I must start my bigger-roles-for-Glenda-Farrell campaign. Just a crusader at heart.)

Just in case you haven't been reading your fan magazines lately, naughty you, Sybil is the little girl who at six can sing, dance, play the piano, do impersonations, and read a menu in perfect French. When Marion Davies heard about this she said, "Good heavens, why at six I could barely say Mama."

THE CRUSADES

Rating: 80°—A DE MILLE EPIC WITH ALL THE TRIMMINGS—*Paramount*

THE most gorgeous De Mille spectacle ever filmed! Thousands of King Richard's crusaders marching forth to rid the Holy Land of the Saracen infidels, feasting at Marseilles, the battle of Acre with hundreds of blazing bodies, the death shrieks of men and horses, the clank of arms and the clash of swords, a veritable riot of slaughter, followed by the release of the Christians and their triumphant entry into Jerusalem singing psalms, all go to make an impressive and thrilling picture that you cannot afford to miss.

With "Cleopatra" now just a memory, De Mille has set upon the most interesting chapter of Medieval history—the crusades. The story is neatly balanced between romance and war with Henry Wilcoxon (the late Anthony) playing Richard the Lion Hearted, King of England, who embarks on a crusade to the Holy Land simply to avoid marrying Alice of France, played by Katherine De Mille (C. B.'s adopted daughter). At Marseilles he promises to marry Princess Berengaria, the daughter of the King of Navarre, in exchange for food for his armies and fodder for his horses.

Loretta Young is perfectly beautiful as the little princess who is forced to marry her husband's sword at her wedding ceremony (an old English custom) because King Richard is too bored to come. But when he sees her later he falls romantically in love and forces her to go to the Holy Land with him. Before the walls of Acre the Kings of the World ready their men for battle with the Asiatic Saladin, and there on the screen you see the most colossal battle that has ever been filmed. No one but De Mille could direct a scene like that.

Ian Keith as Saladin gets first prize for the acting honors. Others in the long cast are C. Henry Gordon, Joseph Schildkraut, Alan Hale and George Barbier.

"I'D SOONER DIE THAN GO TO ANOTHER PARTY"

Pimples were
"ruining her life"



1 "I had counted so much on my first high school 'prom'! Then my face broke out again. I could have died. My whole evening was a flop. I came home and cried myself to sleep.



2 "Those pimples stayed. Even grew worse. Then, I heard about Fleischmann's Yeast. I began to eat it. Imagine my joy when my pimples began to disappear!



3 "Now my skin is clear and smooth as a baby's. I'm being rushed by all the boys. Mother says I don't get any time to sleep!"

Don't let adolescent pimples spoil YOUR fun——

DON'T let a pimply skin spoil your good times—make you feel unpopular and ashamed. Even bad cases of pimples *can* be corrected.

Pimples come at adolescence because the important glands developing at this time cause disturbances throughout the body. Many irritating substances get into the blood stream. They irritate the skin, especially wherever there are many oil glands—on the face, on the chest and across the shoulders.

Fleischmann's Yeast *clears the skin irritants out of the blood.* With the cause removed, the pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear.

Many cases of pimples clear up within a week or two. Bad cases sometimes take a month or more. Start *now* to eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast as long as you have any tendency to pimples, for it is only by keeping your blood clear of skin irritants that you can keep pimples away.



—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood

TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS

[Continued from page 19]

several weeks every year. I love it. Can I have a pup tent and fish?" It took a double martini before Paramount recovered from the shock.

AND speaking of Maggie I had the good fortune of sitting next to her ex-husband, Henry Fonda, at a luncheon the other day, and I want to go on record as saying that Maggie certainly was crazy to give him up. I suppose you've seen him in the new Gaynor picture "The Farmer Takes a Wife" by now, and will join me in my ecstasies. He's sort of on the Charlie Farrell type, but even taller, and much more good-looking. He's a quiet sort of a guy, too, with not a single conceit in sight. Henry adores games and peculiar eating places (joints if you like). He showed me the bottle and match game and we played it all through luncheon, with Henry getting so excited that he practically forgot all about "Way Down East."

EVERYBODY'S getting name-conscious and if you haven't got your cognomen embroidered or etched on you some place, well, mercy, you simply don't belong. For some time now the girls have been wearing their names, embroidered in their own handwriting, on their pajamas and handkerchiefs, but the height of something or other was reached the other day when Joan Crawford appeared at the studio in sandals on which her shoemaker had perforated "Joan" on the toes! So of course it started a fad. Hurry, Toots, and get perforated.

AND, by the way, you legion upon legions of Joan Crawford fans—your favorite Glamour Girl has returned to natural fingernails, for which heaven be praised. "They are more natural and more comfortable," Joan said when asked about them, "And when all is said and done I feel that nothing is more attractive than a soft, buffed finish." You're right, Joanie, absolutely right.

MORE of this name-consciousness! It's in the air, and there seems to be nothing we can do about it. All of Bill Powell's friends, and he certainly has them, are bringing him elegant mugs and glasses these days for his new bar—with their names painted on them. So if you ever get invited to Bill's new playroom you can drink out of a Jean Harlow mug, or, would you prefer a Carole Lombard tumbler?

ONE person who doesn't fall for this name racket is Claudette Colbert. Claudette doesn't like to see her name anywhere except on a theatre marquee. She developed a name complex at a very early age. I believe she was seven, and with finger nail scissors she scratched out her name on her mother's beautiful sewing table. We won't go into what Mrs. Colbert did to her little daughter, but it was topped off with a lecture on "Fools' names like fools' faces always seen in public places." It made a lasting impression.

ONE of the most exciting tennis matches I ever watched was the one between Carole Lombard and Bing Crosby, with Carole finally the winner. There's no doubt but what Carole is the Helen Wills of the picture colony.

FRED ASTAIRE is really writing that book on dancing and don't let anybody tell you it's a fake. Ever since "Top Hat"



Acme

His honors are heavy, but Fred Allen is going to make a picture to please his radio audience.

went into the can Freddy has been hiding away at a country house on Long Island, and writing away night and day on his book. Fred is eager to describe in terms that normal feet can follow the intricacies of his nimble dancing. And that's a job in itself. By the way, Fred will become an uncle soon. His sister, the equally famous Adele Astaire, now Lady Cavendish, is about to present his lordship with an heir.

ON Ginger Rogers' birthday Lew Ayres presented her with a diamond bar-pin with a sapphire as big as THAT. It's a beauty.

IT'S going to be an Aztec winter I'm afraid. Adrian, Metro's couturier, took his vacation in Mexico this summer, and that means Mexican motifs for the Metro belles this winter. Can't you just see Garbo playing "Camille" (her next I hear) in a hat that's a cross between a tamale and an enchalade!

DEAR me, these grown-ups who go in for children's diseases. There ought to be a law. Arline Judge has been quarantined with scarlet fever for the last few weeks and reports from the sick room have it that Arline is glad to get a rest but hates scarlet fever. Via the telephone Arline told us that it was most annoying because her pet gag is no longer any good. Whenever she is at home Arline answers the phone and always says, "Miss Judge is not in" to both friend and foe—but particularly to friends because it makes them so mad. Miss Judge is now definitely in—by request of the Board of Health.

WHAT becomes of first wives? I've often wondered. Well, it seems that the first Mrs. Clark Gable, known as Josephine Dillon Gable, has gone to New York to coach

Julie Haydon and Lydi Roberti for their new plays, which open on Broadway this fall. When the great playwright, Philip Barry, saw Julie Haydon in "The Scoundrel" he said, "Get her." So Julie will have her big chance on Broadway any minute now. The little Roberti of course has been a New York favorite for several years. She is what is known as a "show-stopper."

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN is one of the first to adopt the new artificial flower leis with matching slipper-clips for evening wear. The opening night of Eddie Duchin's orchestra at the Grove, which was a social event that brought out the cinema stars dressed to their eyebrows, Maureen wore a girlishly formal organdy with a lei of white daisies with yellow centers, and with smaller flowers clipped like buckles to her white pumps.

HERE'S the inside story on Rochelle Hudson: (We snatched it from Helen Gwynne's famous column). When that young missy returned from her trip to New York her boss, Winnie Sheehan, had her up on the carpet because of cracks she had made to the press while East. Seems Rochelle didn't like a lot of things about her home town, which is also Will Rogers' home town, and small communities in general and all she needed was for someone to ask her and she talked. Well, Sheehan, the big boss, finally got through bawling her out and Miss Hudson got ready to leave. As she was on her way out, she started whistling violently (probably just to show that she wasn't afraid of the big bad wolf). Sheehan looked up and said: "Have you any other musical accomplishments besides whistling?" "Yes, I have," said Rochelle, quite unexpectedly, and very determinedly. With that she marched herself over to the piano and started to play and sing.

The result was that Sheehan was so overcome he had her sing a song in "Curley Top" which was a great hit, and now it is very likely that Rochelle will be cast in several musicals. The moral is: Every bawling out has a silver lining.

NO matter what the occasion, a star sapphire is an appropriate gift in Hollywood, and currently the most popular one. Carole Lombard started the fad. She wears a star sapphire given her by William Powell, and you can get a good look at it because she is going to wear it in her new picture, "Hands Across the Table," which is the saga of a manicurist.

YOUNG ladies the world over have attempted to analyze that combination of charm and beauty possessed by Mary Brian, which has made her a center of attraction for the most eligible young men of the film colony. Mary's secret is this: she really isn't the same Mary at all. Dick Powell, Jack Oakie, Buddy Rogers, Joe Morrison and all the rest of the young leading men who cavort around with Mary will tell you with a trace of bewilderment that they never see the same Mary twice. Mary possesses the very happy faculty of being able to change her personality and appearance with only the least bit of effort. A new headdress, a new dress, a new mood all work a change in her mobile features, which is even more amazing to those who know her well than to others.



Nancy Carroll

**plays safe
with her
handbags**

This charming actress carries only handbags featuring the security of the automatic-locking

Talon slide fastener
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ONE thing the clever actresses of Hollywood won't tolerate is the haphazardly fastened handbag. They want security—as well as smart style—at all times. That's why they insist upon handbags featuring the Talon automatic-locking slide fastener.

They've found that this flexible, easy-working fastener gives them

absolute protection against accidental opening—that it means extra convenience—extra trimness.

And you'll find that TALON on a handbag always means superior quality and smart design—because only the finest manufacturers make their handbags with Talon fasteners. And all the leading stores sell them—in your own favorite styles.



Here's your protection—the automatic-locking feature! Tug at the sides of your bag, drop it, turn it over—the fastener can't come open, even a little, unless you pull it.

"Alice Adams" [Continued from page 52]

joying it. Why, it's the first time we've— we've entertained in I don't know how long! I guess it's almost since we had that little party when you were eighteen. What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing. I don't know."

On the day Arthur Russell was to dine at the home of Alice Adams he had lunch at Mildred Palmer's, and his world was entirely upset for him as he heard this conversation.

Mr. Palmer, mildly amused by what he was telling his wife, had just spoken the words, "this Virgil Adams." What he had said was, "this Virgil Adams—that's the man's name. Queer case."

* * * * *

"It appears when this man—this Adams— was a young clerk, the old gentleman trusted him with one of his business secrets, a glue process that Mr. Lamb had spent some money to get hold of. The old chap thought this Adams was going to have quite a future with the Lamb concern, and of course never dreamed he was dishonest. Alfred says this Adams hasn't been of any real use for years, and they should have let him go as dead wood, but the old gentleman wouldn't hear of it, and insisted on his being kept on the pay-roll; so they just decided to look on it as a sort of pension. Well, one morning last March the man had an attack of some sort down there, and Mr. Lamb got his own car out and went home with him, himself, and worried about him and went to see him no end, all the time he was ill."

"He would," Mrs. Palmer said, approvingly. "He's a kind-hearted creature, that old man."

Her husband laughed. "Alfred says he thinks his kind-heartedness is about cured! It seems that as soon as the man got well again he deliberately walked off with the old gentleman's glue secret. Just calmly stole it! Alfred says he believes that if he had a stroke in the office now, himself, his father wouldn't lift a finger to help him!"

Mrs. Palmer repeated the name to herself thoughtfully. "'Adams'—'Virgil Adams.' You said his name was Virgil Adams?"

"Yes."

She looked at her daughter. "Why, you know who that is, Mildred," she said, casually. "It's that Alice Adams's father, isn't it? Wasn't his name Virgil Adams?"

"I think it is," Mildred said.

Mrs. Palmer turned toward her husband. "You've seen this Alice Adams here. Mr. Lamb's pet swindler must be her father."

Mr. Palmer passed a smooth hand over his neat gray hair, which was not disturbed by this effort to stimulate recollection. "Oh, yes," he said. "Of course—certainly. Quite a good-looking girl—one of Mildred's friends. How queer!"

Mildred looked up, as if in a little alarm, but did not speak. Her mother set matters straight. "Fathers are amusing," she said smilingly to Russell, who was looking at her, though how fixedly she did not notice; for she turned from him at once to enlighten her husband. "Every girl who meets Mildred, and tries to push the acquaintance by coming here until the poor child has to hide, isn't a friend of hers, my dear!"

Mildred's eyes were downcast again, and a faint colour rose in her cheeks. "Oh, I shouldn't put it quite that way about Alice Adams," she said, in a low voice. "I saw something of her for a time. She's not unattractive—in a way."

Mrs. Palmer settled the whole case of Alice carelessly. "A pushing sort of girl," she said. "A very pushing little person."

"I—" Mildred began; and, after hesi-

tating, concluded, "I rather dropped her."

Arthur Russell was stunned.

There was a part of him that wanted to protest and deny, but he had not heat enough, in the chill that had come upon him. Here was the first "mention" of Alice, and with it the reason why it was the first: Mr. Palmer had difficulty in recalling her, and she happened to be spoken of, only because her father's betrayal of a benefactor's trust had been so peculiarly atrocious that, in the view of the benefactor's family, it contained enough of the element of humour to warrant a mild laugh at a club. There was the deadliness of the story: its lack of malice, even of resentment. Deadlier still were Mrs. Palmer's phrases: "a pushing sort of girl," "A very pushing little person."

At the Adams' house great preparations were being made for the dinner. A maid was engaged and finally before everything was ready—

"Do come right in, Mr. Russell," said Mrs. Adams, loudly lifting her voice for additional warning to those above. "I'm so glad to receive you informally, this way, in our little home. There's a hat-rack here under the stairway," she continued, as Russell, murmuring some response, came into the hall. "I'm afraid you'll think it's almost *too* informal, my coming to the door, but unfortunately our housemaid's just had a little accident—oh, nothing to mention! I just thought we better not keep you waiting any longer. Will you step into our living-room, please?"

She led the way between the two small columns, and seated herself in one of the plush rocking-chairs, selecting it because Alice had once pointed out that the chairs, themselves, were less noticeable when they had people sitting in them. "Do sit down, Mr. Russell; it's so very warm it's really quite a trial just to stand up!"

"Thank you," he said, as he took a seat. "Yes. It is quite warm." And this seemed to be the extent of his responsiveness for the moment. He was grave, rather pale; and Mrs. Adams's impression of him, as she formed it then, was of "a distinguished-looking young man, really elegant in the best sense of the word, but timid and formal when he first meets you." She beamed upon him, and used with every-

thing she said a continuous accompaniment of laughter, meaningless except that it was meant to convey cordiality. "Of course we *do* have a great deal of warm weather," she informed him. "I'm glad it's so much cooler in the house than it is outdoors."

"Yes," he said. "It is pleasanter indoors." And, stopping with this single untruth, he permitted himself the briefest glance about the room; then his eyes returned to his smiling hostess.

The dinner was tragic. At last Alice led him to the porch.

"Do you know?" she said, suddenly, in a clear, loud voice. "I have the strangest feeling. I feel as if I were going to be with you only about five minutes more in all the rest of my life!"

"Why, no," he said. "Of course I'm coming to see you—often. I—"

"No," she interrupted. "I've never had a feeling like this before. It's—it's just so; that's all! You're *going*—why, you're never coming here again!" She stood up, abruptly, beginning to tremble all over. "Why, it's *finished*, isn't it?" she said, and her trembling was manifest now in her voice. "Why, it's all *over*, isn't it? Why, yes!"

He had risen as she did. "I'm afraid you're awfully tired and nervous," he said. "I really ought to be going."

"Yes, of *course* you ought," she cried, despairingly. "There's nothing else for you to do. When anything's spoiled, people can't do anything but run away from it. So good-bye!"

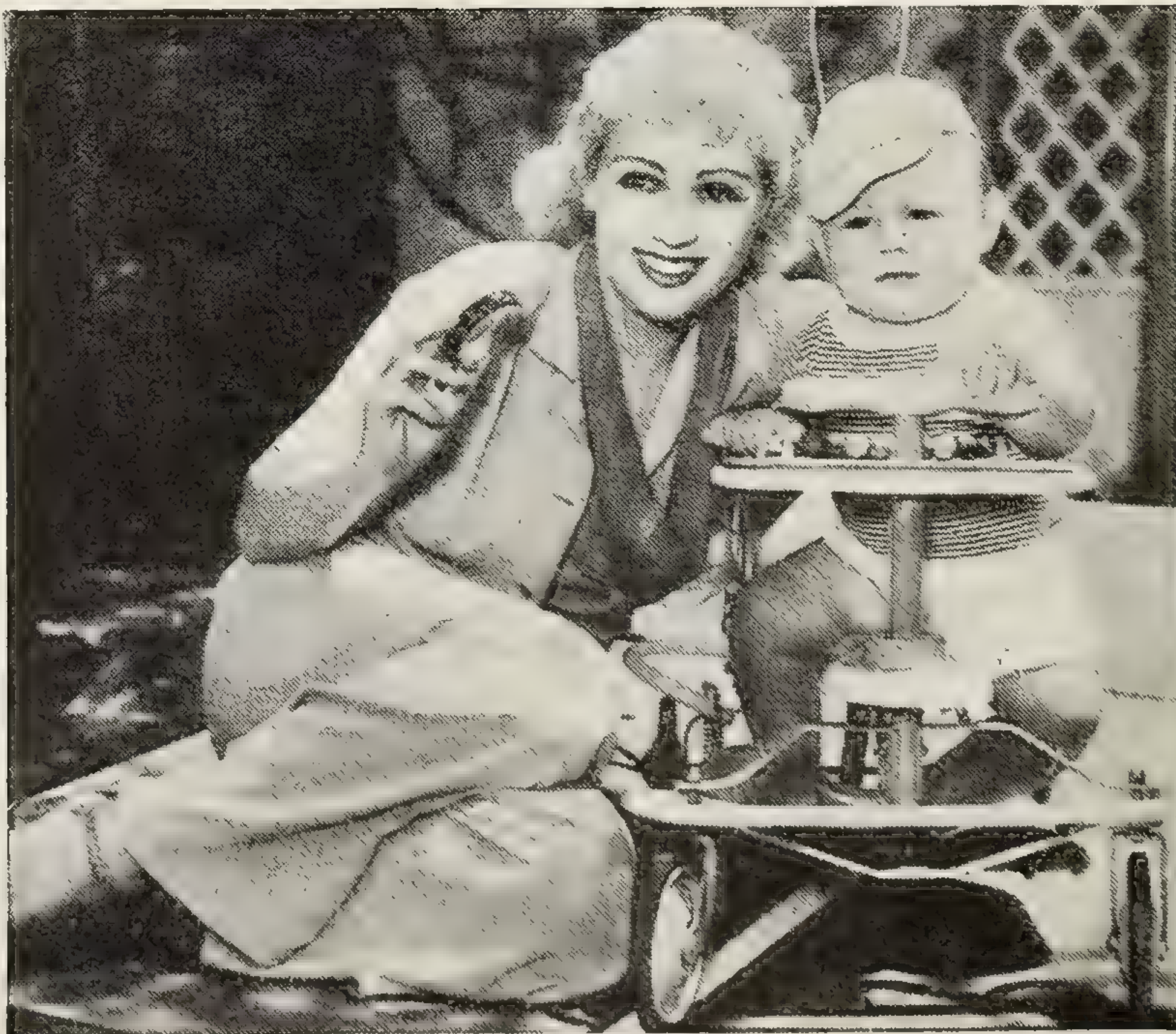
"At least," he returned, huskily, "we'll only—only say good-night."

Then, as moving to go, he stumbled upon the veranda steps, "Your *hat*!" she cried. "I'd like to keep it for a souvenir, but I'm afraid you need it!"

She ran into the hall and brought his straw hat from the chair where he had left it. "You poor thing!" she said, with quavering laughter. "Don't you know you can't go without your hat?"

Then, as they faced each other for the short moment which both of them knew would be the last of all their veranda moments, Alice's broken laughter grew louder. "What a thing to say!" she cried.

[Continued on page 62]



International

Mamma Barnes (Joan Blondell's proudest title) and Norman Scott Barnes.

NUMBER TWENTY IN A SERIES OF FRANK TALKS BY EMINENT WOMEN PHYSICIANS

The Woman who "thinks she knows" so often is Headed for Tragedy



"We consider ourselves modern, yet most women today still have a natural reluctance to talk frankly about such a delicate subject as marriage hygiene. And hidden in the shadows of this secrecy, the doctor finds a shocking amount of misinformation, quackery, and—too often—stark tragedy.

"My heart aches for the victims of half-truths, especially when there is a proper method of marriage hygiene.

"Millions of women have found that 'Lysol' deserves their confidence. It is so reliable that hundreds of modern clinics use it in that most delicate of all operations... child-birth. And if every young married woman knew 'Lysol's' effectiveness in personal hygiene—fewer marriages would come to tragic ends.

"It is a privilege for a doctor to recommend 'Lysol' for feminine hygiene. For, in the cases of countless women, I have seen that method turn worry into serenity, change despondency into happiness."

(Signed) DR. STEINBERGER SAROLTA

"When it comes to marriage hygiene, a little knowledge is truly a dangerous thing"

...writes Dr. Steinberger Sarolta of Budapest



If you are to make a real success of your marriage, make gentle, reliable "Lysol" a part of your personal hygiene. Its regular use is such an assurance of immaculate feminine daintiness... to say nothing of the peace of mind it brings.

Throughout your home, fight germs with "Lysol"

You can't see the millions of germs that threaten your family, but you must fight those invisible foes through disinfection. Use "Lysol" in washing handkerchiefs, bed linen, towels, and to clean telephone mouthpiece, door knobs, laundry, kitchen and bath room.

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Mail coupon for a copy of our interesting brochure—"LYSOL vs GERMS," containing facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol."

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Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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"...too many women are reluctant to talk frankly about such a delicate subject."

body (in the presence of organic matter) and not just in test tubes.

3. PENETRATION... "Lysol" solutions, because of their low surface tension, spread into hidden folds of the skin, and thus actually *search out germs*.

4. ECONOMY... "Lysol", because it is a concentrated germicide, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.

5. ODOR... The odor of "Lysol" disappears immediately after use, leaving one both fresh and refreshed.

6. STABILITY... "Lysol" keeps its full strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how much it is exposed.

6 "Lysol" Features Important to You

1. SAFETY... "Lysol" is gentle and reliable. Contains no free alkali; cannot harm delicate feminine tissues.
2. EFFECTIVENESS... "Lysol" is a true germicide, which means that it is effective under practical conditions... in the



Lysol
Disinfectant

NEW! Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

"Alice Adams" [Continued from page 60]

"What a romantic parting—talking about hats!"

Her laughter continued as he turned away, but other sounds came from within the house, clearly audible with the opening of a door upstairs—a long and wailing cry of lamentation in the voice of Mrs. Adams. Russell paused at the steps, uncertain, but Alice waved to him to go on.

"Oh, don't bother," she said. "We have lots of that in this funny little old house! Good-bye!"

And as he went down the steps, she ran back into the house and closed the door heavily behind her.

Alice found her family in a wild state. Walter had confessed that he was short in his accounts and his father realized that he had no money with which to help him. A knock came at the door and Mr. Lamb was announced. Walter was in a panic, but Alice kept him from actually dashing out of the house.

In the living room the two old men faced one another—

Mr. Lamb, righteously angry, faced Adams and gesturing with his cane yelled:

"First *you* run off with my glue formula, and then your son absconds with *my* money! A fine family you turned out to be, after all these years . . . and it's only because of that I came here at all. Otherwise I wouldn't have set a foot in your house."

"I'll pay you back every cent Walter took, Mr. Lamb—every cent with interest—just as soon as I can get the money."

"And where'll you get it? Out of that glue factory of yours? Well, you won't—I've spiked that! I'm starting a glue fac-

tory, too—across the street from yours!"

"You—you mean that—that big, enormous old butterine fact'ry—right across the street—?"

"Yes, that's mine. I'm putting up the sign tomorrow."

Adams roused himself and filled with wrath he became vehement:—

"You worked till you got me where you want me. You've spiked my business all right. Now I can't even raise the money to keep my boy out of the penitentiary. That's where you worked till you got *me*! I worked all my life for you, and what I did when I quit never harmed you—it didn't make two cents worth o' difference in your life—and it looked like it'd mean all the difference in the world to my family . . . and look what you've done to me for it! You think I did you a bad turn, and now you got me ruined for it . . . and you've got my works ruined, and my family ruined—and if anybody'd 'a'told me last year I'd say such a thing, I'd called him a dang liar . . . but I *do* say it, Mr. Lamb—you're a— a — doggone — mean — man . . ."

The last few words were forced out—his voice broke. Adams suddenly clutched at his heart, tottered and collapsed on the floor.

The old man gazed in terror at the fallen figure of Adams, turned toward the hall and called for help.

There was wild excitement as Alice and her mother rushed to help Mr. Adams. Alice took command, ordered her mother to telephone to the doctor and the stunned figure of Mr. Lamb was quite forgotten.

When Alice came down the stairs with

the doctor, Mr. Lamb, who had been seated nervously on the edge of a chair asked:

"How is he?"

"The doctor says he just needs rest and quiet," replied Alice. "Poor father—he won't have much chance to get either, I'm afraid."

The old man turning away paced the floor angrily. "He's an old fool," he said. "A danged old fool!"

"No, Mr. Lamb," said Alice. "I'm the fool. It's all my fault. Father never wanted to do it really, but when he saw how unhappy I was he took the glue formula. He wanted to go back to work for you, Mr. Lamb. I guess he almost worshipped you."

The old man stopped, a bit flustered, and finally gave in and proposed that he would go in partnership with her father and that he would give Walter another chance.

Alice showed the old man out after thanking him and as she stood there in the moonlight she heard a noise behind her and, startled, turned quickly. It was Arthur Russell. He had heard everything, after he came back, and his answer to her question was to open his arms—

"I think you're the most wonderful, adorable little idiot I've ever known," he said. "Dearest, will you marry me?"

Alice's head lifted and now she was smiling through her tears.

"Please don't cry."

"Let me. It's a relief. I'm so tired of pretending."

And the moon flooded them with its radiance as if a special benediction lay upon them.

END.

Stepping Out With Loretta

[Continued from page 21]

anybody, let alone a Hollywood celeb, to be prowling about fish tanks.

"I know just how those fishes feel, don't you Tom?," said Miss Young, as we halted at an illuminated tank. "Everybody staring at them, no privacy." The striped bass which evoked this bit of philosophy looked dully at Loretta as she expressed it, opened his mouth convulsively and a thin stream of blubbles emerged: "In case you don't know," said Dorothy di Frasso, "that is the trout equivalent of a 'raspberry'." We moved on, from tank to tank, with Loretta and The Frasso reading resemblances into each homely fish. The catfish reminded them both of a female pest on the Coast, the bullheads recalled an officious supervisor to Loretta's memory and there was a fish s'help me that looked a great deal like Guy Kibbee, and another one who resembled Joe E. Brown.

Every now and then, a group standing next to us would start in excitement and there would be a great confusion of finger-pointing at Miss Young: "It is" would be followed by an incredulous: "It ain't." Not one of the twenty or thirty people who actually recognized her could believe their eyes, or reconcile this unusual locale with the presence of a film star. The next day, in my newspaper column, I wrote about the trip to the Aquarium. In response came thirty letters from the thirty people who had seen her there but who couldn't believe it. Each one of them mourned the incredulity which cost them an autograph: "I was dumber than those

fish I was looking at," was the aggrieved confession in one letter.

At the New York Stock Exchange, in the financial heart of New York, a page boy was first to recognize her as we waited at the entrance for Bert Taylor, one of the governors of the Exchange, who is Dorothy di Frasso's brother. The page boy took one startled look at the beautiful Miss Young, and then faded left to an exit. In a minute, a whole group of his colleagues were gaping. He must have been a veritable Paul Revere, the page who first recognized her. In five minutes, the traders were streaming out. Each one of these financial giants, as if ashamed to confess his curiosity, came out with an elaborate show of nonchalance. Each one invented an excuse of some sort but they gaped at Loretta just as eagerly as the page boys.

By the time Bert had taken us to the Visitor's Gallery, the word had swept all around the floor of the stock market. Groups of traders turned their eyes up. Arms gestured. At the tiny booths on the floor, clerks and members alike forgot all other business for a view of her, and as we looked down, we saw a white parade of the huge, round name-buttons which adorn the lapel of each member. She really had a swell time at the Stock Exchange, Governor Taylor pointing out the significance of the huge boards affixed to the walls, blackboards of extraordinary activity. Lights came alive on them and showed up with magical swiftness, as if

conjured out of a hat. For the moment, with the giants of Wall Street staring up at her, Loretta Young seemed to be the High Priestess of Finance, a goddess of fractional gains and losses. Hard-headed Wall Street was just as naive as any moving picture fan.

At the Baer-Braddock fight, we sat at the ringside in the Working Press section. Telegraphers who had covered the most important events of the country, and had been bored by 'em, came to life when they



Ginger Rogers has reached the top and she will be starred in her next film.

saw her.

She got her greatest pictorial thrill, I think, from the fight between Joe Louis, the Detroiter, and huge Carnera. Not only was the fight more spectacular and dramatic, but the setting was in the Yankee Stadium instead of the Madison Square Garden Bowl on Long Island. The lofty tiers of the Yankee Stadium, bulging with humanity and identified in the night by the red flares of cigarette tips and the scarlet exit-signs, is a sight to thrill even a native New Yorker. To Loretta and her mother, who had never seen it before, it was breath-taking. The ring, a patch of white light in the center of the diamond; the sweaty gladiators pounding at each other's bodies, the blimp circling above the stadium, with electric lights spelling out an advertisement on its belly, and the tension which is generated in a crowd of 60,000 excited persons—all of these things form a sprawling canvas of light and movement which no artist has ever been able to completely catch. Loretta Young and her mother, Mrs. Belser, were more intrigued by the panorama of the stadium, I believe, than by the fight itself.

Only one faint note of disappointment marred the entire evening. Calling for her at the Hotel Pierre, where I was to pick up her and her mother, I found the young lady unhappy. At first, I suspected that my personality had finally beaten her down to a point of exhaustion, but such was not the case. It seemed that she had ordered a particularly fetching hat that very afternoon. The modiste, tongue in cheek, glibly had promised immediate delivery. At 6 p.m., it hadn't arrived, at 7 it hadn't arrived. By this time, the distraught Miss Young was giving her impressions of a victim of a bank swindle. But nothing availed. The hat she wore was very chic, but to her it was only a mourning band for the creation that had failed to arrive.

Her mother, incidentally, is the only one who doesn't address her as Loretta. To her she is "Gretchen," which was her baptismal name. They are more like sisters than mother and daughter. "How did you get so lovely?" I asked Loretta while we were riding to the Stadium in Janet Ryan's car: "There's the answer," Loretta said, and pointed to her mother. "None of her daughters are as nice."

Although the family comes from Salt Lake City, Utah, and bears the name of the famous Brigham Young, there is no family connection. Loretta is one of three daughters, Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young. It was Sally who first clicked in the flickers and through her, Loretta got her opportunity.

The only thing about the publicity she has received which distresses her is the impression which has been given that she has a new boy-friend for every change of costume. "Some day, the right fellow will come along," she explains, "and then suppose he believed all that you columnists have said about me. If he went through the papers and read that on July 1, I was On the Upbeat with so-and-so; on July 8th, I was carrying the torch for a second; on July 15th, I was at the Trocadero with a third—why, I wouldn't blame him for thinking I was fickle. And that would be terrible, Edwin."

"Gretchen," I said gravely, "the name is Ed-WARD, not Edwin. And furthermore I would have little sympathy with a guy who would be so captious. If he wouldn't take you as you are, then there is something radically wrong with his eyesight."

Miss Young turned that devastating smile upon me: "I'll bet you tell that to all the girls, don't you Edwin?"

What are you going to do with a girl like that?



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CORK-TIPPED

EVERY SMOKE A HIT!

A touch of mild menthol to cool and refresh. The choicest of choice tobaccos for the fine tobacco lover. Cork tips to save lips. And a valuable B & W coupon in each pack. Save 'em for a choice of beautiful, useful premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only; write for FREE illustrated premium booklet.) More for your money every way in KOOLS—that's why sales soar. Try a pack and see.

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RALEIGH CIGARETTES... NOW AT POPULAR PRICES... ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

*"Where
have you been
all my life?"*



*{Intimate conversation of a lady
with herself}*

"I'VE been doing nasty things to my palate with bitter concoctions. I've been abusing my poor, patient system with harsh, violent purges. The whole idea of taking a laxative became a nightmare. Why didn't I discover you before... friend Ex-Lax. You taste like my favorite chocolate candy. You're mild and you're gentle...you treat me right. Yet with all your mildness you're no shirker...you're as thorough as can be. The children won't take anything else...my husband has switched from his old brand of violence to you. You're a member of the family now..."

Multiply the lady's thoughts by millions...and you have an idea of public opinion on Ex-Lax. For more people use Ex-Lax than any other laxative. 46 million boxes were used last year in America alone. 10c and 25c boxes in any drug store. Be sure to get the genuine!

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Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
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736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

Fay Wraydiant

[Continued from page 32]

her again and again because she did her job earnestly and well. Never late on the set. Never any display of temperament, never any complaint about anything. But—never sensational!

That's all changed today. Again, no one knows why. That is, except Fay.

"There are those who say my recent months in Europe, where I made two pictures for Gaumont British, were responsible," she began. "Undoubtedly those months in a strange country, whose subject I really was, must have had a lot to do with it—but not all! There were other things—" She was so serious, and more radiant than I have ever seen her, as she told me:

"Before I left for England I had taken out citizenship papers. Not having taken my final oath of allegiance, however, I travelled on a British passport. I had lived in the United States since I was three years old—feeling a part of America, yet feeling an outsider, too.

"My first stirring of patriotic enthusiasm came to me following my return to New York, when I was asked to be guest of honor at the New York Military Academy. At sunset drill, I stood beside the Commandant as the American Flag was being lowered. Suddenly I felt a great thrill of appreciation within me. That was soon to be MY flag. At that very moment, I felt a sense of belonging. It was *that* I had always wanted, and needed.

"I took my final oath of allegiance on Flag Day! That was a thrill, and an experience which opened up a new vista of thinking for me. My citizenship was a turning point of my life. As though I had been born again with all the experience of years, backed now by a new confidence."

Is it any wonder that Fay Wray has changed outwardly in compliance with all the things that have stirred her inner being these many months? Is it any wonder Hollywood is excited about the results?

Here is its reaction upon Fay Wray herself, in her own words.

"I am more certain of my life, my career and myself than I have ever been before. It's a case of knowing, as against not knowing. Action as against waiting. The funniest thing of all is that when I used to be so uncertain of what to do and say next, I did little except regret. Now I'm studying. Singing, dancing, music, languages—both French and Spanish. It's only by learning that you can be SURE you are going ahead."

By the time you read this she will be in England, pursuing a two picture contract. After which she returns immediately to Hollywood. She had wanted with all her heart to make a picture before leaving. After reading and turning down over a dozen scripts, she accepted England's offer, at an enormous stipend. A year ago she would have been uncertain. Would she dare remain off the American screen for this added period? She would probably have remained in Hollywood to do one or more of those pictures. But today—she is sure. With a recklessness unbelievable to those who have known her, she is prepared to meet the results of her decisions. She knows what she wants. And in that want is the determination that she will never again be criticized by Hollywood for making too many pictures.

Nor will those same critics and their brother interviewers find a docile lamb at whom to point direct questioning, which a year ago would have been received with an embarrassing search for "the right thing to say." Hollywood will long remember



Acme

**Jimmie Cagney and his wife
on the bounding billow. No,
this is not Jimmie's yacht,
which you've read about.**

the amusing story of how she recently foiled a reporter upon her return from abroad.

After a lengthy interview during which the reporter was impressed and a little annoyed at the new assurance of this Fay Wray, he asked her an obviously direct and extraordinary question. "Miss Wray, what do you think of the quintuplets?"

Without the slightest hesitancy, she smiled graciously, and answered, "I think there are five of them, don't you?"

A confidence unhampered by heroisms or extremes, because she will never allow herself to be completely independent. "I'm so sure that living is made richer by our 'interdependence,'" she will say, "our own sense of values is born by comparing our convictions with those about us."

Her marriage to John Monk Saunders will always come first in her life. She seldom thinks of herself as Fay Wray. She THINKS of herself as Mrs. Saunders. Except when she is actually at the studio.

Adamant on this one subject always, however—that she would not talk about her marriage, the fact that she speaks of it today readily, is the fine and conclusive proof that belonging has made her unafraid for any part of the future.

"Living isn't fun, thank God! It's hope and defeat and suffering and disappointment as well as laughter and romance. And marriage is what makes living worthwhile. Its beauty is in the sharing of what life deals to you and to your man. And growing together gently with wisdom and understanding. You can't have either if you avoid the friction of life. Sharing the tears, the pain, the disappointments with the one person, that's what matters.

"Happy as I am with my career, and vitally important as it is to me, and necessary as I think it is for modern women to do something on their own and retain their individuality, if it ever came to a choice—marriage would win!"

She walks with firm steps on the tight rope of life, eager eyes forward, her young heart unafraid. She's a gay little modern, with ideals. A poised little traveler, at home in Hollywood, New York, London and Paris.

She's Fay Wray Saunders, American Citizen!

Adjectives Color Their Lives

[Continued from page 25]

song . . . every so often they are called upon to go into most animated dances . . . and they have to be such *slim* little numbers! One good beefsteak and a baked potato and their careers would be over. (Sometimes I think that a writing job is all right. You can just sit still and grow fat if you want to!)

"Intellectual?" Elissa Landi . . . Fay Wray . . . Jean Muir . . . Evelyn Venable. Oh, goodness! Elissa writes books and sells 'em, too. She also likes wieners and sauerkraut for dinner. Jean Muir is verra, verra "theater." The little Venable had all her early training in Walter Hampden's company in Shakespearian repertoire . . . had never played anything but Shakespeare until she came into pictures!

These girls scare me. And they are all so pretty! They know so much more than I do about what they are talking about . . . and they *do* talk about it. One keeps on thinking that their being just that pretty, combined with a certain native intelligence, would have allowed them to progress in pictures. But maybe they want something more. . . . Anyhow, it seems to me that the adjective, "intellectual," will not get them far. Still Fay Wray gets around.

I'll bet you are wondering where Jean Harlow comes into this story. Well, d'you know I didn't know where to put Jean, myself. She certainly is "sex-y ! ! ! !" But she doesn't belong among the languid ladies. She is "sophisticated" . . . but she doesn't suffer enough in lovely costumes. Maybe she is "glamorous."

Joan Crawford is "glamorous." So, despite her two youngsters, is Norma Shearer. I don't know why I should say, "*despite* her two youngsters" . . . except that it seems to me more difficult for a lady to be glamorous when she has several children to consider. "Glamorous" seems to me to mean gardenias and lots of young men crowding around in the most prominent night clubs. But maybe I don't understand!

Of course, when you get to comedians, you have to take up "poignant." I have always, in my benighted fashion, thought that Charles Chaplin was a much finer artist in the days before people discovered that he was "a poignant little man" than he was afterward. But, that just shows you what I am! He certainly made more money after it was discovered that he had an adjective!

Of course, there is ZaSu Pitts who is "plaintive" . . . and that paid pretty well, too. It's paid her so well that she has been able to reject starring contracts which would let her be plaintive on and on.

There was James Cagney, "the blonde-buster." He busted blondes with such success that he became the chief "tough guy" of pictures. But there was still Eddie Robinson. Well, Eddie was fairly tough, too. But Eddie has objected to being so tough of late . . . and it looks as if he might lose his most important adjective . . .

Ah! Happy indeed is the Hollywood actor with a dependable little adjective around the house, particularly if those little friendly words "in demand" keep the door bell ringing.

GARBO TANKS BOYER IS GOOT

THE success of Charles Boyer has not escaped the watchful eye of the beautiful Swede, and now Garbo has requested that he be secured to play opposite her in her new picture, at present unannounced.

Exciting Color . . . without fear of "lipstick-parching"



STEICHEN

IT'S LOVE'S BEST FRIEND . . . THIS WISE LITTLE LIPSTICK

Not all lipsticks are a friend to romance.

Some put on color, but may *dry* and parch that tender skin, the most sensitive skin of your face.

And men just don't like to kiss lips rough as crepe paper! Lips that invite romance must be soft and sweet and smooth.

Indelible—but no parching!

How to avoid Lipstick Parching? You can . . . with Coty's new Lipstick—the "Sub-Deb". A lipstick that gives your lips tempting, ardent color . . . but *without* any parch-

ing penalties. It is truly indelible . . . yet all through the sixteen hours of your lipstick day, it actually smooths and softens your lips. It contains a special softening ingredient, "Essence of Theobrom."

Make the "Over-night" experiment!

If you wish to prove to yourself that Coty smooths your lips to loveliness, make this experiment. Put on a tiny bit of lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning notice how soft your lips feel, how soft they look.

Choose Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick in any of its five indelible colors, 50¢. And there's Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, also 50¢.

A revelation! Coty "Air Spun" Face Powder . . . with a new tender texture.



"SUB-DEB" LIPSTICK 50¢



The first step in **ROMANCE**

*It's your EYES that invite men
—How to frame your EYES
with long, seductive lashes.*

HE'LL remember your eyes—did they charm or repel? There is no need to suffer from skimpy lashes—they can look long and alluring in 40 seconds by merely darkening them with either my Emollient Cake or Creamy Liquid Winx Mascara.

One application works wonders, I promise—a complete change, giving your face a mysterious charm. You'll be admired as "the girl with beautiful eyes."

*Give yourself
long, lovely lashes*

I present Winx Mascara in two convenient forms, Winx Emollient (cake) and Winx Creamy Liquid (bottle). You can apply Winx perfectly, instantly, easily with the dainty brush that comes with each package. Each form is the climax of years of pioneering in eye beautification—each is smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—each is scientifically approved.

Buy whichever form of Winx Mascara you prefer *today*. See how quickly Winx glorifies your lashes. Note its superiority. And think of it—long, lovely lashes are yours so inexpensively, so easily.

Louise Ross

WINX

Eye Beautifiers

Winx Cake Mascara—for years the most popular form of all. So easy to apply. Its soothing emollient oils keep lashes soft, silky.

AT
10¢
STORES

Winx Creamy Liquid Mascara. Absolutely waterproof. Ready to apply. No water needed. The largest selling liquid mascara.



Another Dickens' Classic Comes to the Screen

[Continued from page 29]

the name of justice! Here, next to the platform of the guillotine, stands the pedestal of the column of Louis XV. The column itself lies fallen on the cobblestones, where angry mobs months before overturned it in their wrath.

In front of the guillotine are rows of chairs, arranged like seats before a bandstand. It is here that the women of Paris watch the executions and count the heads that fall as they knit to the tune of the falling knife.

An aristocrat, pale, wan, comes to the steps of the death platform, ascends and stands ready, all the while the mob of thousands roar. There is the crash of the machine, and an old hag sitting in the row of chairs chants, "One."

Carton and the girl are helped down from their tumbril. They stand in a group bunched like calves at the foot of the guillotine. All round are exclamations, cries of fear. Behind them, some are half-fainting, while others remain wooden-faced. At intervals thunders the crash of the guillotine as it takes another victim.

"Keep your eyes on me," commands Carton of the small dressmaker. "Mind nothing else."

"Am I to kiss you now . . . is the moment come?" she asks.

Carton bends to kiss her lips, as she has requested earlier in the day. She holds onto his hand tightly. She looks up at him and her voice rises in her half-hysteria.

"You're not afraid? The others are pretending, but you really aren't afraid . . . it's almost as if you welcomed it."

"Perhaps I do. Perhaps in death I receive something I never had in life . . . I hold a sanctuary in the hearts of those I care for."

"Oh! Is that . . ."

"Believe me, it is a far, far better thing I do than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest I go to than I have ever known."

Once more, the grisly guillotine lets go its crashing blade of death, and Carton

goes up the steps. His face shows no fear, his eyes are shining. To him, this is not tragedy . . . BUT TRIUMPH!

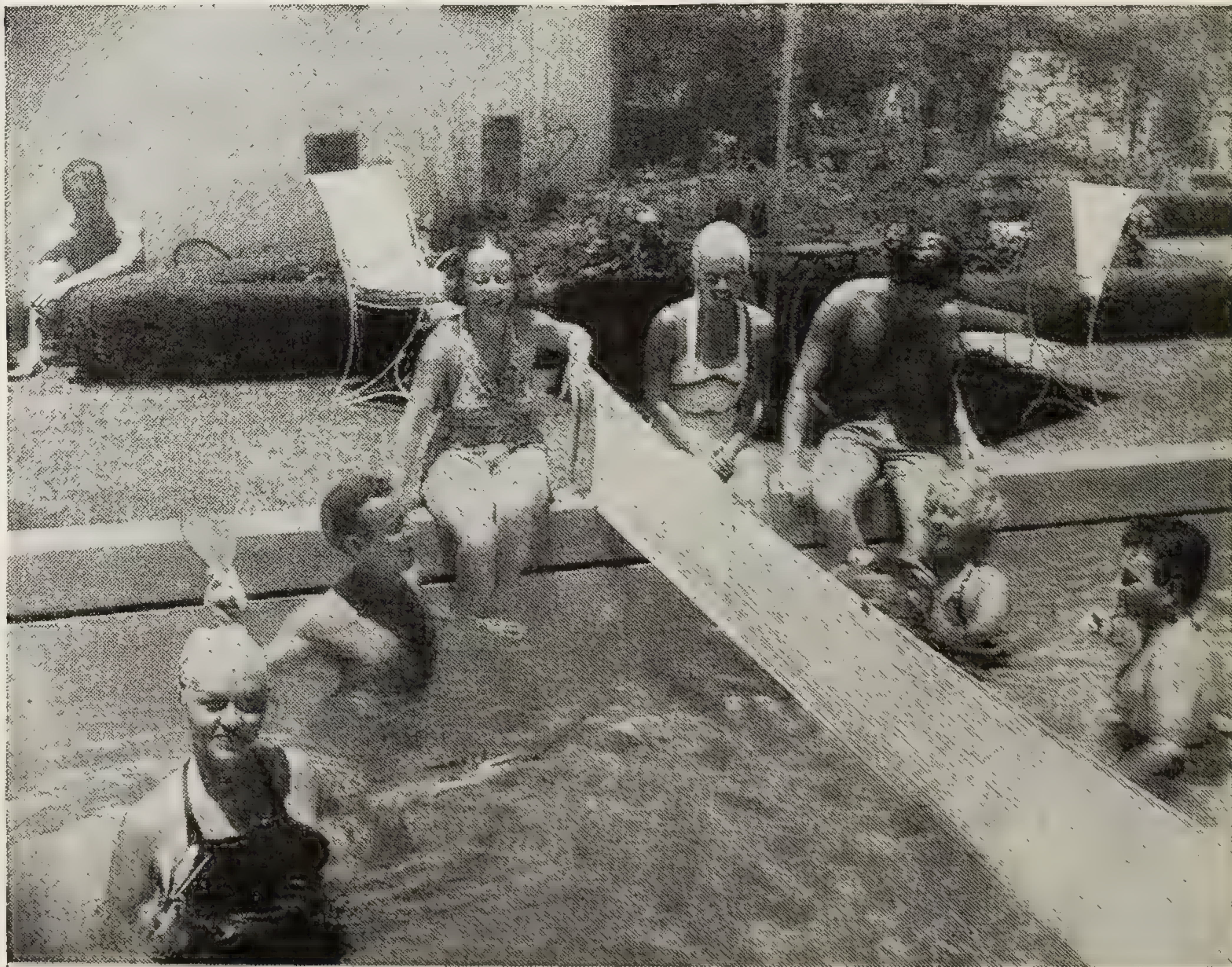
Seldom indeed have any scenes of equal dramatic depth and import been photographed in a motion picture. So stirring is this guillotine sequence that it stands alone in its play upon the emotions. And rising above even the action is the performance of Colman, who promises to be truly magnificent in his interpretation of the gallant Carton.

However, when the picture is released, you will observe that the studio did not limit itself to Colman in the matter of perfect casting. Not a part but is a living image of the character Dickens described.

Madame Defarge, one of the most menacing figures in literature and upon whom, next to Carton, interest will fall, is played by the Broadway stage star, Blanche Yurka. Mitchell Lewis takes the role of her husband, Defarge, and Basil Rathbone is glimpsed as the marquis. Fritz Leiber appears as Gaspard, who kills the marquis, and in the part of the seamstress, a role which has made many an actress, Isabel Jewell will long be remembered.

Great care has entered into the preparation of "A Tale of Two Cities." Research work has been conducted by a large corps of experts since February 1934, and it is estimated that before a single foot of film was shot 5000 people had collaborated in preparing for the day "shooting" would actually begin. Forty different departments, in the Hollywood, London and Paris organizations of Metro, cooperated.

"David Copperfield" electrified the cinema world, with its poignant and wholesome drama, but "A Tale of Two Cities" must surpass that mark. And it will, if for no other reason than that the plot of the former told of the wickedness of Uriah Heep and his eventual exposure, but in "The Tale of Two Cities" the theme is finer and more uplifting—the self-sacrifice of a lover.



Acme

Patricia Ellis, Earl Blackwell, Ruth Embry, Evalyn Knapp, Glen Boles, Grace Durkin and Milburn Stone playing water badminton. Try it in your bath tub.

What's the Biggest Thing in Pictures?

[Continued from page 27]

Today Mr. Von Sternberg and Paramount have parted company, but Paramount is clutching to Claudette for dear life—she can bring as many cars on their lot as she wants to, in fact if she should want a red carpet from the gate to her dressing room that would be all right too. Miss Colbert happened to have won an Academy Award, and appeared in the most successful picture of the year, "It Happened One Night."

And, because she made such a successful picture for Columbia last year, naturally her new picture for the same studio is looked for with great interest. "She Married Her Boss" has some knock-out comedy in it. You won't be disappointed. Of added interest is the fact that Michael Bartlett, who practically stole "Love Me Forever" right from under Grace Moore's high C plays the secondary love interest in it, and sings that charming and thrilling aria, "The Old Gray Mare." What "It Happened One Night" did to the "Man on the Flying Trapeze" I sort of imagine that "She Married Her Boss" will do for "The Old Gray Mare." Not a big picture in the sense of the spectacular and the swash-buckling, but good delightful comedy. I can't wait, can you?

That shy, awkward boy from Montana, who used to try to make a living drawing cartoons for the newspapers, will next appear as Peter Ibbetson in "Peter Ibbetson." Gary Cooper used to blush and stammer when Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks passed by, and then came "The Virginian" and other successes and today an invitation to Pickfair is nothing in Gary's life.

Besides Gary, and that's reason enough for me, this picture will be important because of Ann Harding. It is the first picture Ann has made for Paramount, it is the first time she and Gary have co-starred, and it is the first time since her divorce from Harry Bannister that Ann has permitted herself to be human. She has suffered so much over the very thought of losing her little girl that it has softened her, and any writer today can interview Ann, and any fan can have his autograph book signed by her. There was a time when Ann Harding didn't bother. That time is over—and me-thinks the new Ann Harding (oh, we might just as well be trite, everybody else is) will sort of glow as the Duchess of Towers in "Peter Ibbetson."

And there are still two other reasons why this picture will be important. When Henry Hathaway made a success of "The Lives of the Bengal Lancers," despite the fact that the odds were against it and the script had been turned down by practically every director on the lot, all the old meanies in Hollywood, the jealous buzzards, said, "It's a fluke. Henry can't do it again. He's only a pipsqueak of a Western director." So Henry Hathaway is terribly eager to show these Doubting Thomases that he can take the most fragile, the most delicate love story of the last half century and make a successful picture of it. Then, too, Paramount is wondering whether you and I will take to this lovely bit of whimsy about a love that lasted through dreams. I, personally, shall wallow in it.

Also up Paramount's sleeve for the Fall is the screen version of Stark Young's best seller, "So Red the Rose." Here you have the stirring scenes of the Civil War, the revolt of eight hundred slaves on the Bedford estate, the battle of Shiloh, and the burning of Porto Bello—all leading to the re-birth of the South. Margaret Sullavan, who became the sensation of Hollywood

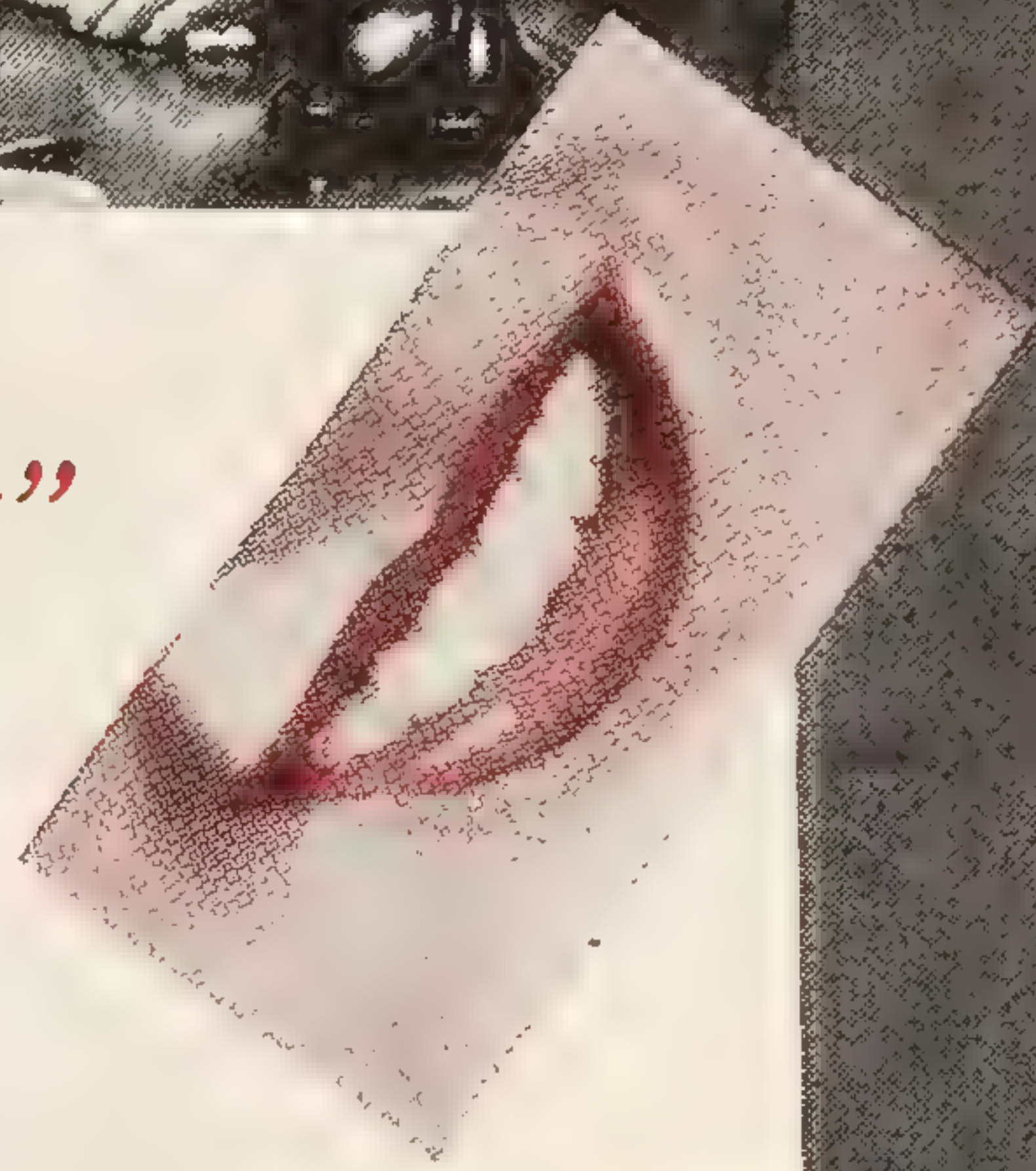
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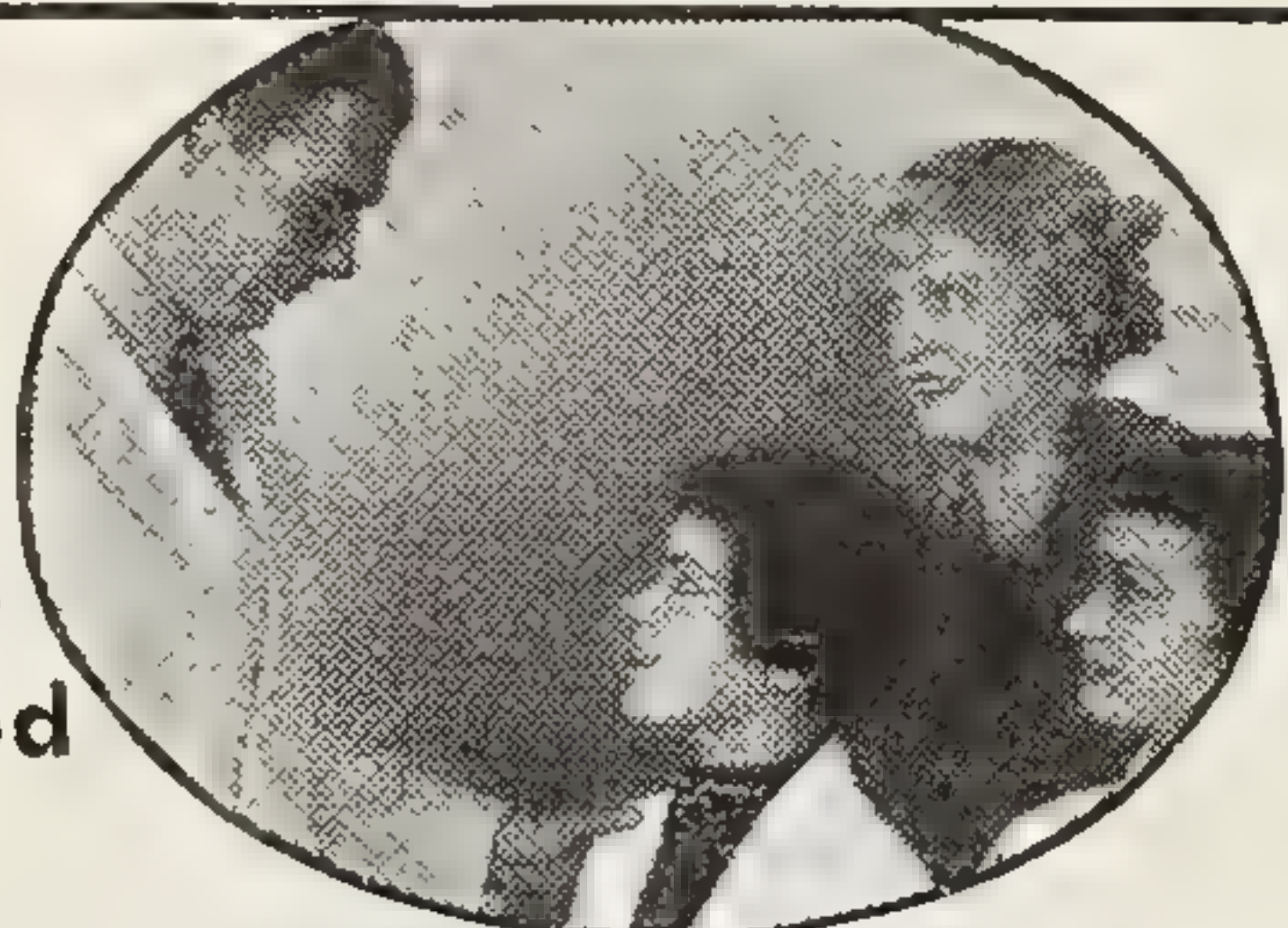
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test



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after "Only Yesterday" (which I repeat was turned down by at least a dozen well-known movie stars), plays Valette Bedford, loyal daughter of the South, whose romance with Randy Scott (he is Duncan) is played against the most emotional period in American history.

It may not interest you, but it interests me terribly, that for the first time a Southern epic will be played by real Southerners, who did not learn to say "you all" in Harlem. Margaret Sullavan was born and raised in Norfolk, Virginia, and Randy Scott, hails from Orange, Virginia. And that beautiful character, Edward, is played by Harry Ellerbe whose home is in Georgia. Then, too, the fact that the picture is being directed by King Vidor is of importance, for King Vidor rarely misses. His last picture, "Our Daily Bread," won all sorts of awards last year. Vidor is from Texas.

"Rose of the Rancho," also a Paramount picture in production, is guaranteed to be an important picture, and let us hope a great success, because it marks the screen debut of Gladys Swarthout, who has one of those mezzo-soprano voices that does things to you. Gladys has been a favorite for several years at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York and over the ether waves, but she has never signed a contract with a studio until recently. Her first picture, adapted from the old Belasco success of life in early California, is being magnificently staged, and her leading man will be John Boles, who does all right with an aria himself.

Mae West is getting in shape to do "Klondike Lou" which title sort of explains everything, and Marlene Dietrich will soon start work on "The Pearl Necklace," a story of international intrigue which has nothing to do with De Maupassant's Pearl Necklace. Co-starring with Marlene will be Gary Cooper—the first time those two have played together since the very sensationally successful "Morocco." Yes, I'll stick around for that one.

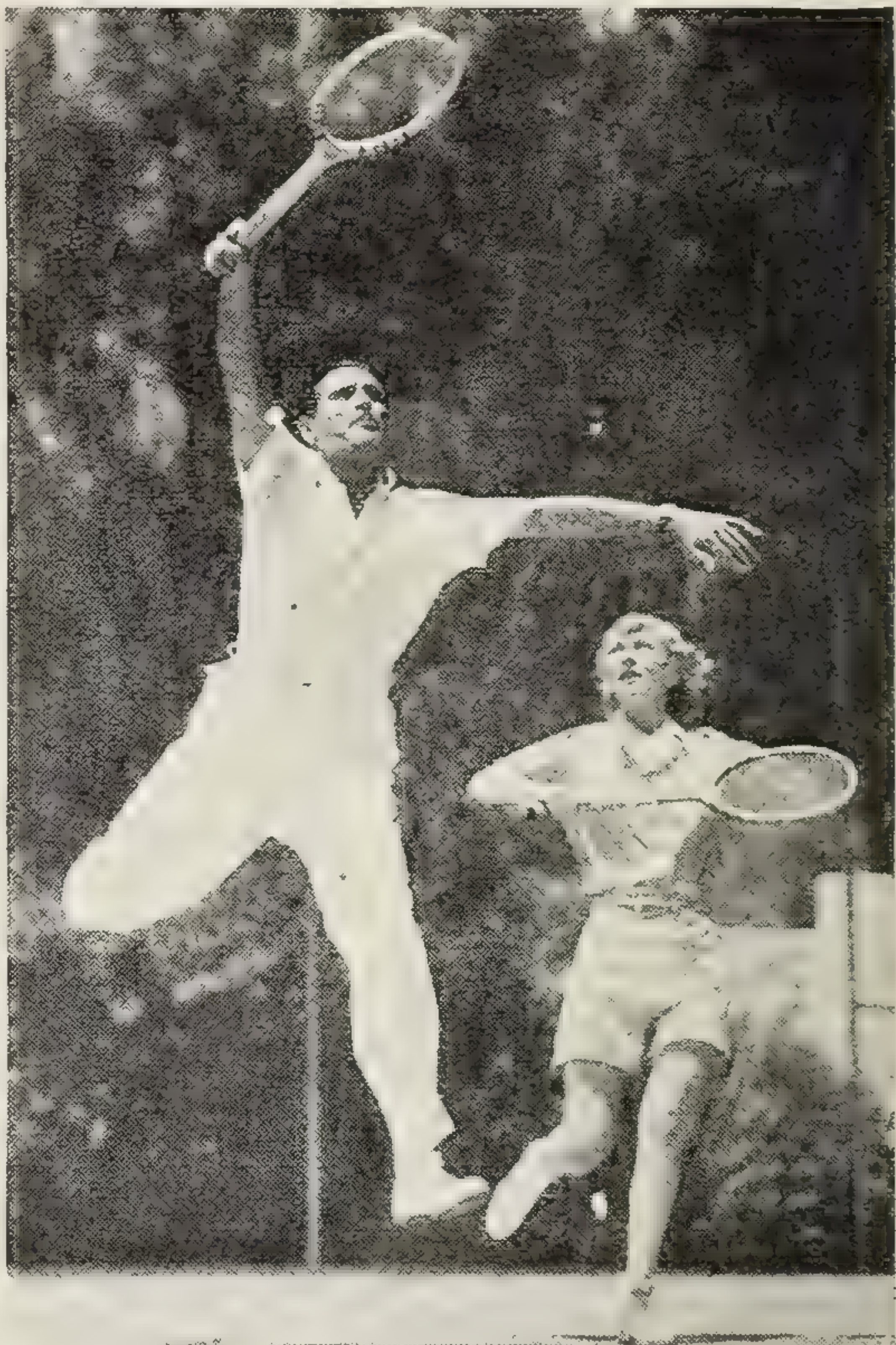
"The Tale of Two Cities" is rapidly approaching the end of its production schedule over at Metro and Ronnie Colman has mounted the guillotine and said those famous words, "It is a far better thing that I do than I ever have done..." Metro is terrifically excited over their second venture in Dickens, for "David Copperfield" has been one of their most talked-about pictures. Edna May Oliver, who made such a hit as Miss Betsy Trotwood, goes dramatic in a big way in this picture and kills Blanche Yurka, which is too bad, because Miss Yurka is a famous Broadway star and should be done right by. Metro has not spared the horses in making this picture. The research department worked on it for eighteen months before it went into production and it is technically perfect. There is a scene in which five thousand extras storm the Bastille, which is about the biggest thing that has been done in sound pictures.

"Romeo and Juliet" is being readied for the return to the screen of lovely Norma Shearer. Little Katrinka is quite content to play with Irving Jr., now, so Mamma can go back to making moving pictures. Norma will make a charming Juliet. It is her first contact with Shakespeare and she's awfully thrilled over it. Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo, has not yet been decided upon. I vote for Edna May Oliver to play Nurse.

And don't forget "Mutiny on the Bounty," girls. Gable again plays one of those hard-boiled men of salt (wasn't he elegant in "China Seas?") and what a thrill it will be. Gable today is the most socially sought after young man in Hollywood, and a party simply isn't a party unless Clark and Rea are there—and yet it was hardly five years ago that poor Mr. Gable was spurned by every studio in Hollywood and

the Countess di Frasso. But he had his successful picture, he knocked American womanhood cold with his performance of Ase in "A Free Soul," and since then Clark Gable has been permitted no secrets from the public.

Out at Universal they are making "The Magnificent Obsession," which is bound to be a successful picture because it is a John Stahl production and Mr. Stahl hasn't missed in years. In "The Magnificent Obsession" Stahl again directs Irene Dunne (remember "Back Street?") and Universal evidently considers the picture of sufficient importance to postpone "Show Boat," for which they had Irene scheduled. After numerous tests of Hollywood leading men,



Wide World

Paul Cavanagh, Britisher, and Karen Morley playing mixed doubles. No wonder the English have the Davis cup.

Robert Taylor was selected to play the young doctor. Bob has been doing all right in relatively unimportant Metro pictures, but hasn't made much of a ripple on the Hollywood pond yet. But this picture will probably be the picture that makes him another Bob Montgomery.

Going back to sweet romance we'll soon get to see Mr. Sam Goldwyn's immortal love story, "Dark Angel." In the old silent days this picture established Ronnie Colman and Vilma Banky as a love team second only to Garbo and Gilbert. They were sensational. In the new version Freddie March and Merle Oberon play the young lovers and Herbert Marshall the friend. We'll see if Freddie and Merle can cause as much of a romantic stir as did Ronnie and Vilma.

"Barbary Coast," is also in production in Mr. Goldwyn's workshop. Miriam Hopkins, fresh from her "Becky Sharp" success, plays the lead in this her first picture under her Goldwyn contract. She is supported by Eddie Robinson (borrowed from Warners) and that new heart-throb, Joel McCrea. Joel is more in demand every day.

At R-K-O "The Last Days of Pompeii" is about ready for release and is one of those super-colossal pictures that will fairly stagger you by its magnificence. Wait, oh wait, until you see Vesuvius erupt. "The

Three Musketeers" hasn't a big name in the cast but they tell me that it is so gorgeously romantic and thrilling that it can't miss. Walter Abel of the New York stage plays D'Artagnan, and here is his chance to become one of the great—if you, the public, like him.

And at last Lily Pons starts warbling for the sound track. Her first starring picture is called "Love Song" and is being directed by John Cromwell, and who do you think was finally chosen for her leading man? Henry Fonda, one of the new hopes of Hollywood. Ever since "The Farmer Takes a Wife" Hollywood has been Fonda-conscious, and now he is no longer spoken of as "Margaret Sullavan's ex-husband," but as "that marvelous Henry Fonda." It's going to be another case of Charles Boyer, I'm thinking.

"Metropolitan," the first production of the newly formed Twentieth-Century-Fox combination, will bring back to the screen none other than Lawrence Tibbett. The picture will have the famous old New York Opera House as a background, and Mr. Tibbett will certainly give of the voice. Virginia Bruce also sings, and looks divinely.

Ready for release are Warner's "Midsummer Night's Dream," which has already been much publicized, and those who have had "peaks" claim it is the greatest thing that has ever been done on the screen, and R-K-O's "Top Hat" which is the latest of the Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers dancing pictures and according to rumor better than any of its predecessors, and Paramount's "Crusades" which brings Mr. DeMille's Antony, Henry Wilcoxon, back to the screen for his first picture since "Cleopatra." Well, really, now I do think we're in for an exciting and romantic autumn. Can you bear it!

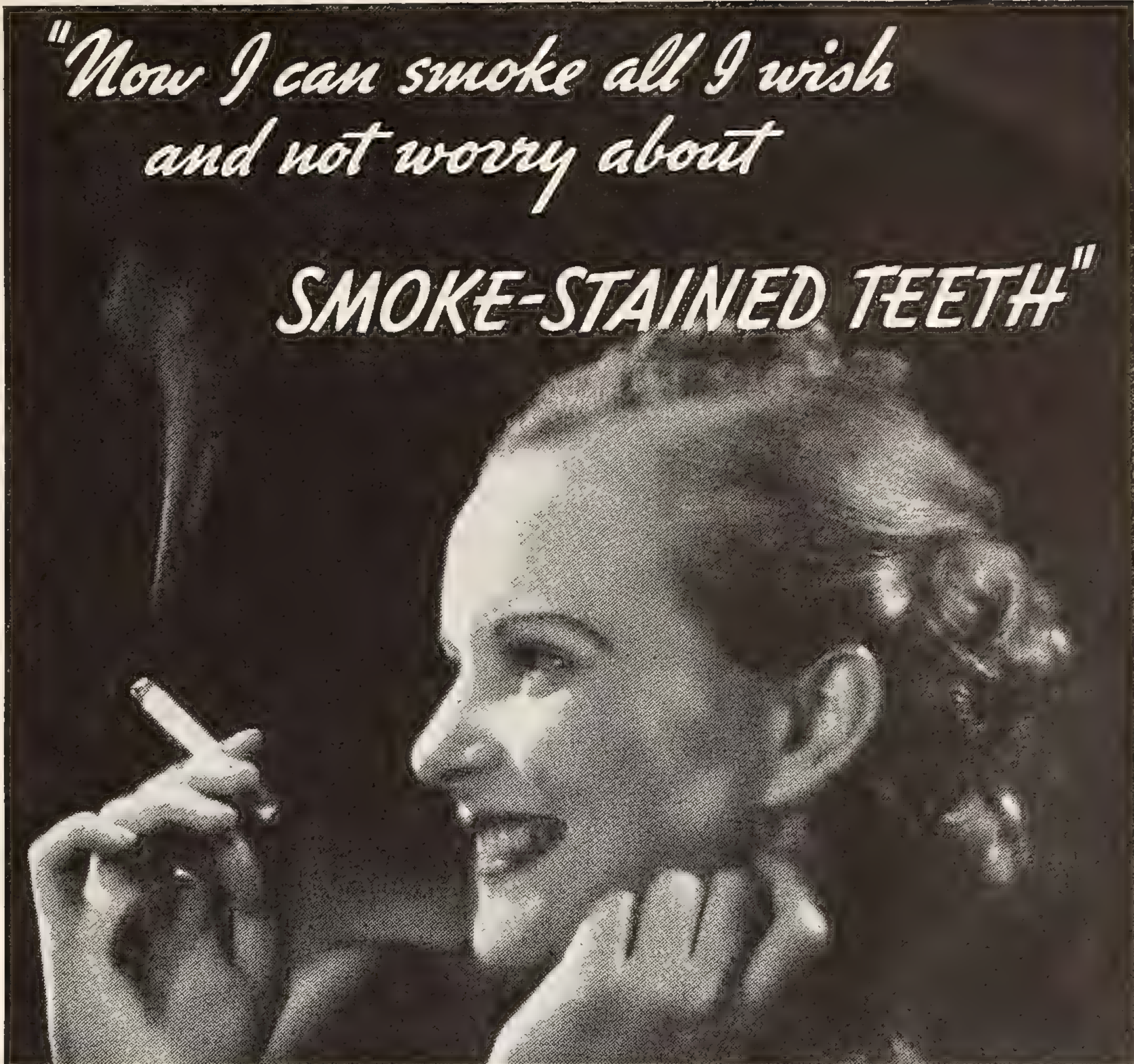
Harvest of Heroes

[Continued from page 31]

parently Gordon remembered for he retaliated by casting him in "The Farmer Takes a Wife." Fonda's performance was one of such captivating simplicity that Hollywood grabbed him without thinking twice. Usually a young actor is made to establish himself as something more than a "one shot" before being tested for pictures. Fonda was an exception. Which is just fine for Henry and the screen but not so good for Broadway.

Briefly, Henry Fonda was born in Grand Island, Nebraska. He studied journalism for two years at the University of Minnesota. But he finally quit to look for a job where he could do some painting, in which he was really interested. A friend sent him to the Omaha Community Playhouse. Hoping he'd have a chance to do some scene painting he presented himself there and was given instead a part to read. For a young man with neither desire nor intention toward the stage as a career this was a disconcerting experience. However, he spent three years with them before setting out for New York.

The next five summers he played with the University Players at West Falmouth. It was here he met Margaret Sullavan, whom he later married and from whom he is now divorced. The past two summers he spent at Westchester Playhouse, first designing scenery and then acting. By a happy coincidence June Walker, his co-star in "Farmer," saw him in Westchester and it was she who brought him to the attention of Marc Connelly, the author. Amusingly enough, during his years in the theatre he has worked to overcome the mid-western



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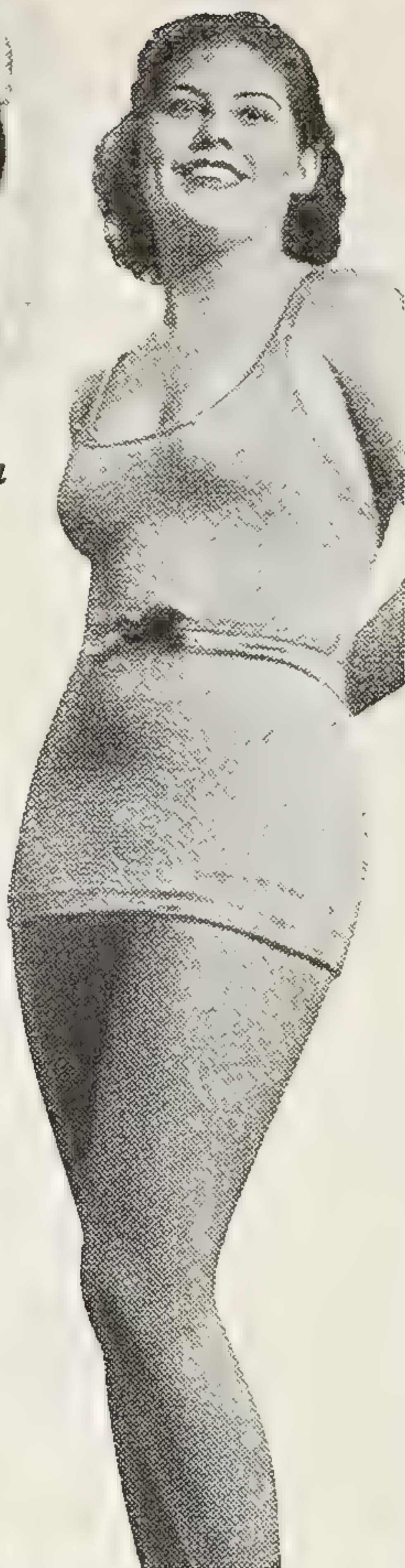
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accent which he had to re-cultivate for his first real break. He has just drawn the coveted prize of appearing as Lily Pons' leading man in her first picture. Watch Henry Fonda, he's going places . . . and how.

Walter Abel, who brings Dumas' d'Artagnan to life in "The Three Musketeers," is recognized by critics as one of the most skillful actors on the American stage. How he has escaped the Hollywood scouts this long is a mystery. Perhaps he might still be undiscovered so far as pictures are concerned but for Dudley Nichols, co-adaptor of the Dumas classic, who was drama critic on the New York World when Abel attained prominence as a tragedian with the Provincetown Players. Nichols still contends that Abel's performance in the revival of Eugene O'Neil's "S. S. Glencairn" was unsurpassed. Hence his addition to the Hollywood scene is an event.

Ever since he can remember, Abel has dabbled in theatricals. On two occasions in different towns his teachers told him that his was the best amateur acting they had ever seen. Thus encouraged, Abel entered the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York where he studied for two years. He is an intimate friend of all the really great in the theatre, in art, in letters.

Strangely enough each of the new crop of screen heroes either paints, plays a musical instrument or does both. Abel is no exception. He is a painter.

Some of the plays in which he has been seen to advantage are "Desire Under the Elms," "When Ladies Meet," Gorki's "At the Bottom," Sheridan's "Love for Love," "The Enemy," "Hangman's House," "I Loved An Actress," in which he gave a memorable comedy performance, and more recently the long lived "Merrily We Roll Along." If Hollywood doesn't secure him quickly it will be a supreme folly.

This list of new screen heroes would not be complete without mentioning two foreign importations. We have had many women stars from all parts of the continent; some of them still hold important places in our picture life but the list of men is correspondingly small. To it we can now add Robert Donat and Charles Boyer. Both are marked for success, both have a distinct place in our films.

A tall, brown haired, darkly handsome young man, there is in the engaging per-

sonality of Robert Donat acting strength of great power. He has been on the stage since he was sixteen—first with amateur productions and then in recitals. His professional debut was made as Lucius in "Julius Caesar" before he was seventeen but it was not until 1930 that the London stage saw him in a play called "The Knave and the Queen." His personality soon brought him film offers and his first screen appearance was as Thomas Culpeper in "Henry VIII," with his famous countryman, Charles Laughton. He did only three other picture roles before appearing as the Count in "The Count of Monte Cristo," his most important camera role to date. This picture brought him overnight fame. He reaches a well deserved stardom in "Thirty-Nine Steps."

No actor in Hollywood has made more pronounced strides in the past year than Charles Boyer. Once he had the insignificant role of the chauffeur in "Red-Headed Woman" with Jean Harlow, today he is one of the most sought after leading men in pictures with stardom just around the corner. His annexation by Hollywood follows a successful career on the French stage, in foreign silent pictures and later in talking pictures. He is entirely conversant in German and he learned to speak English fluently in six months.

Before Boyer went to Hollywood he appeared in English, French, and German versions on the continent, with such stars as Anna Sten and Lilian Harvey, and in such pictures as "Tumult," "Tempest," "The Only Girl," "The Big House," and "The Trial of Mary Dugan."

Recently his American releases have included "Private Worlds" with Claudette Colbert and "Shanghai" with Loretta Young. He isn't handsome but he's a swell actor. He understands the art of reserve and has the power of characterization at his fingertips.

All of these new men are bachelors except John Beal, Robert Donat, Walter Abel, and Charles Boyer, which should give Miss America something else to think about.

And this is only a few of the long looked for and much needed heroes which Hollywood is grooming to fill the shoes of some of the veterans who are the tops today. It looks like an exciting harvest, full of color and romance and strange new beauty.

Snooping [Continued from page 23]

his name is Delmer Daves, and he isn't married, which is a break for Warner Brothers, and he's big and muscular and quite determined. When I asked Kay if she were engaged to him she said 'Ridiculous' but you know how girls are. She came back from New York on the same train with him and you can't tell me that was coincidence. She's going to Arrowhead next week to recuperate—she was operated on in London you know—and it's dollars to doughnuts that Mr. Delmer Daves has a little business to attend to at Arrowhead while she's there. And it wasn't that operation, or love for her studio either, that made Kay cut her six months European vacation down to two months and come scurrying back to Hollywood. Hmmm. I like Kay for that, she shows good taste, an honest-to-goodness writer is better than any of those fandangled furriners any time. "And I think that Margaret Sullavan and William Wyler aren't separated for keeps, but just for the duration of Maggie's picture. She claims she is going back to him when "So Red The Rose" is finished. And I think Cary Grant would take Betty Furness to the altar, too, if he could get over the memory of Virginia Cherrill, but you

know how it is with men once they've been burned. And who do you think Nelson Eddy has fallen for? That cute little Isabel Jewell. Ever since the Lee Tracy-Isabel Jewell romance split up I've been kind of worried about that little girl, and I'm right glad to see her get a good man like Nelson. Nelson gave her a box at the Hollywood Bowl for her birthday and I guess Isabel is up to her eyebrows in music now, but she's thriving on it as I never saw anyone look happier. And that Nelson Eddy, is he handsome! I can't wait to tell Lucy Winters about him. I got an autographed picture, too. He can play scales on my piano any time.

"Saturday night I crashed Joan Bennett's party. Now, now, I know I shouldn't but I wanted to talk to Joan and that was the only way I could get to see her. She's a cute little thing. The prettiest face and the naughtiest eyes. She thought I was Jobyna Howland and kept asking about my peke, until I finally took her aside and told her that I was from Potters Corners and she was by far the most popular movie star in Potters Corners and that the Ladies Aid society had named a cake after her last spring. She said she hoped it wasn't

a sponge cake and I thought that was kind of quaint. I've been awfully worried about little Joanie up in New England because Lucy Winters read in somebody's column that she and her good-looking husband, Gene Markey, were going to separate. And then when I read that he was going to Europe I nearly had a fit. I said to Lucy that when I got to Hollywood I was going to give Joan a piece of my mind. Why she'd never find another husband as sweet and considerate as that Gene Markey.

So I crashed the party and it was really a lot of fun. It was supposed to be Gene's going away party, but he decided not to take the job offered him in London, so, rather than call off the party Joan just compromised by calling it a welcome home party. The place-cards were passports with awful looking pictures of the guests and some terrible data about them. I got Joan in a corner and she said I could quiet my fears, that she loved Gene Markey and had no intention of separating from him and that I was old enough not to believe every thing I saw in print. Now weren't those snooping gossip writers nasty to start those rumors about that sweet child?"

"That," I said tersely, "sounds to me very much like the pot calling the kettle black. But tell me, Aunt Ella, what did you find out about Joan and Franchot—are they married?"

"I think I know," said Aunt Ella getting awfully coy, "But I'm not telling you, you old gossip writer. It's people like you who make Hollywood seem such an awful place. Don't you think stars are entitled to their private lives just like other people? Why do you have to go around prying and snooping all the time?"

"Aunt Ella," I shrieked, "you can't do this to me. You—"

"Shut up," snapped Aunt Ella. "I want you to write down the addresses of all the girls I met this week-end. I'm going to send them all a jar of my gooseberry preserves. Hurry now, Janet Gaynor is coming to take me to lunch."

"Aunt Ella," I sighed, "you are just a sentimentalist."

The Writers' Heaven

[Continued from page 53]

them bring on sister Erna!

Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich, married, did a play, "Up Pops The Devil." They are excellent collaborators, having done the script of "The Thin Man" and "Naughty Marietta." They come to work so early, the milkman leaves a bottle of milk for them outside the office door!

Dashiell Hammett, author of the novels, "The Thin Man" and "The Glass Key," both of which were adapted so successfully for the films, has calmed down considerably in Hollywood. He arrived with a notion that a screen-writer should be on a constant binge, but was soon talked out of that.

Sam Marx of M-G-M had quite a time talking Hollywood to Alice Duer Miller. Remember, she wrote that popular Saturday Evening Post serial, "Manslaughter," which served as a grand box office smash for Claudette Colbert and Fredric March a few seasons ago. He telephoned when she happened to be sitting with Alexander Woollcott, who had just remarked "Thank God, there are at least two of us left in New York." Followed by, no doubt, a diatribe against Hollywood. So Miss Miller said "No," to Mr. Marx. Finally she said she needed an escort to take her to the baseball game the next day, and Mr. Marx loves baseball. During the second inning, she named a stiff salary. Marx gasped. By the sixth inning, he had worn her down

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April Showers toiletries are presented to Youth by one of the world's greatest perfumers, with the assurance that a fortune could buy none finer. They give what Youth wants... *Luxury on a Budget!*

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You might be bathing in rose petals, so soft and fragrant does Bathasweet make the water of your tub. Gone is all harshness from the water. Bathasweet softens it to a caress—softens it so that the water cleanses your pores as they would not otherwise be cleansed. The best evidence of this remarkable power to dissolve impurities and to keep them dissolved is that no "ring" is left around the tub when Bathasweet is used. No wonder skin imperfections disappear—and your body takes on a new loveliness. Yet Bathasweet costs very little—50c and \$1 at drug and department stores.

Free—a gift package sent free anywhere in the U. S. Mail this coupon with name and address to Bathasweet Corp., Dept. S-J, 1907 Park Ave., New York.



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NO KNIFE
PAIN
DANGER
CORRECTS WRINKLES
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10 COMPLETE TREATMENTS \$1.00
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FREE Instructive Book (with or without order) Send Ck. or M. O. to "HOW LOVELINESS BEGINS AT 40" C. O. D. if preferred
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a few hundred dollars. It was a double header, and by the time the last inning was played, he had her at his own figure. "If it had only been a triple-header," he sighs.

Every writer has his personal idiosyncracies, and P. G. Wodehouse's was that he could only work out of doors. (Wodehouse, creator of "Jeeves" and many other characters, has been writing serials for Cosmopolitan Magazine for 10, these many, many years.) At home in England, Wodehouse works in his garden. So the obliging studio went way down on the back lot where it was quiet, but the best they could find was an old Western saloon set. They put up a table, chair and typewriter on the porch, and Mr. Wodehouse, a rather plump gentleman in tweeds, went to work. At luncheon time, an uninformed prop man came along, saw the layout, and removed it diligently back to the property department. Mr. Wodehouse arrived from luncheon puffing. Feeling too exhausted to go all over that again, he worked at home from then on.

William Faulkner (famous for his novel, "Sanctuary," which was filmed as "Story of Temple Drake," with Miriam Hopkins in the leading role) fled to the Grand Canyon for his first week. Florence Ryerson knits and dictates, and when the script is finished, the producer gets five or six pairs of socks. Jules Furthman ("Shanghai Express," "China Seas" etc.), raises orchids for a hobby, and an orchid is what his producer gets—fresh every morning.

Leon Gordon, who is not only a producer, but a playwright who enacts the leading roles in most of his productions, is a race-track fiend, has a stable of horses and an office decorated with pictures of his nags thundering down the track—the winning ones, we assume. Claude Binyon is another horseman, with three that he races at Caliente and elsewhere. He is the young writer who was a reporter on Variety, and has made a phenomenal rise. "Gilded Lily" was all his. "Accent on Youth" is his adaptation, as well as "The Daring Young Man" and "Stolen Harmony." He is conceded to be one of the best dialogue writers in the village. He has a new house in Toluca Lake (where you can catch him fishing for hours). He plays badminton, he is thirty-two years old, and his salary is \$1250. a week.

William Wister Haines, who wrote "Slim," is under contract to Warners. He is 26, tall and thin and homesick. We caught him at his window watching linemen working outside, with a wistful look in his eyes. He went to the University of Pennsylvania, worked as a lineman on high tension wires, and for the Pennsylvania Railroad, electrifying lines. (That ought to be a good beginning for a writer!) He wrote "Slim" at night after work. He was born in Des Moines, and took a B. S. degree in college. His father is an engineer. He is getting around five hundred a week, in Hollywood.

Robert Riskin, celebrated for "It Happened One Night," "Broadway Bill," and "Lady For a Day," was married to a successful novelist, Edith Fitzgerald, and was invisible in her reflected glory. He began to write after the divorce, beginning with plays and production in New York. He says the way to write is to sit down and do it, just write anything that occurs to you. He told that to James Cain, who thanked him in the flyleaf for making "The Postman" possible. Riskin tears up paper and rolls it into little wads while he is working, until they reach his knees and he has to wade out. He is also a popular local heart-interest, the current flame being Carole Lombard. During the hot spell, Riskin could be found in Carole's patio, with Frank Capra, the director, and very few clothes on either one, writing a blue streak.

Carl Erickson, "Black Fury" and "Sweet Music," is a tall, blonde, serious young man who probably looks like his ancestor, Lief Ericson. He is twenty-seven years old, born in Connecticut and went to Michigan University, and has been factory hand, deck hand and reporter. He came to Hollywood determined to write for pictures and couldn't get a hearing. After hanging around Warners' for days, he finally climbed up the outside of the executive building, jumped through a window, and practically landed in Zanuck's lap, Zanuck being the head man at the time. Impressed with his nerve, he was given a job as reader. They were looking for a Chic Sale story, so Carl wrote one, "Stranger In Town," and landed among the writers. He is married to an artist, and has a black Spaniel named Baby. He is more handsome than most actors, and one of those quiet determined young men who always arrive where they are going. He makes around five hundred, and it is only a very short time ago that one saw him every morning thumbing a ride to the studio!

The poor picture is usually condemned because of the story and you have often wondered how they ever miss with the collection of brilliant writers out here. I asked Sam Marx about this, and here is what he said.

"The story is blamed, but not always rightly. You have to remember that the producers are gambling every time they make a picture. It is not in any way like the automobile or the grocery or the clothing business. They are dealing in positive facts. Every picture made is a different independent venture. We can't tell, no one can tell until it is on the screen, whether it will be a public favorite. There are no set rules to go by, which makes it different from the average business. It is impossible to read a story and know exactly how it will finally look on the screen. The only advantage one can have over other studios is in a determination to have the very best. We have found that expensive writers who deliver are cheap. Cheap ones are expensive.

"To quote Irving Thalberg, 'We have the same celluloid, the same cameras, the same flesh and blood actors. The only way we can beat other studios is by using brains on scripts.'"

The time required to complete a script varies from eight weeks to two years, at M-G-M. When the late Edgar Wallace arrived, he astonished the natives by writing one for R-K-O over a week-end. David Copperfield was two years in preparation.

I asked Mr. Marx, head of the writing department at M-G-M, about the practise of passing a script to every writer on the lot. He said it was the old principle that two heads are better than one. "Shakespeare's plays," he added, "were written by Fletcher, Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Johnson—and Shakespeare. He operated exactly as we do on our scenarios. He was the largest stockholder in a London theatre, when the city had a population of 100,000. Therefore they would exhaust their audience in a week or two and had to have new plays all the time. So the group met at the Mermaid Tavern where they exchanged ideas. Shakespeare would assign a sequence to the various writers. Then he would go over the finished script, editing and re-writing. If you are a student of Shakespeare, you can tell what parts he wrote.

"Plays are nearly all written by the collaboration method, these days. 'Gentlemen of the Press' was accomplished by six newspaper men in New York who tossed a coin to see whose name would go on it. In fact, if the opening night audience had called 'author,' the first four rows would have stood up!"

An Artist in Armor

[Continued from page 51]

"During those three months when the production was in preparation I kept three hawks in a cage at my home. Every day I would take them out and train them so that they would get used to me. In the picture they had to be friendly enough with Richard to eat right out of his hand. Without this preliminary training they never would have done so. The same with my horse. First I had to train him to get used to armor. Then he had to get familiar with the idea that I, wearing about a hundred pounds of armor, would take a running broad jump every once in a while when he least expected it and hurl myself on to his back. That was no mean feat . . . for man or horse.

"Incidentally, I had to get myself accustomed to that armor, too. If I wanted to be Richard, I had to look at home in the kind of clothes he took for granted. Suits of armor are pretty cumbersome affairs. They require so many intricate methods of fastening which obviously wouldn't do if I was to discard any part of them with ease while the camera was grinding. Mr. DeMille then hit on the idea of using enormous modern clips. They wouldn't show, yet they would enable me to yank my cloak or any other part of the costume off with one swinging motion—like this."

And, having delivered himself of a magnificent descriptive swing, Mr. Wilcoxon sat down, the day being hot, and mopped his brow.

"But to get back to the coat hanger . . ." and Mr. Wilcoxon paused obligingly to give me time to let my mind do a little swinging on its own account—back to the coat hanger, which we seemed to have left somewhere in the remote background. . . . "The Crusades' only brings to you one year in the life of Richard. What I had to do—at least I felt I had to in order to visually portray the essence of the man—was to delve deeply into the life of Richard as a child, as a growing youth, as a young man not yet crowned king. Only in that way could I determine just how the thirty-year old man whom you would meet as Richard, the Lion Hearted would respond under certain given circumstances."

I murmured that few actors or actresses would go to so much trouble for a rôle.

"Trouble," cried this apparently indefatigable man. "Why, the preparation was even more fun than the actual work itself. Even when we were 'shooting' the film, Mr. DeMille and I were so immersed with it that when the rest of the cast went home we would sit on the set for hours talking about it. Then, about nine-thirty or ten, when we were both practically talked out, we would go into the projection room and see the rushes. For ten months this went on . . . it was like having labor pains . . ."

An extraordinary simile from an extraordinarily virile man.

Wilcoxon has worked in just two Hollywood productions, both of them DeMille's. Therefore, it is not surprising when you are with him, and hear him talking with such ardor about his director, that you are reminded of the great love that His disciples held for Christ. And, just as Christ spoke to them in parables, DeMille speaks in similes to those who love him and listen at his feet.

And so, Fans, meet Henry Wilcoxon, Bachelor of the home as well as the arts, and disciple extraordinary of that master showman and director, Cecil DeMille.

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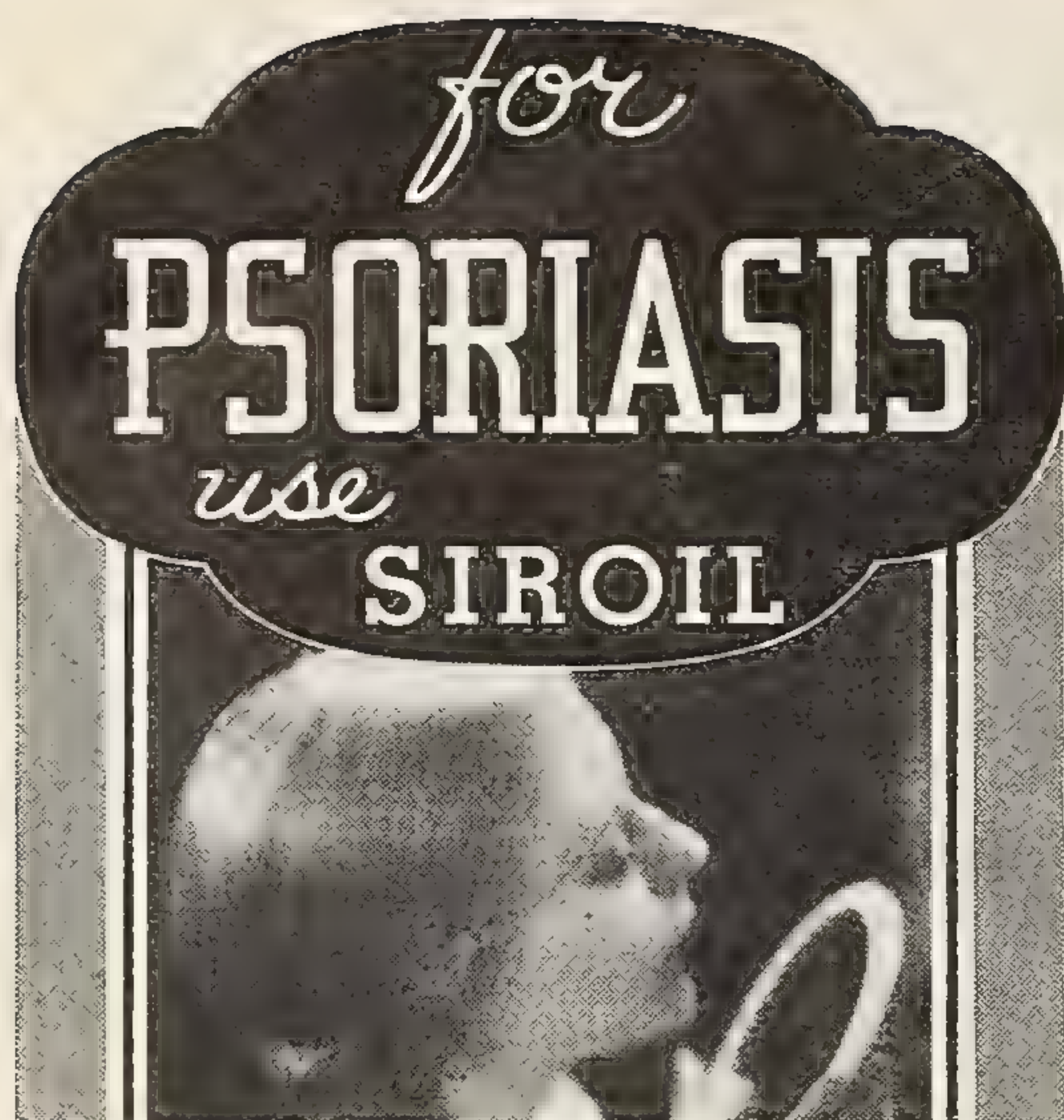
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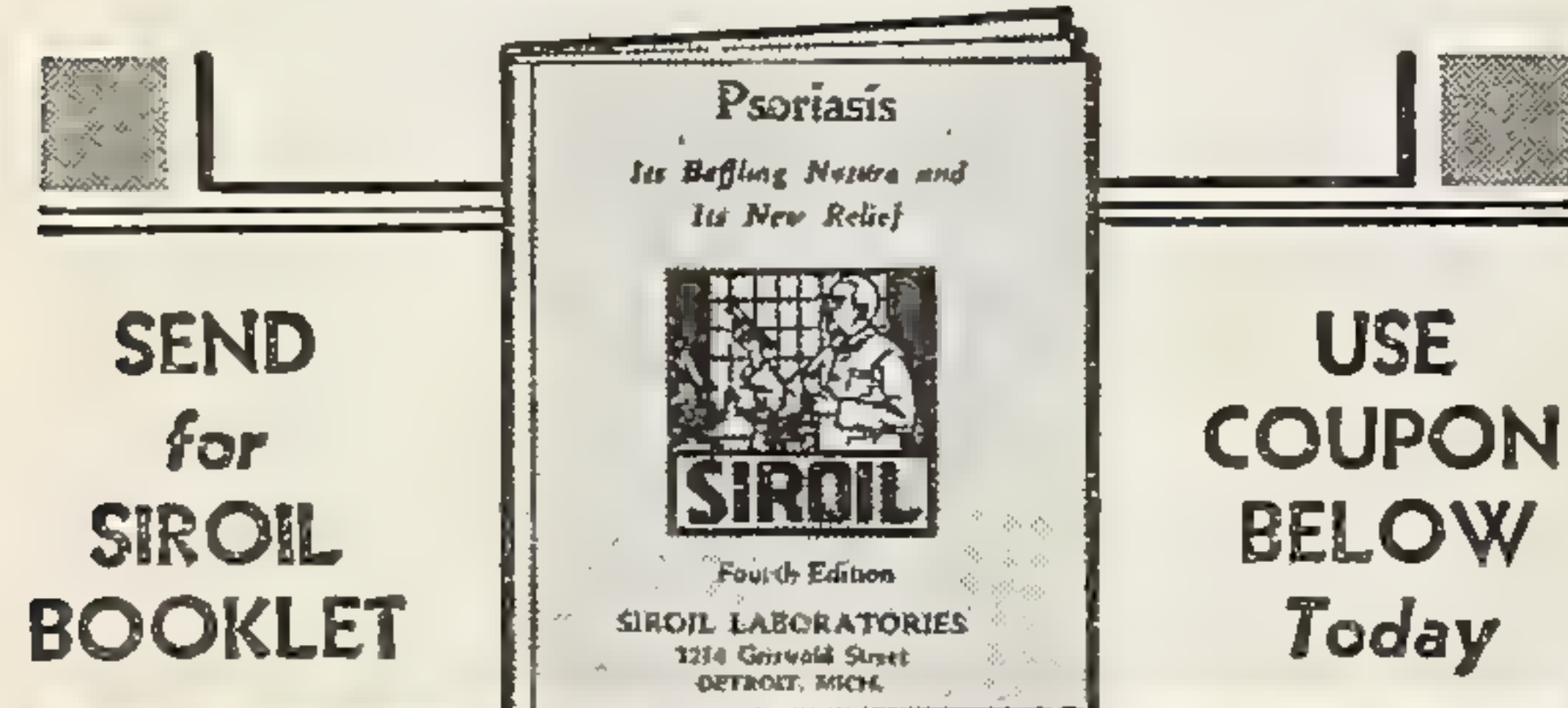
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Studio News

[Continued from page 33]



No longer need you be embarrassed by psoriasis blemishes. Siroil, the new relief for psoriasis, will solve your problem. It has brought relief to thousands of men and women throughout the country. Applied externally to the affected areas it causes the scales to disappear, the red blotches to fade out and the skin to resume its normal texture. Siroil backs with a guarantee the claim that if you do not receive decided benefit within two weeks—and you are the sole judge—your money will be refunded.



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Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. BROWNATONE and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-three years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

Four New Perfumes



Remembrance
Persian Night
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All 4 exquisitely packaged in unique Redwood chest. Send only \$1.00, check, stamps or currency. (Regular value \$2.00). An ideal gift.
PAUL RIEGER
(Est. in 1872)
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Redwood Treasure Chest containing 4-50c bottles of these alluring \$2.00 to \$5.00 an ounce perfumes. Chest 6"x3". Made from Giant Redwood trees of California.



In "Shipmates Forever," Lewis Stone and Dick Powell are father and son. A story of Annapolis.

there's nothing can be done about it,) falls in love with her and learns she teaches dancing to the officers' children at the Academy. That makes things more than somewhat different so Dick takes the exams, passes and enters. But he doesn't like it. Accordingly, one fine day (today to be exact, if you're interested in facts and figures) we find him in the office of his father shooting off his mouth about what's wrong with the Naval Academy.

"And that, sir," he finishes, "is that midshipman's opinion of the U. S. Naval Academy. If you were he (three cheers for Warner Brothers English Department,) what would you do—stay in or get out?"

"If I were the boy you describe," Mr. Stone answers, falling back on nouns instead of risking another set-to with nominative and objective pronouns, "I'd get out as fast as I could."

"You would?" Dick gasps, taken aback no little.

"I do not know," Lou continues severely, "of any midshipman answering your description in the Academy. If he were here, he ought not to be. I do know," he finishes wrathfully, "the belligerent young nincompoop you described is not my son."

"The man I described to you sounds like a nincompoop?" Dick asks wryly.

"But definitely," Mr. Stone responds warmly. Well, he didn't say just that. He merely said, "Definitely." The "but" is whimsy creeping in again. "The spirit of the Academy," Stone goes on, "includes many things besides the qualities of honor, personal integrity and loyalty to the service. It includes the quality of sportsmanship which can give and take." He pauses a moment and concludes, "Unless a man can learn that, he may find himself working his way up through his classes without pals, without friends—alone."

"Thank you, sir," Dick nods grimly. "Maybe that is the course that midshipman chooses to steer. Good morning, sir." With which our hero clicks his heels together, salutes and marches right out through the door.

"Hi, feller," he greets me but before I can answer, he is elbowed to one side by Mushy Callahan (four years welter-weight world's champion).

"Come on," Mushy offers. "I'll show you around the lot today, myself. I was having lunch with J.L. yesterday and he told me to do anything I could for people around the lot, regardless of whether I like them or not."

"That's mighty white of you, Mushy," I thank him.

"Think nothing of it," Mushy begs me. "Some fighters," he goes on to explain, "get knocked silly but I got knocked polite. Who're your friends?" indicating the four handicaps I'm towing around with me.

"Oh, these," I explain, "are some friends from Princeton—Gerald H. Smith sometimes known as 'Slat A', Douglas E. Jones whose nickname is P.B. and which I suspect stands for Pretty Boy, Blakeman Meyer known to his intimates as Maude Mueller because he's so crazy about Tennyson, and Ralph Whittaker whose monicker around the campus is Cupid because he's always hopelessly involved with dates and dolls."

"How are you?" Mushy asks when the studio swing gang had rescued me from the irate Princetonians. "Come on."

So, shortly, we find ourselves on the set of "Dr. Socrates," which stars Paul Muni.

The set is a room that was once the ballroom of a colonial home—one of the showplaces of the state. It's proportions are still fine, even though it has fallen into decay. There are candle sconces on the walls and an ornate crystal chandelier. But the floor length windows on both sides are covered with blankets.

Barton McLane (who made such a hit with Muni in "Black Fury") is talking to Muni. "Well, doc," he addresses Paul, "whaddaya think of the layout?"

Mr. Muni glances about and smiles wryly. "Very cozy and excellent taste."

"That's great, doc," Mac laughs. "You gotta sense of humor. I got one, too."

"Well, now that I'm here," Muni asks (and I suspect he was brought here against



"Dr. Socrates" is a gangster story, which means Paul Muni at his best.

his will because these men look like gangsters) "What do I do?"

"Me wing hurts," Mac informs him, holding out his arm. "And I think I'm runnin' a fever."

"Well, let's go where there's more light," Muni suggests as he walks over to a cot and opens his valise.

"Sure," McLane agrees, walking towards the table. "Come over here."

"Cut!" from the director.

"I see you're in bad company," Al vouchsafes to Mushy.

"All in the line of duty," Mushy explains.

"Well, crack out with some of those big words then," Al advises, "and show him how much we know."

"Big words," Mushy informs me triumphantly, "are one of my idiosyncrasies. I

use 'em spasmodically. Come on, let's get over to the next set."

We arrive at the set of "I Live for Love," Dolores Del Rio's picture. And now, my friends, we're in a broadcasting studio.

Everett Marshall (he made a few pictures for R-K-O a few years ago) has been hired by Berton Churchill as leading man for his star's (Del Rio's) next show. But she is in love with Don Alvarado and wants him for her leading man so Marshall gets the breeze. On the way home he hears some street singers and joins them in their singing. Guy Kibbee (general manager of a large soap company) hears him singing and



"I Live For Love," is the title of Dolores Del Rio's picture, with Everett Marshall and Guy Kibbee sharing the honors.

hires him for their radio program. Marshall becomes a great success on the air. Del Rio has flopped in two shows so her manager has booked her for an appearance on the radio. Imagine her feelings when she arrives at the studio and finds the star of the program is none other than Mr. Marshall! Miss D. is really sumpin'. Whether I regard her as a good actress or not she is what might be called opulent in her present outfit—all white satin, sequins, and enough white fox to keep an entire Eskimo village warm.

Mr. Marshall has just finished singing "I Live for Love" and WHAT a song! As the applause dies away, he addresses the microphone: "My friends, the task of being master of ceremonies of the air is often a thankless and arduous one."

"Cut!" falls with a familiar ring on my ears. I suspect Miss Del Rio is about to be introduced for her turn before the mike so I just skip it and take my brood out to—

M-G-M

LADIES and gents and whoever else passes for same, let me present Miss Joan Crawford once more in her newest epic variously titled "Glitter" and "If You Love Me." *La belle* has for her leading man this time Brian Aherne who, despite everything and anything I write, continues to make pictures spasmodically. BUT, to offset that, she also has Frank Morgan and, lucky day, Mr. Morgan is working today and Mr. Aherne ain't—isn't, I mean.

The scene is Joan's bedroom in her grandmother's home. The most noteworthy thing about it is the bed, which is a huge four-poster affair with a canopy of red glazed chintz, accentuated with Chinese figures. At the back of the bed are gold hangings, and there is a gold spread on it.

Joan is lying on the bed in a gown of gold lamé and you want to take note of this gown because Joan, who never does things by halves, has had it copied in three different materials for her personal wardrobe.

Mr. Morgan is standing by the bed.

The Serene Confidence of the 8th WOMAN



ALWAYS HERSELF

Do you know a woman who is never at a disadvantage, never breaks engagements, never declines dances (unless she wants to!) and whose spirits never seem to droop? She is apt to be that eighth woman who uses Midol.

NATURE being what it is, all women are not born "free and equal." A woman's days are not all alike. There are difficult days when some women suffer too severely to conceal it.

There didn't used to be anything to do about it. It is estimated that eight million had to suffer month after month. Today, a million less. Because that many women have accepted the relief of Midol.

Are you a martyr to regular pain? Must you favor yourself, and save yourself, certain days of every month? Midol might change all this. Might have you riding horseback. And even if it didn't make you completely comfortable you would receive a measure of relief well worth while!

Doesn't the number of women, and the kind of women who have adopted Midol mean a lot? As a rule, it's a *knowing*

woman who has that little aluminum case tucked in her purse. One who knows what to wear, where to go, how to take care of herself, and how to get the most out of life in general.

Of course, a smart woman doesn't try every pill or tablet somebody says is good for periodic pain. But Midol is a special medicine. Recommended by specialists for this particular purpose. And it can form no habit because it is *not* a narcotic. Taken in time, it often avoids the pain altogether. But Midol is effective even when the pain has caught you unaware and has reached its height. It's effective for hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day.

You'll find Midol in any drug store — usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or, a card addressed to Midol, 170 Varick St., New York, will bring a trial box postpaid, plainly wrapped.



GET RID OF IT!

A corn is hard dead skin tissue with a tack-like point. It can be just as painful—and just as dangerous. It should be removed quickly and safely by the modern scientific BLUE-JAY method.

Relieve Pain Instantly

The tiny soft Blue-Jay pad lifts your shoe away from the corn. Brings instant comfort by removing shoe pressure from the sore area.

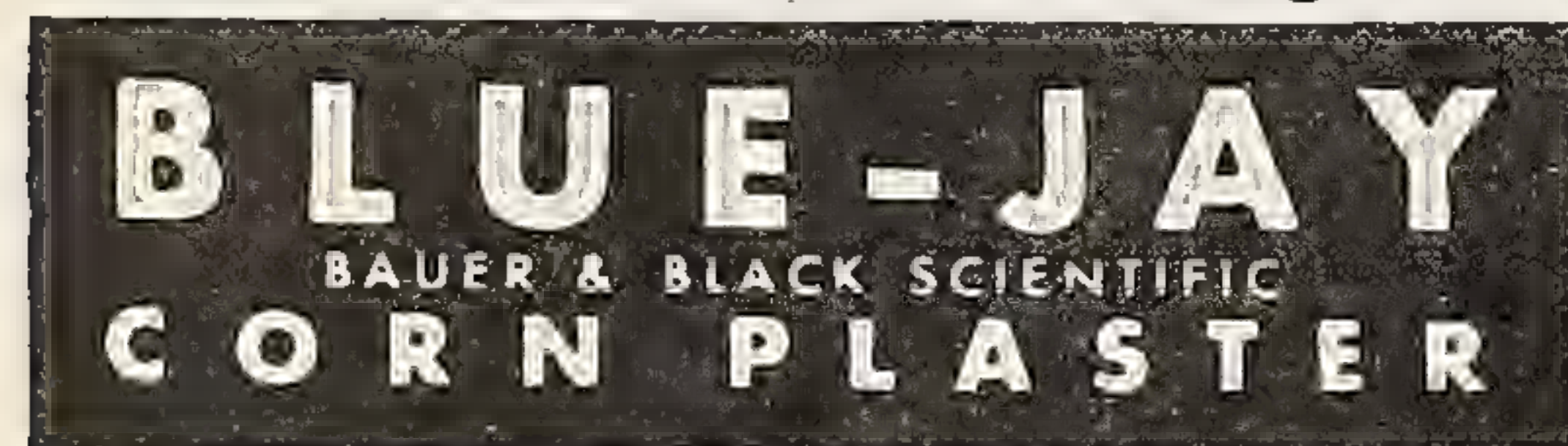
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Scientifically Safe

Don't confuse Blue-Jay with unscientific corn cures. Blue-Jay Corn Plasters are scientifically safe. The mild medication attacks only the hard tissue of the corn and will not injure the surrounding skin and flesh in any way.

GET BLUE-JAY TODAY! 25c at all drug stores



Remove FAT from any part

Be adorably slim!

Feminine attractiveness demands fascinating, youthful lines of a graceful, slim figure—with slender, firm, rounded contours, instead of unbecoming flesh.

Hundreds of women have reduced with my famous Slimcream Method—and reduced just where they wanted, safely, quickly, surely. I, myself, reduced my chestline by 4½ inches and my weight 28 lbs. in 28 days.

J. A. writes, "I was 37 inches (across the chest). Here is the miracle your Slimcream has worked for me. I have actually taken 5 inches off. I am overjoyed."

The Slimcream treatment is so entirely effective, so easy to use, and so beneficial that I unhesitatingly offer to return your money if you have not reduced your figure both in pounds and inches in 14 days. What could be fairer than that!

Decide NOW to achieve the figure of your heart's desire. Send \$1.00 today for the full 30-day treatment.

FREE Send \$1.00 for my Slimcream treatment NOW, and I will send you entirely free, my world-famous, regular \$1.00 beauty treatment, with a gold mine of priceless beauty secrets. This offer is limited, so SEND TODAY. Add 25c for foreign countries.

DAISY STEBBING, Dept. SL-24, Forest Hills, New York.

I enclose \$1. Please send immediately postpaid in plain package your Guaranteed Slimcream treatment. I understand that if I have not reduced both in pounds and inches in 14 days, you will cheerfully refund my money. Send also the special free Beauty Treatment.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....



Photo of myself after losing 28 lbs. and reducing 4½ inches.

There are unmistakable signs she has been crying and he notices this instantly.

"I noticed you didn't go in to dinner," he remarks casually. "I thought you might not be feeling so well."

"Me?" Joan asks with elaborate carelessness. "I feel fine. Nothing ever happens to me."

Well, there's a lot of dialogue and fishing around and fencing. I gather that Joan, for some reason, is in love with Mr. Aherne and then, for some other reason has aired him. Tomorrow her engagement to Fred Keating is to be announced but her heart ain't in it. You know how it is, kids. You can't love one man and marry another. After they've gabbed and gabbed, Morgan moves towards the door.

Then he pauses. "Sure you're happy with things the way they are now?"

"Positive," Joan assures him.

"Then I guess we're all happy," Morgan hopes. "I've something to be especially happy about today, too." He pauses a moment. "I just managed to clear up a terrific debt this afternoon. I was four hundred thousand in the hole (I told you Miss Crawford never does things by halves. Even her father's debts are on a grand scale) and I didn't know where it was coming from. This afternoon I managed to clear myself—just like that," snapping his fingers.

"Well, good night, kid," opening the door slowly.

"Wait a minute." Joan climbs off the bed and stands staring at him with startled eyes. "Let me get this straight," putting her hands on his shoulders. "Do you mean you got rid of a four hundred thousand dollar debt this afternoon?"

"Got rid of it for good," Morgan boasts.

"The only four hundred thousand dollar debt you had?" she persists.

My God, Miss Crawford, if you'll pardon my English, you must think your father is Beesemeyer!

"Say," Frank protests modestly, "how many debts like that do you think a man can make?"

"What's the difference?" she smiles happily, kissing him. "Isn't it wonderful not to have a care in the world?"

"Isn't it?" he agrees, closing the door behind him as he leaves.

Joan grins at the door an instant and then rushes to the 'phone. "I want to speak to New York City—Mr. Terence O'Neill, Atwater 9-0186."

It looks as though Mr. Aherne is in again so we'll just make our exit on this happy note and not even comment on the fact that a spare four hundred thousand is a good thing for a chap to have when he goes courting Joan and her family . . . or any other girl and her family, for the matter of that.

Next we come to "The Black Chamber" and there's nothing can be done about it. There it is and you may as well make up your minds to like it. It stars William Powell and with him is Rosalind Russell in a part, I suspect, that was designed for Myrna Loy.

People who know her tell me Miss Russell is a great girl but I don't like her because she gets herself up to look as much like Myrna as possible.

I disremember the dialogue verbatim but here's how it is. "The Black Chamber" is the place (U.S.A. during the war) where both allied and enemy messages are decoded. But the enemy is always getting hold of the allied armies' codes and you can understand how annoying this is.

Willie Jordan (William Powell as was,) late Puzzle Editor (of all things!) of the Washington Star, doesn't even know there's such a thing as "The Black Chamber" and thinks a man's place is at THE FRONT. He's just got his lieutenant's commission

and is all set for THE GREAT ADVENTURE. He rescues Rosalind (you'll pardon me for being so familiar, ma'am) from a policeman in a suffragette parade. That is, Rosie is in the parade—not the policeman, and asks her to kiss him goodbye at the troop train when he leaves. She shows up to deliver the goods and when he's got her kiss he tells her the train isn't the one on which he's leaving—that his doesn't leave until morning but he couldn't wait that long for the smack.

I don't know if it's to get even or if it's because she CARES but—as these things happen in the movies—it turns out Miss Russell's (I had to go back to being formal. I'm just not the type who gets unduly familiar with girls on short acquaintance) uncle is the head of the Black Chamber so she has Willie transferred there. He's plenty cut up about it until her uncle gets bumped off and he's put in charge. (Does this bore you, my pets, as much as it does me?)

He suspects Binnie Barnes (Yep. She's back again, too,) of being connected with the spy ring. He has her brought into his office and searched. Well, naturally, no gentleman is going to search a lady so Miss Russell searches her and throws her clothes, piece by piece, over a screen. Willie sends them to the chemist to be analyzed and they're ruined, so Rosalind is sent out to buy her a new outfit.

When one woman who is jealous of another woman (Miss Russell thinks Mr. P. is in love with Miss B.) buys clothes for the other woman you can imagine what they look like.

If only Myrna were in this picture maybe I wouldn't be so cut up about the whole thing but she isn't and I am. However, it's barely possible everyone doesn't feel as I do about Myrna so I'll just wish Miss Russell, Mr. Powell, M-G-M and all others concerned, the best of luck with "The Black Chamber."

I'm next hauled on to the set of "A Tale of Two Cities" but I get a break here. There's no dialogue in the scene. Mr. Colman—Mr. Ronald Colman—just walks down the street and turns in to a certain house and I'm too utterly exhausted to ask what the house is or why he turns in and, despite the fact I've met Mr. C. at least a dozen times at parties and on sets, etc., he has never got to know me very well so I just leave.

Next we run into those merry, mad Marx Brothers in "A Night at the Opera." The set is very simple. It's backstage at the opera and all the scenery there is, is a rack with some clothes on it. One or two of the Brothers drift in and I hear Groucho, who MUST be an agent, talking "contract" to Chico and I hear him say something about a "sanity clause" in the contract and Chico comes back with "There ain't no Santa Claus" and the director sees me writing it down and sends word over to put up my pencil or get out. You know, "Put up, or shut up." So just to show my independence I do both. I never did think those guys were funny anyhow.

And then I get a break. "Tarzan" with Maureen O'Sullivan, Johnny Weissmuller and William Henry is on location and so is "Pursuit" with Chester Morris and Sally Eilers, although that last is no break because I like both Chester and Sally.

"O'Shaughnessy's Boy" I've already told you about and "Mutiny on the Bounty" has just finished and the set of "The Bishop Misbehaves," featuring Norman Foster, is closed because it's the first day of shooting, and "Broadway Melody" you've already heard about and all of a sudden I find I'm through out here and there's not a thing

in the world to stop me from going on over to—

Fox

THREE pictures shooting here, my petty-wetties (as Vivienne Osborne says in "No More Ladies.")

The most important is "Way Down East" which some of you may recall was made by Griffith years ago with Richard Barthelmess, Lillian Gish, Lowell Sherman and Mary Hay. As I recall, it contained the first color sequence in a picture and it was the first time Lillian Gish ever appeared on the screen in evening dress. But alas and alack. Lillian is only a name to many of you young upstarts, Lowell has passed on to his reward, Barthelmess and Mary Hay have been divorced and remarried to other people and I think Mary has even been divorced again.

All of which has nothing to do with this version of the picture, featuring Rochelle Hudson in the Gish part, Henry Fonda in the Barthelmess rôle, Andy Devine, Margaret Hamilton, Slim Summerville, Russell Simpson and Spring Byington.



Rochelle Hudson plays the leading part in the new edition of "Way Down East," which they are making at Fox.

The scene is the combination dining room and kitchen of Squire Bartlett's home where Rochelle is working as a servant girl.

Right fetching she looks, too, in her green wool crêpe dress with a calico apron. This is Rochelle's big chance and I only hope it puts her where she belongs. She is one of the screen's real beauties and a mighty swell girl along with it.

Rochelle has been betrayed by Edward Trevor (in the Lowell Sherman part) has had her baby and the baby very considerably died. So Rochelle finally gets work. Company (all the people I mentioned above) comes to dinner and Margaret Hamilton (another swell actress but a gossipy old busy-body in this picture) recognizes her. "She calls herself 'Mrs.' but she wears no wedding ring," Margaret confides to Spring Byington (who is Mrs. Bartlett) and the fat is in the fire.

However that comes a little later. Just now Spring is getting dinner ready and is fluttering around the table.

"Oh, Anna," she says, suddenly remembering and taking a plate from Rochelle, "I forgot. Go down in the cellar and get me a glass of quince jelly. It's on the middle shelf on the right as you go in."

Rochelle starts to leave when suddenly Fonda who has been standing sleepily by the fire, comes to life. "I'll get it," he volunteers following her. Henry is "that way" about Rochelle.

My dears, you ought to see the look Margaret Hamilton throws after Rochelle for this is where she recognizes her.

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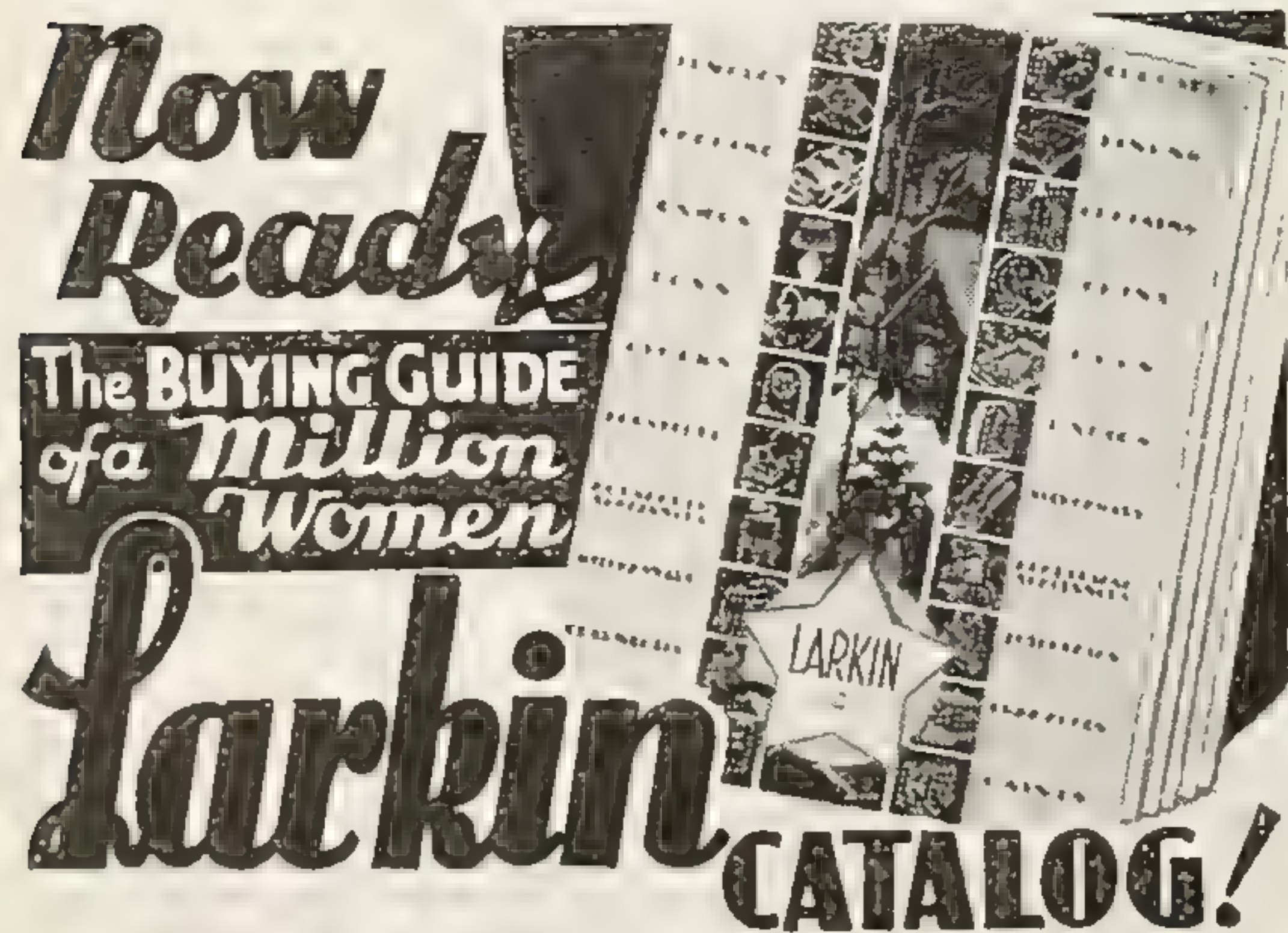
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unconscious on a huge cake of ice floating down the river towards the rapids was made on real ice. But pictures have progressed so much since then that a whole New England farm has been reproduced on the Fox lot. The snow is powdered granite. I don't know what the ice is but it's not the McCoy.

Andy Devine, who burned his hand on the 4th of July when a giant fire-cracker exploded in it, is still on the sick list and isn't working. But he wanders on the set, to visit.

"You'll stay and have lunch with me?" Slim inquires mildly.

"Sure," Andy agrees. "That's what I come out for. And I'll buy," he adds in a low voice, hoping Slim won't hear him.

I jerk out my pencil to jot down this momentous announcement. "Look, Slim," Andy shouts. "When I buy a lunch it makes a story."

"It ought to make a whole serial," Slim informs him.

And then Henry Fonda comes up. "Henry, this is Dick Mook," Andy introduces us and continues to Henry, "he can be the sweetest guy on earth when he likes you and the worst son-of-a-gun on two feet when he doesn't." Having concluded the introduction, Andy faces me: "And *that* is a perfect description of you," he finishes triumphantly.

How do you like that for an introduction, my friends?

Next we have "Bad Boy" featuring James Dunn. This is supposed to be a sequel to "Bad Girl" which first brought him fame. I hope it's as good for Fox ain't done right by Jimmy.

This is just at the beginning of the picture—the first day of shooting. Jimmy has his eye (the weather eye) on Dorothy Wilson who works as a cashier in a grocery store. But Dorothy wants no part of him. Jimmy goes in to buy some things—one lone lamb chop—just so he can get up to her counter. But (there are more "buts" in this plot) she takes his change and pushes him right out. But he keeps worming his way back into the line.

"Hello, beautiful," he beams from the edge of the line of customers.

"You'll have to get in line and wait your turn," Dorothy snaps and that's all there is to this scene.

"Nice of you to come out last Sunday as



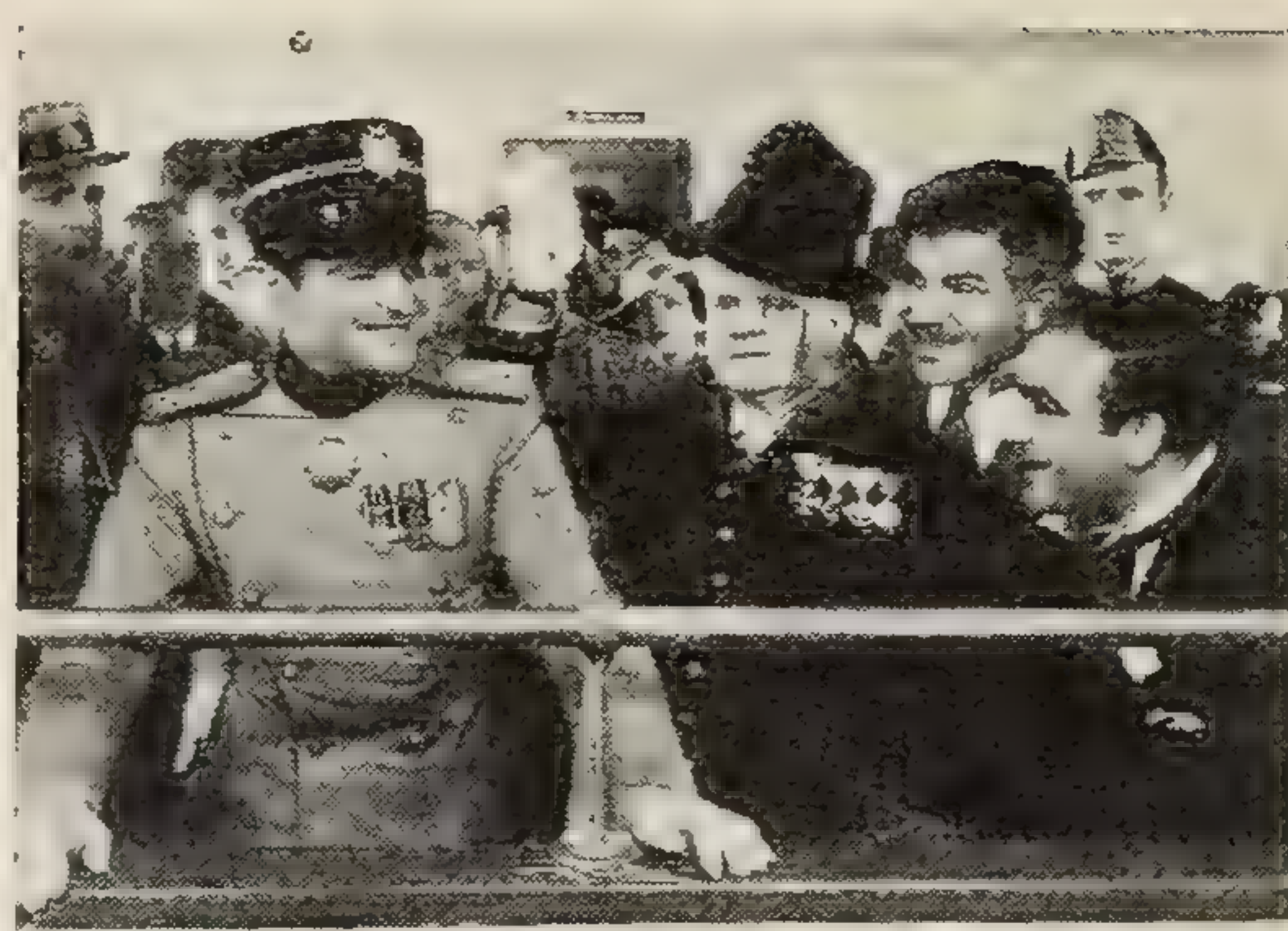
James Dunn in "Bad Boy," with Dorothy Wilson opposite, promises us a fast moving modern story.

you said you would," Jimmy greets me.

"Gosh, Jimmy, I'm sorry. I just forgot about it."

"Fine thing," he begins and then the director calls him for another take so I breeze on over to the next set which is "The Gay Deception" starring Francis Lederer and featuring Frances Dee and Benita Hume.

I may as well admit at the beginning that Mr. Lederer is not one of my favorites. He



Francis Lederer and Frances Dee are working together in "The Gay Deception."

turns the old personality on and off in the same way you turn on the lights. Miss Dee is one of my very special favorites but she isn't working today so there's no fun here.

The scene is the upper deck of an ocean liner. There are a lot of naval officers waiting on the dock to greet Mr. Lederer. When the gang plank is lowered they march across to meet him and at the same time Mr. L. followed by some henchmen, comes along the deck. There is so much cheering from the crowd of passengers that I can't hear what the admiral says to him and, anyhow, I don't think it matters.

Maybe Andy was right. I guess I am one of those things.

Brooding over this horrible realization, I set sail for—

United Artists

TWO pictures going over here—both of them Samuel Goldwyn productions, which means they're super-colossals.

One of them—"The Dark Angel" starring Fredric March, Merle Oberon and Herbert Marshall—I told you about last month.

The other is "Barbary Coast" over which there was such a to-do raised during the late and unlamented censorship drive. This one stars Miriam Hopkins and Edward G. Robinson and features Joel McCrea.

Miriam arrives in 'Frisco during the gold rush to marry Dan Morgan. She discovers on her arrival that he is dead. At one of the night clubs on the Barbary Coast, she meets Louis Chamalis (Robinson) who decides she would be an excellent foil for his saloon. The transformation of Miriam into the woman known as *Swan* is soon complete. Bedecked in diamonds, hard and brittle, she presides at the roulette wheel. The miners flock to her table hoping for a smile but find that the price of her smiles comes high—they never win.

Then, one day, while riding in the gold fields, she meets *Jim Carmichael* (McCrea) and takes refuge in his cabin during a storm.

The rain is beating against the windows of the shack. Suddenly Joel dashes to the window and looks out.

"What is it?" Miriam asks.

"Your horse has run away," he tells her.

"Oh!" she exclaims, dashing to the door. "Catch him. Catch him!"

"If you insist," the obliging Joel agrees, "but it'll take a couple of days."

"How am I going to get back?" she asks in perplexity.

"I've got a couple of burros outside, Napoleon and Josephine by name," he suggests. "If you don't mind riding on a few sacks of gold."

"All my life," she breathes, "I've wanted to ride on a saddle of gold on two burros named Napoleon and Josephine."

"You're not going to vanish in a puff of

smoke, leaving only a forget-me-not behind," he whispers, staring at her unbelievably.

"No," she smiles. "I won't vanish in a puff of smoke."

Well, there you have one of the scenes from the shocking "Barbary Coast." Of course, lots of things happen before Love Conquers All but conquer it does, even though not until the last fifty feet of the film.

Cheered by the knowledge that "True Love Triumphs, I bend my footsteps (that's an idiotic expression, isn't it, for how can you bend a footstep?) towards—

Paramount

THERE are seven pictures shooting over here and there is nothing—absolutely nothing—I can do about it, except hold out "Two for Tonight" until next month, and tell you that "Rose of the Rancho" and "Wanderer of the Wasteland" are on location.

Taking a deep breath and trying to bear up like a little man, I plunge on to the first set—which happens to be "Annapolis Farewell." Here we find those roistering youngsters Richard Cromwell, Tom Brown, John Darrow, Ben Alexander and Sir Guy Standing. Of course, Sir Guy being around sixty, doesn't roister much but he's still young at heart because he's always dating Toby Wing.

The story is the old, old one of two classmates who don't get along until the last reel when they shake hands. Brown and Cromwell are the two in this instance.

Right at this moment they're coming along the corridor of Bancroft Hall, followed by other plebes and upper classmen, squabbling like the devil. Brown has hidden Dick's girl.

"You tell me where she is or I'll punch your head off," Cromwell threatens.

But Brown has a better idea. "Wait till we get to our room. If we start anything here, we'll both get thrown in the brig."

"All right," Dick agrees, controlling himself with an effort. "I'll wait. But the minute I step into that room, I'm going to swing one for your chin, so—"

"That's okay with me," Brown grins.

"We take two steps into the room," Dick continues as they walk along, "turn and go to it." They pause at the door, enter in the manner of two men who are going to start slugging and then Al Hall yells "Cut! Try it again!"

"Hey, Cromwell," Brown yells to his arch enemy, "where's your make-up kit! I can't find mine."

I'd like to stay and chin awhile because I always have fun with these kids but it's getting late so I look at my list and head for "So Red The Rose" which stars Margaret Sullavan and Randy Scott.

This is merely the interior of a dining room. Miss Sullavan and Robert Cummings (and you must remind me to tell you about *that* one) are seated next to each other. Across the table are Elizabeth Patterson (a cousin of the family), Dickie Moore, Harry Ellerbe and Walter Connolly. There is a vacant seat for Randy when and or if he arrives.

"Miss Valette," Cummings opines to Miss Sullavan, "that's the loveliest centerpiece I ever saw."

"Cousin Mary (Miss Patterson) helped me a lot with it," Margaret answers.

"Archie," Mr. Ellerbe addresses Mr. Cummings, "this is my brother Middleton (indicating Dickie Moore)."

"How d'ya do, Mr. Pendleton," Dickie responds and then, "you know my sister Valette is a heartless flirt?"

"Children should be seen and not heard," Miss Patterson admonishes him severely.

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"What about old maids?" Dickie screams back at her.

You can well imagine what *that* dinner is going to be like. Anyhow, about this Mr. Cummings: He it was who put Margaret Lindsay up to that English accent. "I wish you'd explain," he says to me, "that I *didn't* teach it to her. I knew her in New York and both of us were getting nowhere fast. I lost several good parts because the producers were only interested in English juveniles. So I went to England and the only thing I concentrated on was their pronunciation. I came back, made up quite a background for myself—including experience in a number of English stock companies—and got some good parts. Then I ran into Margaret and told her about it and advised her to do the same thing—which she did. She came back and immediately got that part in 'Cavalcade' that made her. But she taught herself. I only suggested it."

And now that that's all cleared up, we'll proceed—or rather, *I'll* proceed and you can follow me—to "Without Regret." This features Elissa Landi and Frances Drake. Elissa's husband (Paul Cavanaugh) is the bone of contention. At the moment the three of them are in the living room of Frances' apartment, only Elissa is hidden so there are really only two.

"I'll be back later this evening," Paul announces quietly. "Meanwhile, I'll call on Professor Thompson, a friend of mine who has a flat upstairs." He pauses at the door and turns. "You see, I thought it just as well to provide myself with an alibi."

When he's gone, Elissa comes out. Frances is quite put out about the whole thing. "It wasn't very wise of you to put him up to that," she threatens Elissa.

"You don't think I'd tell him anything about this?" Elissa murmurs in astonishment.

"If you didn't, who did?" la Drake wants to know.

"It must have been Steven (Kent Taylor)," Elissa hazards without thinking. Frances stares at her as if she'd been shot. "Steven!" she echoes, suddenly furious. "You've seen Steven?"

"Yes," says Elissa. "This afternoon. He came to. . ."

"You don't need to tell me why he came," Frances screams, going quite mad, as she advances on Elissa. "You! You've got this man you call your husband—your home—your happiness—all the luck—all the simple, easy things!"

Elissa falls back before her fury but Frances goes right on: "But that isn't enough, is it? No! You want a little excitement as well. Well, don't think you won't have it!"

"You're wrong," Elissa protests. "Steven means nothing to me. He—"

"You and him again!" Frances screeches as she clutches her head and begins pacing to and fro like a caged animal. "It just wanted that to finish it." Suddenly she stops in front of Elissa. "Get out!"

"But—," Elissa begins.

"GET OUT!" Frances bellows hysterically. She looks as though she were about to strike Miss Landi. Elissa backs away from her, turns swiftly and hurries from the room. Miss Drake continues to scream at the door until the director calls "Cut!"

I'm sure you can understand that after a scene like this neither of the girls is in any mood for idle banter so I get out, too.

Out in God's own sunshine I draw a deep breath, rush across the street to the Grotto for a bracer and am back on the set of "Here Comes Cookie" (and have you ever heard of such an awful title?) which stars Burns and Allen.

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This one has more plot than their pictures usually have so maybe they'll be funny this time. Besides a plot, they've got Norman McLeod directing them and if they can't be funny with Norman directing them they might just as well give up and stick to the radio. There's no use mincing words, I always say, and that's exactly how I feel about the whole thing.

Gracie has too much money so, to protect herself from fortune hunters, she cuts up all her dresses and her butler's clothes



George Burns and Gracie Allen making "Here Comes Cookie," but perhaps the title will be changed.

and also Georgie Burns' clothes, breaks all the windows in the house and has weeds planted in the front yard so people will think she's broke. Then she goes out and invites a lot of indigent (get that one, Mushy) vaudeville actors to come live with her.

There are great goings-on in the living room when suddenly the ice man appears with a 100-pound cake of ice on his back.

"Where's the dizzy dame that runs this joint?" he asks of no one in particular.

"Here I am," Gracie admits brightly.

"Where do you want this?" he asks indicating the ice.

"Oh-h," Gracie flutters, "put it upstairs in the bathtub."

"Gracie," George explains patiently as the iceman disappears, "the ice-box is in the kitchen."

"I know," she concedes, "but I can't put the ice in the icebox because I had to have some place for Frederick's Feathered Friends. Besides, Gladys is in the bathtub and she can't live in a warm climate."

"Who is Gladys?" George wants to know.

"You don't know anything, do you, George?" it now being Gracie's turn to be patient. "Gladys is Thompson's Trained Seal."

"Oh," George murmurs. "Now I feel better. I thought it might be Pilsen's Polar Bears."

"Oh, no," Gracie reassures him. "They're out in the back yard."

Well, now, this is really funny, no kidding, so, full of high hopes for George and Gracie's future, I leave them and mush on to—

Universal

THE shadows are beginning to lengthen as I drive out Cahuenga pass and the sky is all mottled with gold and red and

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purple—only the sunset tints are behind me which is just as well because I can't drive with the sun in my eyes. If I'm beginning to sound a little like Gracie don't be alarmed—it'll wear off—I hope.

Well, out here, we have ZaSu Pitts, Hugh O'Connell, Helen Twelvetrees and Warren Hymer in "She Gets Her Man," only the girls are not working today.

This is a farce with a farcical plot. And to make another long story short, a gang of bandits are after ZaSu. Her press agent gives out that she's been kidnaped. Naturally, the bandits are quite mystified in deed as none of them have her. So Eddie Brophy, who is the head of the gang, gives a banquet and invites every gangster in the country to attend. Then he rises to address the mob (and, Mushy, here's where you learn what I hear from the mob): "I want to compliment you guys on The Tiger-Woman (ZaSu) snatch. I was thinkin' of doin' that myself, but one of you gentlemen beat me to the punch. Well, there's no squawk from me because I believe in good, clean sportsmanship. Like the big book says, the race is to the first guy. So I'm offering ten G's to the mob that turns over Esmerelda to me. Remember, I don't stand to make a dime. I'm no middle man in this deal. I just got a personal reason for wantin' that dame."

He pauses for breath and little cliques about the table look at each other. Each expects the other to stand up and acknowledge the snatch. But no one rises. So Eddie looks over to Warren Hymer angrily. The reward was Hymer's idea.

"I guess you guys think ten G's is confetti," Brophy goes on, getting all steamed up. "I'll raise it to twenty an' I'm beggin' the gent to come up and take a bow." But still nothing happens. "I thought you said this was a good idea?" Brophy whirls angrily on Warren.

"I thought so, too, Chief," Hymer agrees.

"Why don't you open that clam face of yours and let out some light?" Brophy yells furiously.

This is no time of day for me to be getting mixed up in gangsters' brawls, what with dinner practically on the Arlens' table, so I drop over to the next stage where Edmund Lowe and Pinky Tomlin are in the middle of a scene from "King Solomon of Broadway." The set is a bathroom—very elaborate, all in black marble with indirect lighting.

Ed Pawley, a gangster just out of stir, is in the tub with a big cigar in his mouth.

"You caught me with my accounts a little balled up, Larson," Lowe begins. Lowe has been doing a little chiseling while Pawley was away.

"I ain't asked you for any statement, have I?" Pawley interrupts, scrubbing his shoulders and chest vigorously as he clouds up the room with cigar smoke.

"No," Lowe admits, busy getting into his clothes, fastening his shirt studs, etc. "You've been swell that way."

"If you'd of been the wrong guy I wouldn't of gone in with you in the first place," Pawley tells him.

"Suppose I turned out to be a wrong guy?" Lowe wonders.

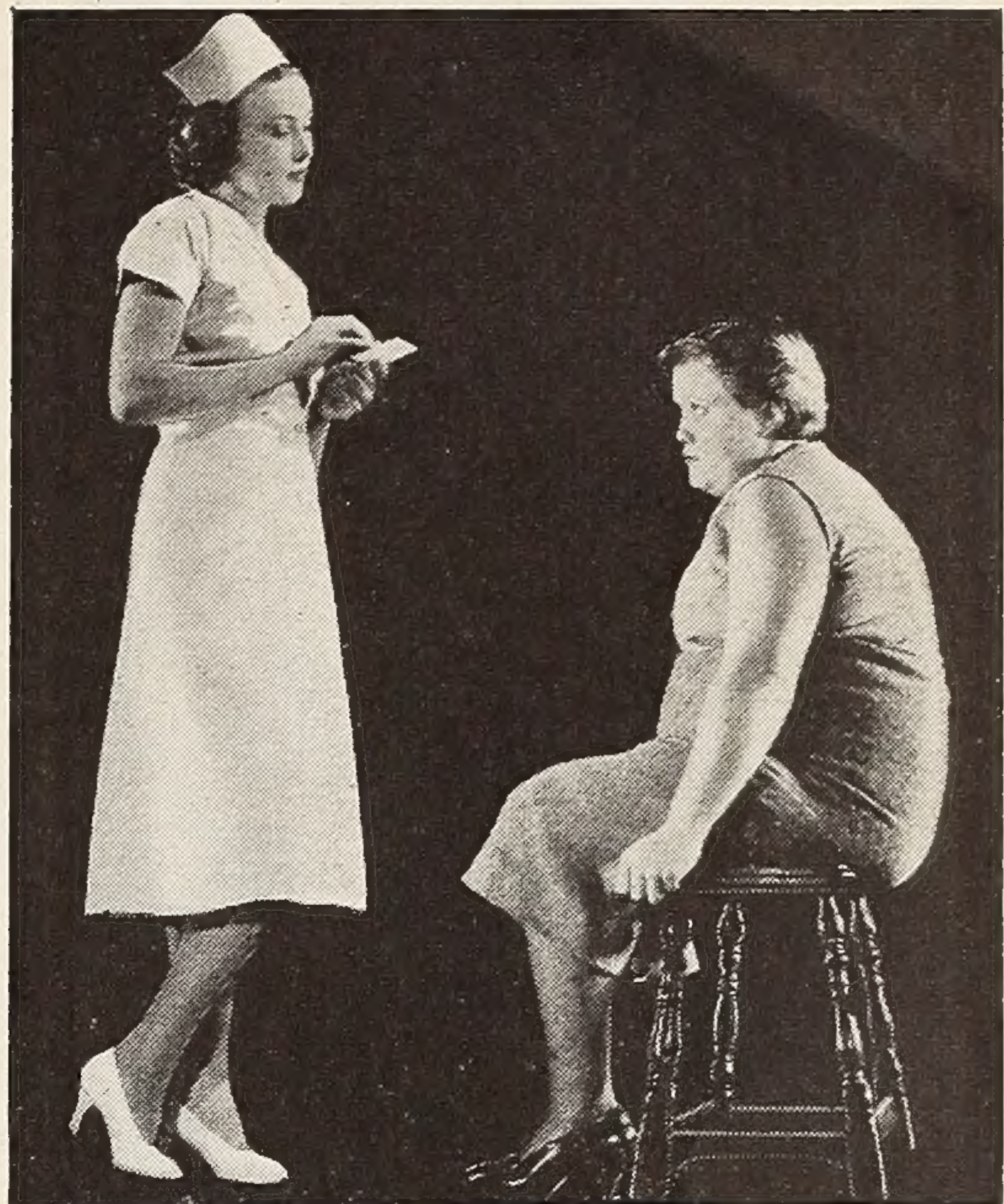
"What usually happens to a double-crosser?" Pawley comes back. "Hand me a towel, will you?"

Just then, Pinky Tomlin pokes a cautious head through the doorway. "She's out here," he tells Lowe.

"Excuse me a second, Larson," Lowe begs as he vanishes.

And now, my friends, readers and traducers, since you know as much about the pictures that are being made as I do, I'll take my flock of *Princetonians* and leave you to figure out the endings as best you can. Selah!

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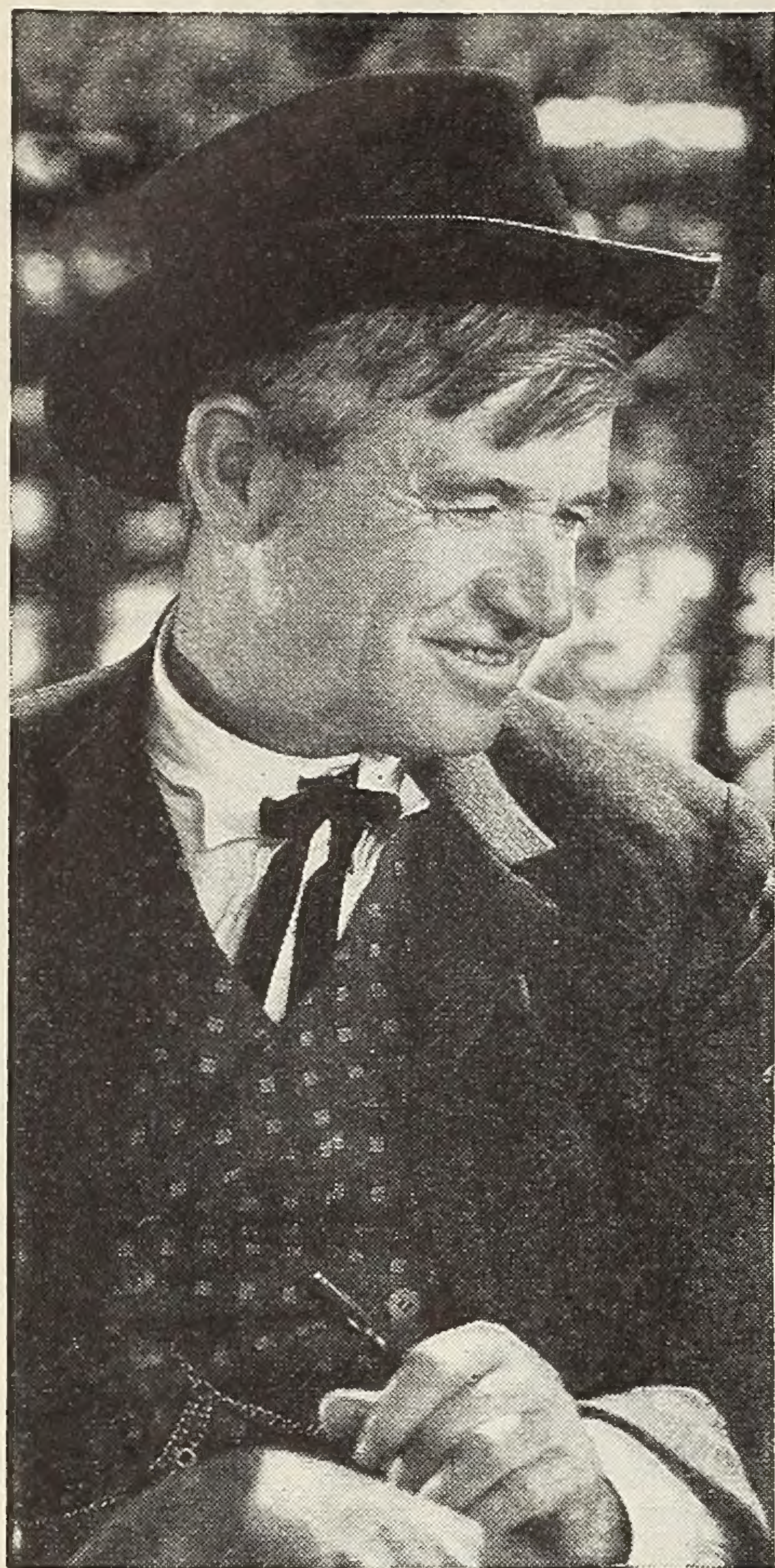
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A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE



Will Rogers

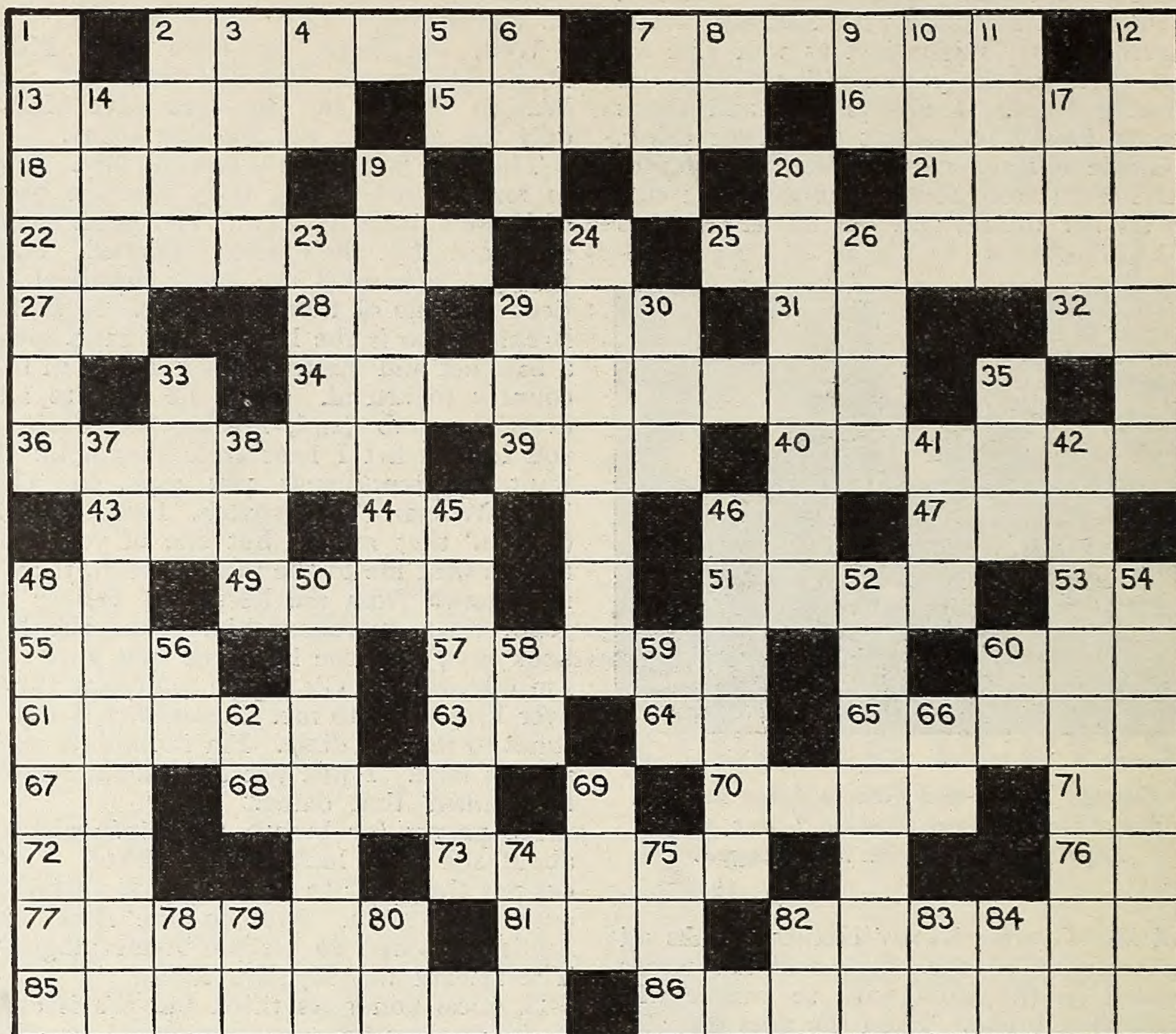
Died August 16th 1935

WHEN a plane takes off and rises into the air few of us can quite believe our eyes, and, as we look, a little shiver of superstition goes through us. To us it seems that plane, passengers and pilots have passed from mundane laws and forces into the waiting hands of a Force greater and stranger than we can understand.

The death of Will Rogers, who was so great a part of the motion picture world, has come upon us so suddenly, we are dismayed. We can conceive of no reason for such a sad fact. But we do believe the Hands were waiting.

However, the motion picture world has mysteries of its own, and one of these is that Will Rogers can move and speak again before us. Out of respect to his memory, we wish to strongly urge that the pictures he finished before his death MUST be shown. His humor always carried a helpful philosophy and, perhaps, these last pictures have a great message for all of us.

The Editor



ACROSS

- 2 With Wallace Beery in "O'Shaughnessy's Boy"
 7 She is making a picture in Paris
 13 Fetters
 15 The warden in "Public Hero No. 1"
 16 "The ——— Musketeers"
 18 Ripped
 21 A prefix meaning against
 22 Ann Harding's patient in "The Flame Within"
 25 He mortgaged the old family home in "Hooray for Love"
 27 Type measure
 28 Myself
 29 Not very many
 31 Masculine pronoun
 32 Male star of "Go Into Your Dance"
 34 A very capable actress
 36 The girl Laddie loved
 39 Height (abbr.)
 40 The picture starring Jane Withers
 43 Hurried
 44 Either
 46 Parent
 47 Ever (poet.)
 48 The "Keystone State" (initials)
 49 Famous radio singer now in Hollywood
 51 At one time
 53 She soon will be seen as Juliet (initials)
 55 Bustle
 57 The Japanese officer in "Thunder in the East"
 60 A corded dress material
 61 Pertaining to the tides
 63 A comedian (initials)
 64 Title prefixed to a man's name (abbr.)
 65 "Escapade" introduced her to American fans
 67 Direction (abbr.)
 68 Prophet
 70 Troubles
 71 Recently-deceased "bishop" of New York's Chinatown (initials)
 72 Two (Roman)
 73 Snares
 76 Famous humorist (initials)
 77 He plays Sidney Carton in "A Tale of Two Cities"
 81 Charles Butterworth's wife in "Baby Face Harrington"
 82 The wild pink
 85 The little girl in "Les Miserables"
 86 The Englishman in "No More Ladies"

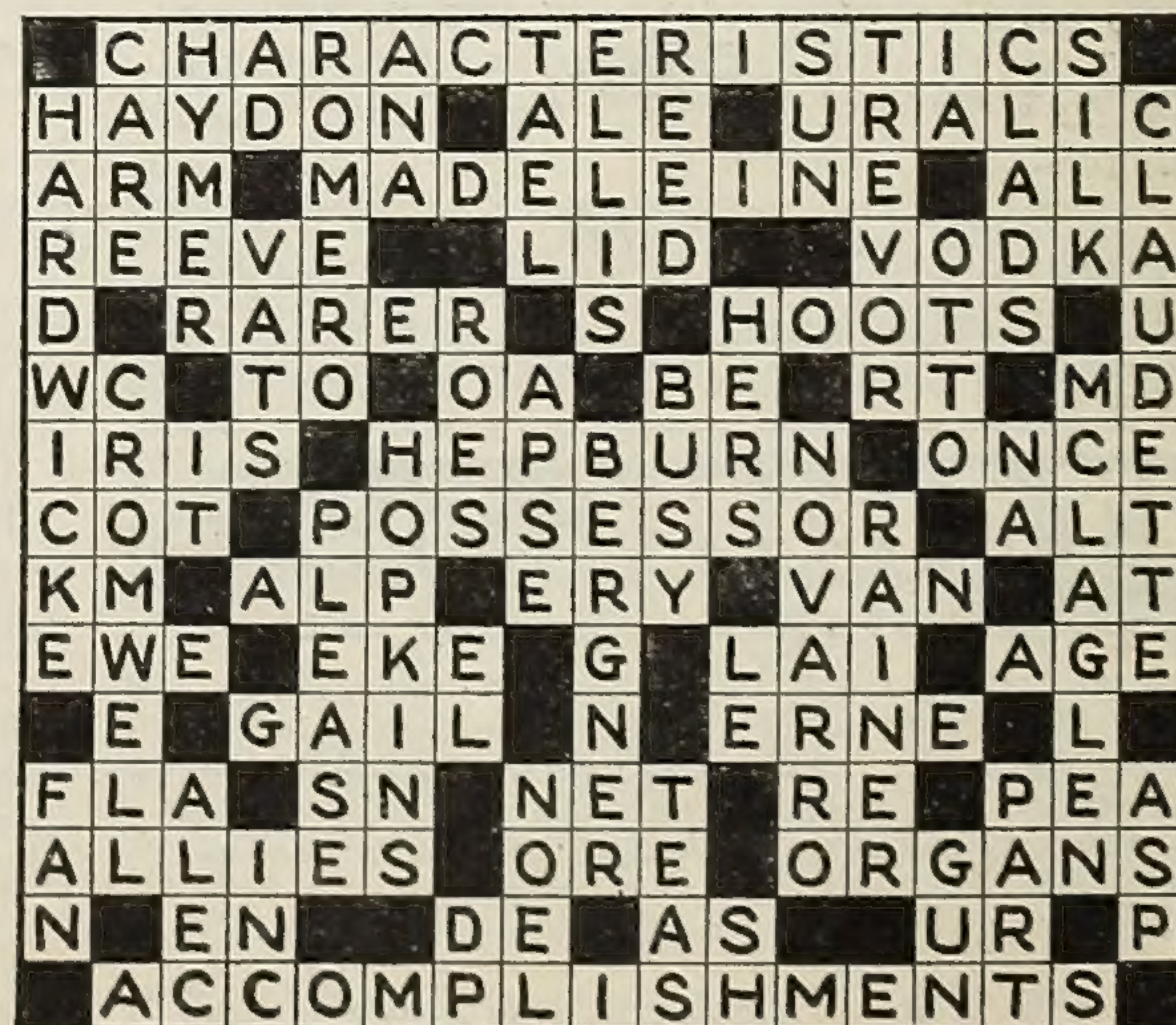
DOWN

- 1 The star of "Ginger"
 2 He last appeared in "Party Wire"
 3 Over again
 4 Caesium (abbr.)
 5 Exists
 6 Greek letter
 7 Finish
 8 Definite article (Fr.)
 9 Thoroughfare (abbr.)
 10 To pretend falsely
 11 Last name of well known artist
 12 "Freckles" is the name of her new picture
 14 A kind of leather

17 A volcano

- 19 Now making "The Last Days of Pompeii"
 20 Made her film debut in "She"
 23 Love (L.)
 24 The sea captain in "Eight Bells"
 26 A bird found in Ecuador and Peru
 29 The southernmost Atlantic state (abbr.)
 30 Humor
 33 A Philippine tree
 35 To grow old
 37 Prevailing custom for generations
 38 She has a nice singing voice
 41 By birth
 42 The grand old lady of opera fame
 45 Jeff McCord in "G-Men"
 46 He did splendid work in "Public Hero No. 1"
 48 Theresa in "No More Ladies"
 50 Contrary to law
 52 The gangster in "Public Hero No. 1"
 54 He attended Marquette University
 56 Natural force or power
 58 Slang expression of approval
 59 Type measure
 60 New England state (abbr.)
 62 Because
 66 We
 69 Girl's first name
 74 To go swiftly
 75 Mrs. Charles Boyer
 78 Behold!
 79 Her father was a pugilist (initials)
 80 A mid-western state (abbr.)
 82 Her latest picture is "Alias Mary Dow" (initials)
 83 Letter of credit (abbr.)
 84 Expression of interrogation

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